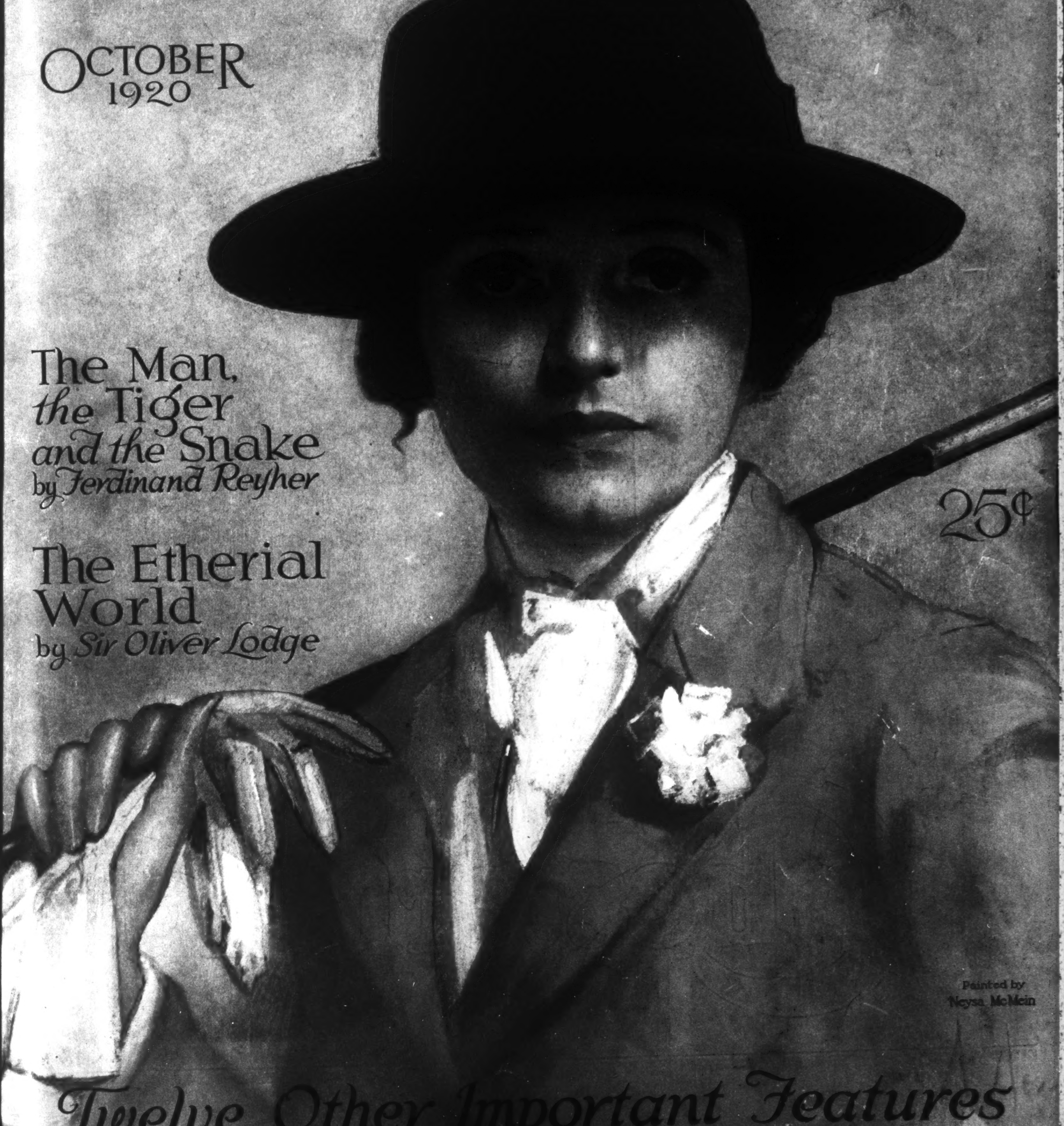
McCLURE'S

Edited by Herbert Kaufman

OCTOBER
1920



Painted by
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The Man, the Tiger and the Snake

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The Etherial World

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25¢

Twelve Other Important Features

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, INC.

CAXTON BLDG
CLEVELAND OHIO

With acknowledgments to K. C. B.

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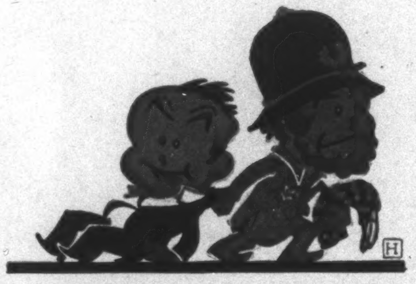
"YOU'RE FIRED," said the editor.
• • •
"UNLESS YOU can dig up.
• • •
A LIVE story today."
• • •
SO THE cub reporter.
• • •
DISAPPEARED FOR hours.
• • •
BUT WHEN he recovered.
• • •
FROM HIS trance, he had.
• • •
A STORY—here it is.
• • •
OUR DEPUTY constable.
• • •
WAS WAKENED by the 'phone.
• • •
AND A shrill voice cried.
• • •
"FOR THE love of Mike.
• • •
BEAT IT here quick.
• • •
AND NAIL a nut.
• • •
WHO'S TALKING wild.
• • •
IN THE cigar store."
• • •
THE LONG arm of the law.
• • •
PUT ON his pants.
• • •
SPED TO the scene.
• • •
AND AFTER a brief.
• • •
BUT TERRIFIC struggle.
• • •
MADE THE pinch.
• • •
AND WHEN interviewed.
• • •
BY OUR star reporter.
• • •
GAVE OUT this statement.
• • •
"HE'S A loony, all right.
• • •
THE ASYLUM says, by Heck.
• • •
THE WORST they ever had.
• • •
WHY THE poor nut.
• • •
CLAIMS HE can copy.
• • •
THE SECRET blend.
• • •
OF THE cigarettes.
• • •
THAT SATISFY."
• • •



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They Satisfy

Chesterfield

CIGARETTES

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

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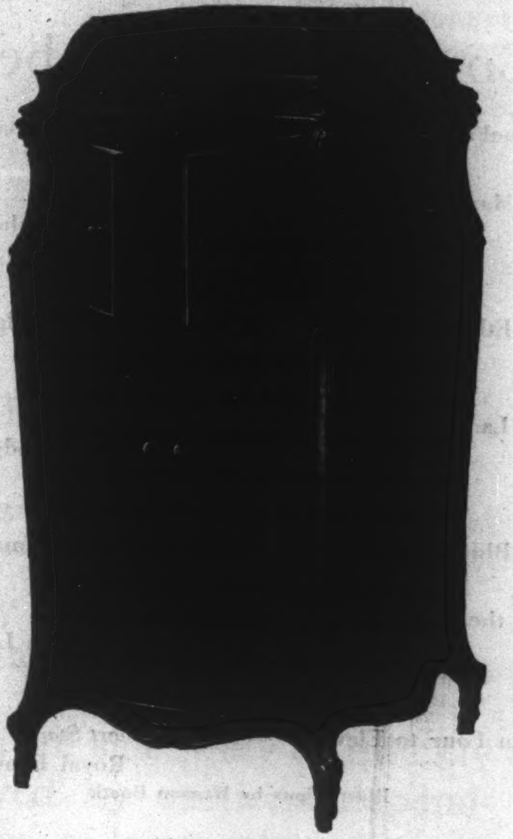

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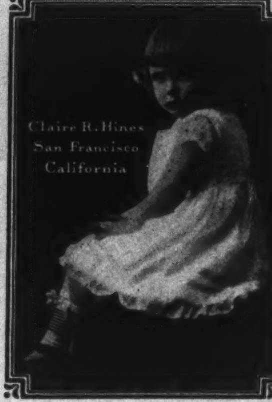
A Mellin's Food Baby



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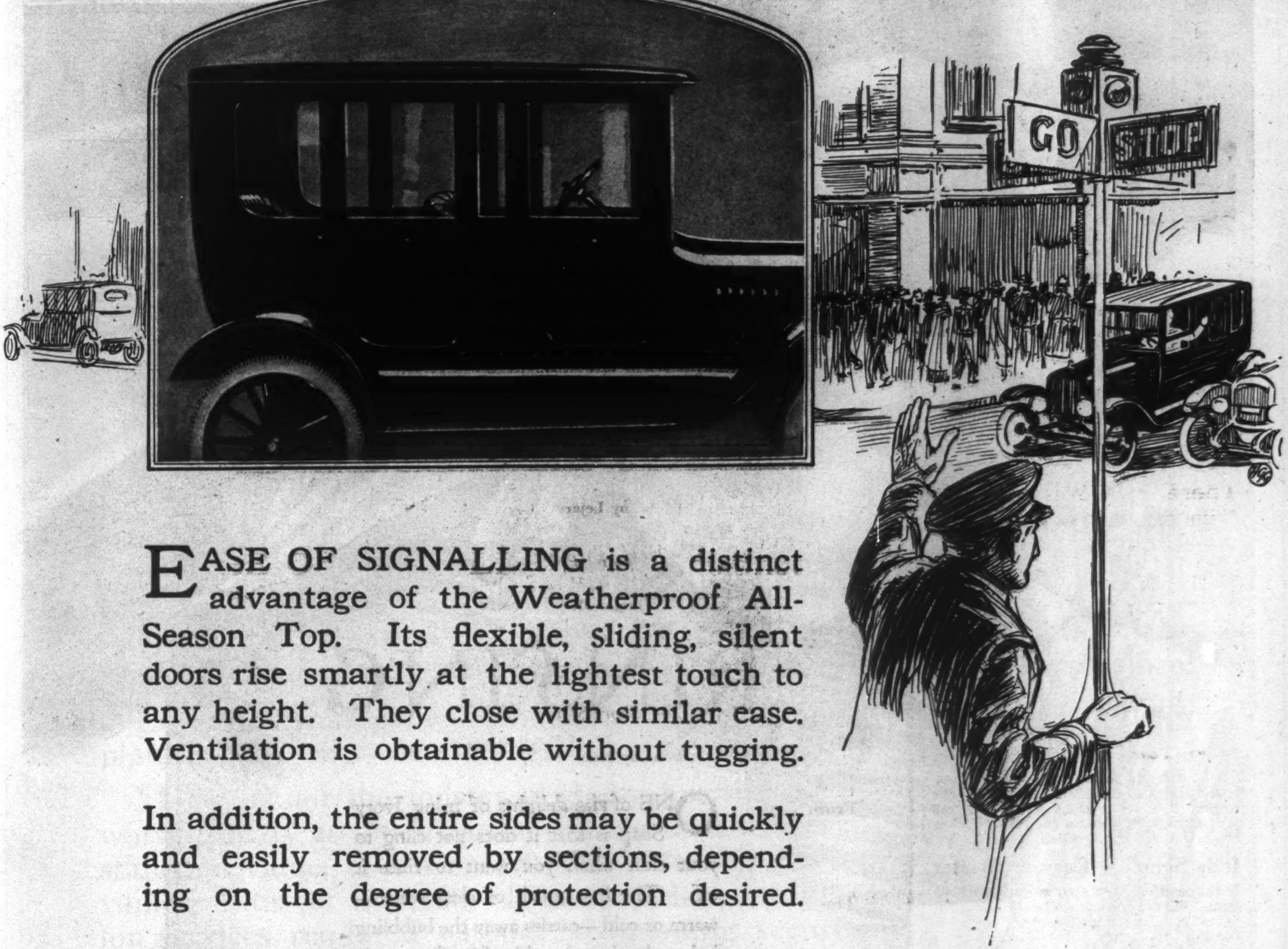

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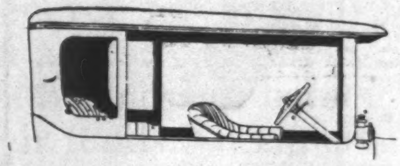
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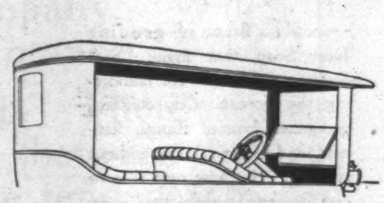
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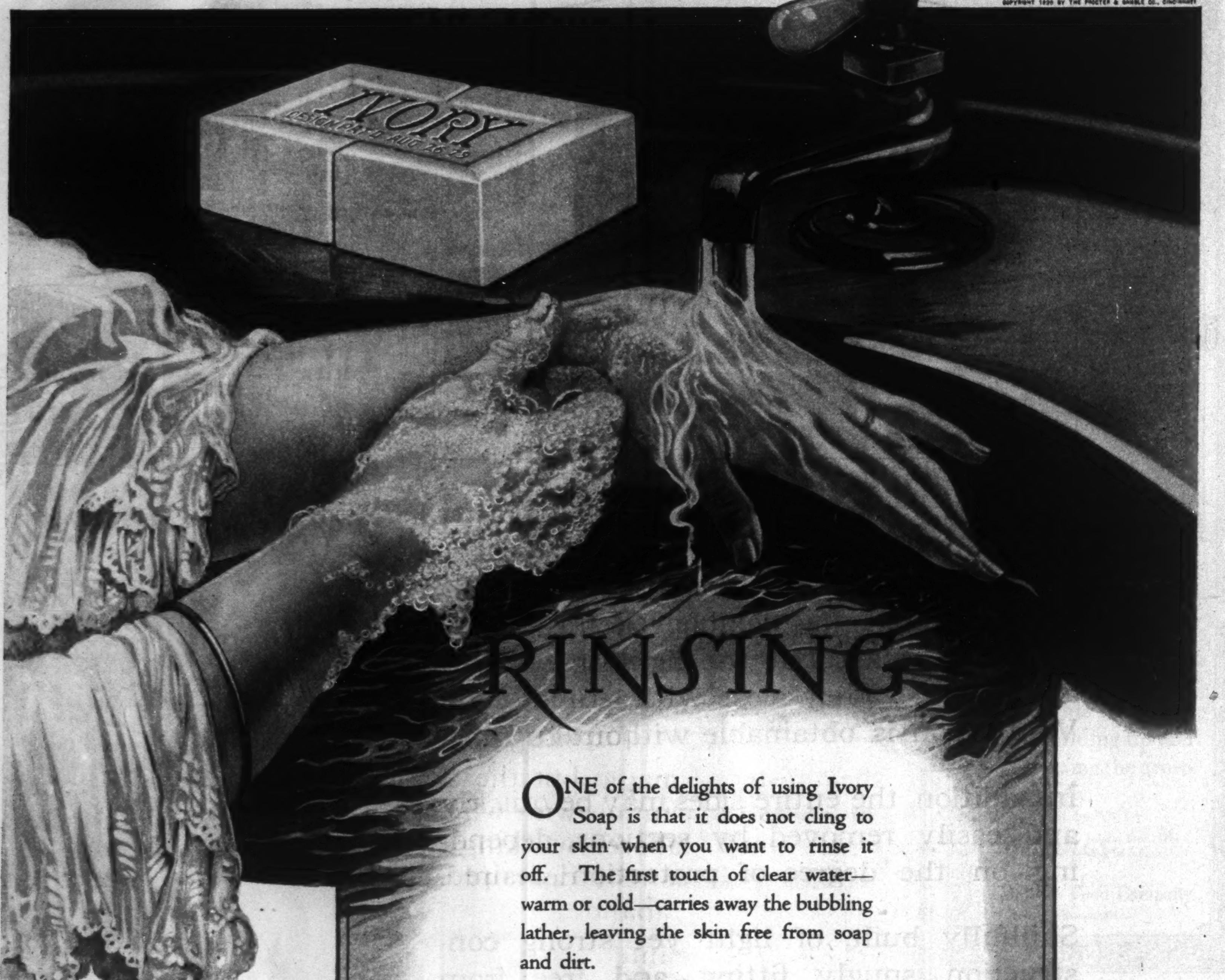

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EST. 1837

Volume 52
Number 9

McCLURE'S

OCTOBER 1920

"A Fool and His Money"

by Herbert Kaufman

WE have met Mr. Ponzi before. History remembers him in many phases and with many faces. "He changes his name and he changes his game, but the lesson he teaches is always the same."

The Middle Ages gaped at his abracadabras and alchemic mummery. Deluded France blew half her cash into his Mississippi Bubble. Brooklyn met him as Mr. Miller and took a sadly-recollected course in his five hundred and twenty per cent. school of finance.

He is the Pied Piper whom credulous savings delight to follow, the High Priest of false hope at whose shrine all greedy dollars make sacrifice.

Experience has grown hoarse reminding us that every get-rich-quick plan has proved to be a get-poor-quicker one.

Money is not the master of magic but the servant of shrewdness; it is worth exactly as much as the caution with which it is managed. It has a standard value; it is a union laborer working at a fixed scale—the prevailing rates of interest. It cannot demand more than regular wages for services rendered without abandoning security.

Projects purporting to guarantee extravagant incomes to the general public are manifestly unbalanced or fraudulent. Whenever a penny can legitimately be induced to work overtime, the soundest and sagest intelligence of the country promptly takes it in charge. The business of banks and capitalists is to obtain the maximum return for their funds. If expert business passes up a scheme, "there's a reason."

A successful investor must have the openest ear and door in the community, otherwise opportunity and he soon part company. When he ceases to believe in possibility, fortune drops his acquaintance.

Possibility and probability are divided by a wide gap. There is a vast difference between the blue-print and the achievement—between the prospectus and the balance sheet. And it is because of the tendency to confuse possibility with *performance*—promise with *delivery*—figures with *facts*, that so many remain in the losers' class and such a limited number on the winning side.

Conservatism is seldom a millionaire, but it is never found in the poorhouse.

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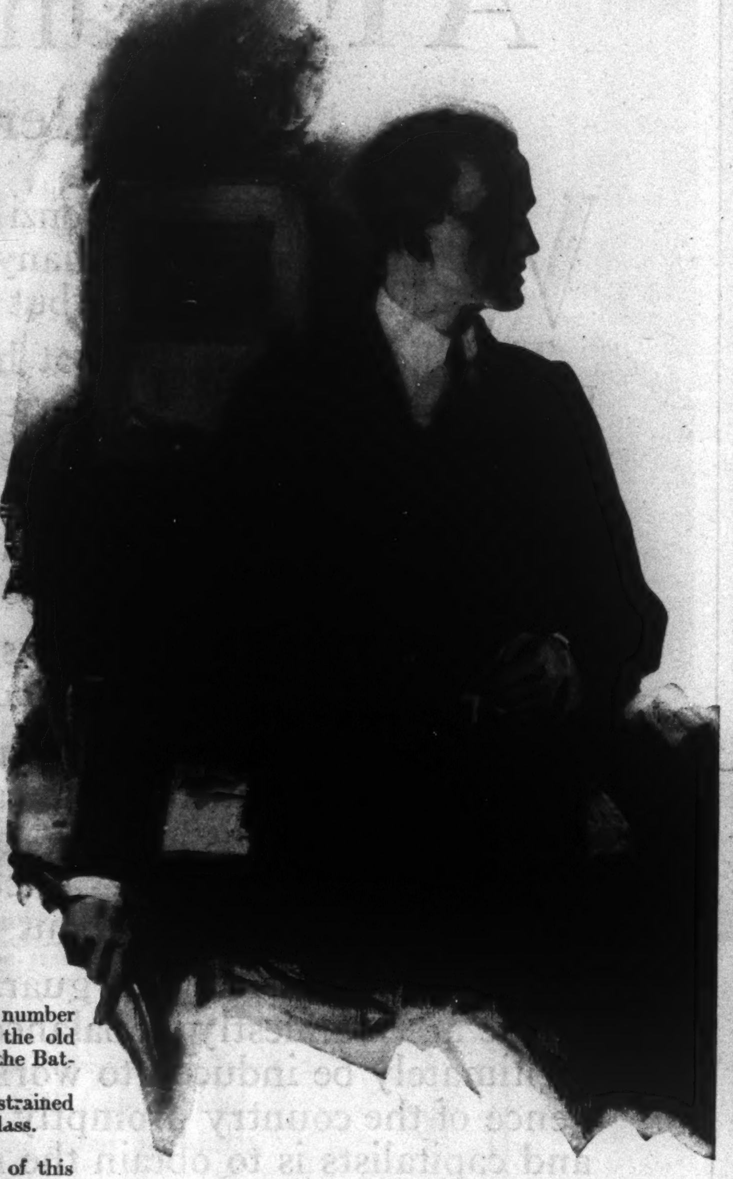
A Love Story, a Detective Story and a Story of Adventure—

The Man, The Tiger *and the*

by Ferdinand Reyher

A New Serial by a New Author

Illustrations by Pruett Carter



> *"That friend only is the true one who is by when trouble comes; words are air, a deed talks louder than a solo played on drums."*

COOPER COMLOUGH made the last addition on the sheet of foolscap, proved the figures and pushed the paper toward the two men who sat across from him at the glass-plated sweep of desk. As they bent over his notes, collating them with strips of ticker tape and cards scribbled over with stock-brokers' notations, he shoved back his chair and went to the window.

A tall man. First impression that of an acting rather than a thinking man. One whose gestures would not be superfluous. A closer examination of his features would operate toward a revision of first impressions. His face would have been as interesting to a physiognomist as to a woman, with its plenitude of contradictory elements.

First thing one saw was his will power. It was not appended to a prognathous profile. His chin was no more prominent than the average, and his mouth and lips more than the average in generosity of design and intent. His strength was thrown up into the prominent cheek-bones, compact square forehead and strong nose. It was the lean, tapering prelate type of face, with that ascetic sag of cheek associated with cardinals more frequently than with organizers of oil corporations. Tenacious, almost fanatical will; the dogmatic will to hold a vision through all the adversities men and flesh are heir to. This was the impression given — more quickly than it takes to describe — by a second examination of his face.

The third examination would be devoted to his eyes. The static theological self-will of forehead, cheekbones and Richelieu nose was belied by their play and vivacity. Set back under sharp shelving brows, with a tendency to narrow like the beginning of a cowboy's squint, it was difficult to determine their exact color. A variety of brown probably. Entrenched behind that forehead, cheek-bones and nose, they shone like glints of dark gold, and it would have been ludicrous to imagine their steadiness could be ever shaken, or that there could be another gaze before which they would fall. Unexpectedly they would be cuddled in humorous crinklings at the corners, like a relenting of that hard upper half of face.

The eyes of a man who is a rationalist even in his ideals; believing in right, acting up to his belief because he is taken with the sensibleness of such procedure. The eyes of a man who has ridden long alone against the glare of sands.

Altogether a man who would accede to the law until it gyved his sense of justice; with no special urge to flatter convention; who would dream and enact his visioning; an essential rebel, where not to rebel meant plodding on in the monotonous track of preceding generations. A man of no especial subtlety between the extremes of love and hate, trust and distrust. One to go whole hog on either end.

The foreshortened tip of Manhattan caught little of his gaze out of the nineteenth story gap in the offices of United Americas Petroleum Consolidated. He only mechanically registered observance of the East River craft crawling out from or into the Bay, skirting Governor's Island or hugging the pier-heads along Buttermilk Channel and hiving about the Atlantic Basin. Dimly he felt late spring in the scene, and that the late afternoon violet haze over there was Brooklyn.

"We're not sitting on the top of the world yet, Jim," he said reflectively. "But my optimism in regard to the effect of my report on Utopian Oil held, despite Updike's congenital pessimism."

"Cynicism, my dear Cooper! Cynicism!" corrected one of the men at the table easily. "Never pessimism. There's a world of difference, really," he said softly.

"Sure . . . of course," murmured Comlough, with the assent of unconviction. "The reports I've made to you alone on the whole Estacado tract and the relations which the Utopian and Canassus slices of it bear to our plans will also hold tighter than a drum. You'll see," he said, staring out of the window. "We've thrown Bonsell against the wall so hard that his teeth must have fallen out. It will take more capital and a different sort of backing than they can touch to put the breath of par back into Utopian now." He paused. "Count number one," he said softly, "to shake up the old serpent of a street down there from the Battery to Thibet . . . eventually!"

He pressed his finger-tips with a strained lightness against the broad pane of glass.

"SOMEWHERE toward the end of this pleasant month of May," he continued, his voice held low; "we shall be in absolute control of the greatest oil and general industrial project in the southwest . . . and, in time — who knows? — of the greatest in the world!"

Behind him, as he stood staring contemplatively out on the Bay and Brooklyn, seeing them not as themselves but as an illimitable, desolate Texan and New Mexican tract, the two men at the table spread papers from a folder. There were four full pages cut from different newspapers, a sheaf of clippings from financial journals and an illustrated article out of the Saturday industrial section of an evening paper. The world and its investors and speculators had been reading these reports of Comlough's on the exploitation of the great tract known as Utopian Acres at breakfasts, lunches and luncheons, at dinners, in subways and in limousines, going to and from offices for more than a week. They had consequently become instructed upon the financial status and intentions of the promoters of Utopian Oil, whose stock ten days ago, when the flotation of a new issue to increase the capitalization to $10,000,000 was announced, had been quoted round 47 and 48 and that day, reaching what represented the bedrock value of the company's assets, been offered at less than 6, and no buyers.

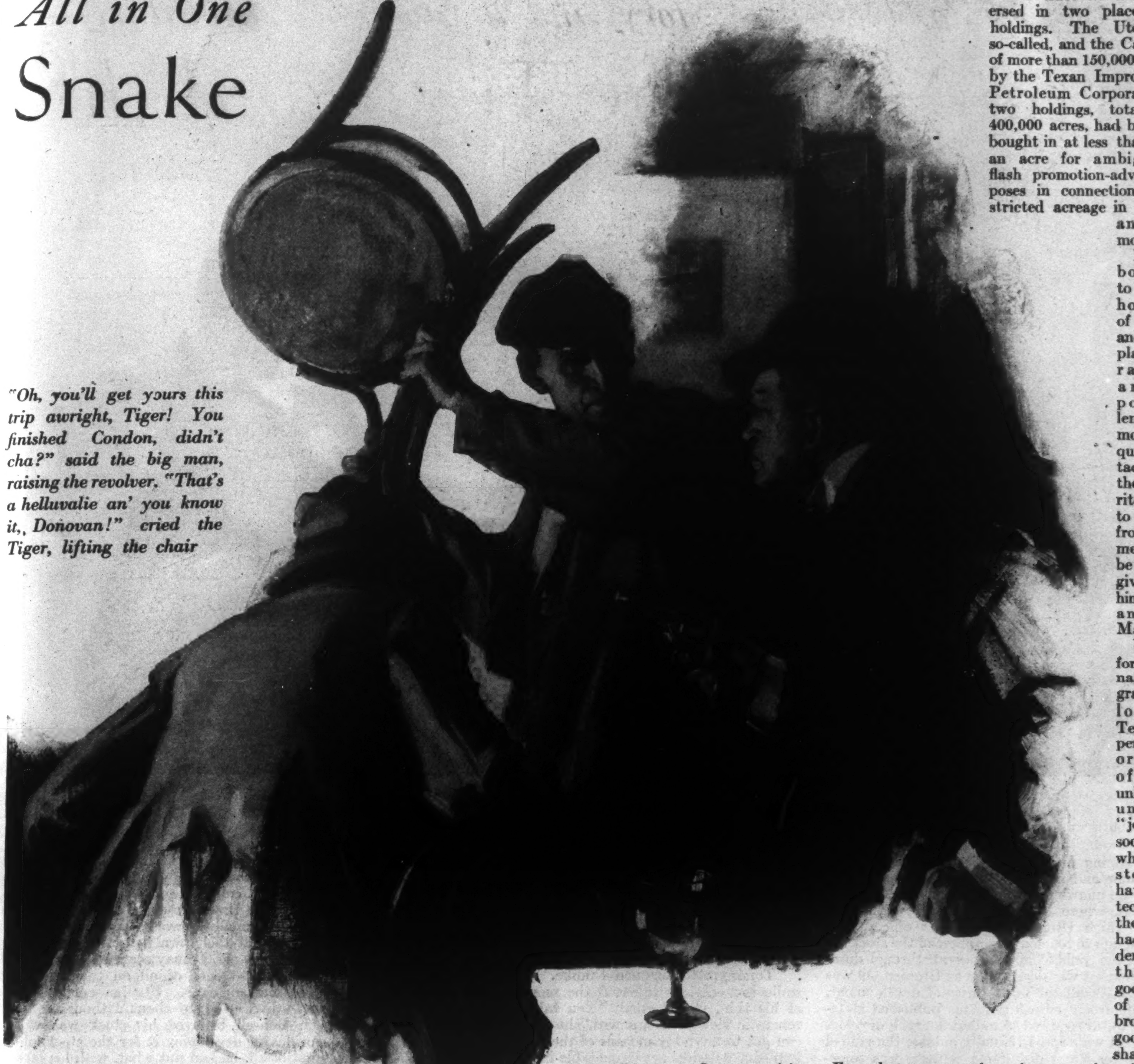
His reports had been made public on the eve of a campaign to drive Utopian skyward. Based upon two years of investigation of the territory involved, his word was authoritative, and particularly so because there was no evidence of any special interest of his own in the standing of Utopian stocks. Two weeks before, in coöperation with W. E. Oller, secretary of the Texan Oil Investor's Society, he had sent out of Wichita Falls his first public statement. It was a generalization to the effect that of between two and three hundred companies organized in the *developed* district nearest the Utopian Acres section, only six paid dividends, and of this number not more than one could liquidate to-day at par, dividends already paid out included. It was from this general examination that Comlough's reports, now issued from New York, had passed to the particular — to Utopian Oil.

His reports were crisp, scientific, effective. There was nothing petulant or petty in them. They were detached in tone even where they attacked. He bore himself in public print like a man whose only purpose in "riding" Utopian Oil or any corporation, his own included, was that of the square-principled industrial organizer in the cause of honest enterprise *vs.* dishonest promotion. But he did have a nearer and more material interest in Utopian Oil.

As president of United Americas Petroleum Consolidated, sturdiest of the younger and independent oils, he controlled over a million acres in South America, Mexico and the United States. Producing, refining and marketing on a scale which made him the leader among the younger oil men, there was more in him than a desire for success and the accumulation of wealth — an elaborate sense of industrial adventure.

As to most men of his type, the opportunity for

All in One Snake



"Oh, you'll get yours this trip awright, Tiger! You finished Condon, didn't cha?" said the big man, raising the revolver. "That's a helluvalie an' you know it,, Donovan!" cried the Tiger, lifting the chair

which he had been waiting came, because, again, like men of his type, he had unconsciously been creating that opportunity.

Across the Llano Estacado, or Staked Plain of Texas, he acquired a vast irregular tract between the Colorado River in the so-called Puma Hills of western Texas, and the Pecos River in New Mexico. It was north of the Edwards Plateau, where some of the large companies were sinking test wells. Months upon months, with three picked engineers and two of the best geologists of the Mid-Continent field, he had packed over the land until he knew it as well as he knew Fifth Avenue. Better. He had found seepages of high-grade oil, asphalt, and live oil springs. In an out-of-the-way corner he had drilled a successful well, and shut it down again.

But only development on a scale hardly ever before attempted was possible there. The physical difficulties of producing oil were only incidental to the almost insurmountable difficulties of beginning even the humblest industrial operations in a territory where every transportation, production and living facility had first to be created or imported. Railroads had to be built; reservoirs, pipe-lines, refineries, gas and steel storage tanks, pumping and compounding stations; the hydraulic potentialities of the streams between the Colorado and the Pecos had to be transformed into working power.

A general industrial development which would open up a wilderness. It was a vision which he seemed to have been dreaming all his life. To achieve that vision was the thing he wanted more than he had wanted any save one other thing, which had, however, escaped him. As he stood, looking out of the window, he thought of Marcia Nolan — Lynn — now, and he shook his head with involuntary bruskness to free his mind of her picture.

He had come back to Broadway and Exchange Place. He had cornered men; all sorts of them; his own associates and directors; consulting engineers, and the big moneyed men upon whom, in the last analysis, operations of the magnitude he contemplated were dependent. In their own offices he had made them see that untouched expanse of oil land as vividly as he saw it: ahum with activity; the reservoir of a new factor in the oil world, which would make him a power throughout the whole world; a dominion where the experience and realizations he had gained through years of shoulder to shoulder work in the oil fields with every variety of man, bringing him understanding of the stark forces of labor in all its phases, would be translated into a new sort of program of toil which would be more than a candle gleam in a troubled world; would be a searchlight rather, flashing out practical solutions of the tangle of modern industry.

If! ——

There were two *ifs.*

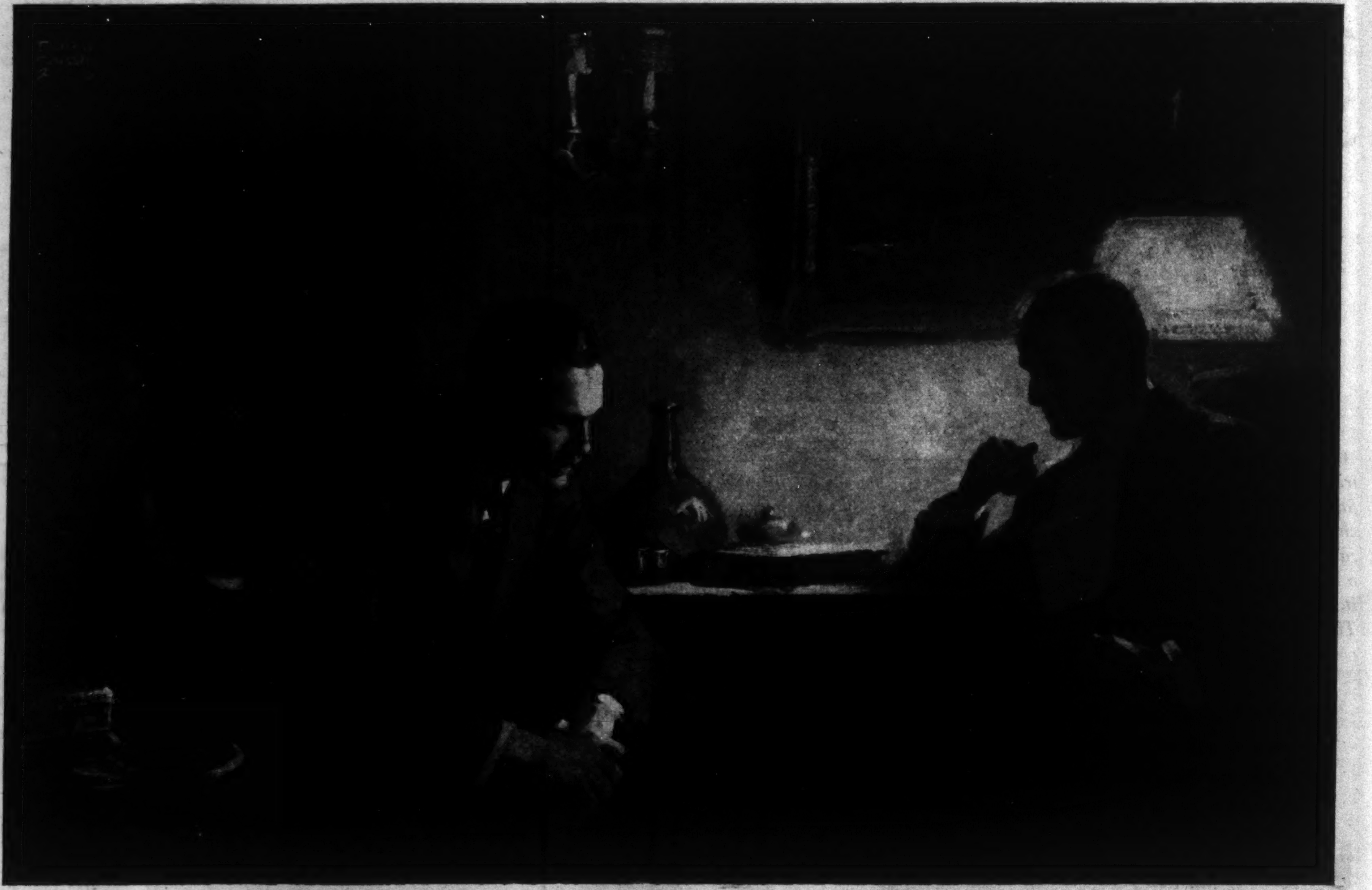
The tract he held was traversed in two places by other holdings. The Utopian Acres, so-called, and the Canassus tract of more than 150,000 acres, owned by the Texan Improvement and Petroleum Corporation. These two holdings, totaling nearly 400,000 acres, had been recently bought in at less than fifty cents an acre for ambiguous and flash promotion-advertising purposes in connection with a restricted acreage in Burkburnett and a dozen moribund wells.

He needed both holdings to secure the homogeneity of his own tract and to carry out plans involving railroading and water-power problems. Furthermore he required the intact control of the entire territory in order to secure loans from the two men who would be inclined to give them to him, Hargreaves and Colonel Maurice.

Utopian Oil, formed originally by the grace of that loophole in Texas statutes permitting the organization of practically unlicensed and unrestricted "joint stock associations," in which outside stockholders have little protection against the promoters, had, by accident and not through the good intentions of its officers, brought in two good wells in a shallow section. Enough to secure the reincorporation of the concern in the stricter state of New York, and an increase of the capitalization from a million to two and a half millions. Control was retained by a half-dozen men with Alexander Bonsell, of his kind the shrewdest along the Curb, at their head. Things went along quietly, streamers of rosy promises issuing from the offices of Utopian Oil. Overcome with their initial luck the promoters made some honest attempts to bring in other wells, without success. The stock was still maintaining its prestige; going higher daily, in fact, on the receding glory of those two chance wells; but Bonsell and the others foresaw the time when promises would fail to bolster up their stock; when the market would learn what *they* already knew: that the two wells were falling off daily with the end in sight. They did the obvious and ever-successful thing. Bought in five decadent wells at ruinous prices, and an enormous tract in another part of Texas, which, in an advertising circular, would have an air of being smack in the center of the most proved of proved oil ground. In the last week of April the company announced thereupon a second increase of capitalization and another issue of stock, bringing it up to $10,000,000.

Before it really arrived — this resplendent new issue — Comlough's reports sent the previous stock toppling, and the only new shares distributed were those acquired by the inner ring.

He knew that every financial move he had made from the day he published his first attack on Utopian had been scrutinized. He pictured Alexander Bonsell, tall, untidily dressed, cadaverous, twitching his cheek



Comlough was not thinking of business now — only two facts throbbed in his mind: Lynn ousted from the bank — disgraced! and Marcia beggared — Marcia beggared!

muscles, wrapping and unwrapping his lengthy legs round his chair and morosely submitting to the hate which must be gnawing at him. He would be in the state of mind where he would rather blow up the building in which Utopian Oil had its offices than permit Comlough to touch a single share of the stock for his gain. Neither could Comlough operate through dummies. The market was dead as far as Utopian Oil was concerned. With all the possibilities of development, which he had freely admitted in his published statements, the capital required to undertake such development of a tract which was virtually outside the pale of all labor, railroad and disbursing centers, was something entirely beyond the resources of the original promoters, and a proposition with no impelling appeal to interests having less remote projects to absorb what ready money was procurable. Consequently, attempts by any one, known or unknown, to purchase the discredited stock in bulk, would be regarded with instant suspicion. The faintest manifestation of any direct interest of his own in it, would, of course, send it rocketing again and invalidate every syllable of his reports.

Behind him Aiken tapped his finger-nails with a pencil.

"We've got to work out a way to get in behind Aleck Bonsell, or buy him out," he said.

"Buy out Aleck Bonsell?" questioned Updike, raising his eyebrows. "Now — Jim! How unique of you!" he said, with his cynical smile.

"That's what Colonel Maurice will tell you to-night, Cooper."

Aiken raised his voice to draw the attention of the motionless figure at the window.

"'Buy 'em out!' That's Maurice's credo," said Updike. "I'm with Cooper on this question, however. I prefer that we handle this rather than, Maurice. I appreciate the handsome old gentleman's good will and backing on occasions, but as a daily mentor I prefer to meet the Colonel as a fellow club member on dull evenings."

"Suppose we can't lay hands on enough Utopian to jolt the rest of it out of Aleck's hands? Suppose none of his crowd will let go in the next three weeks?"

"Dear Jim, we can't sail 'twixt sea and moon on suppositions," commented Updike drily. "Or do you really suppose the frailty of human flesh and the yearning for lump sums of ready cash have both made detours round all of Bonsell's regiment — Cann, McAleeman, Huffaker, Bainbridge — Bainbridge, particularly?"

"I do. Bonsell picks stickers."

"Tommyrot!" snapped Updike. His little cynical smile immediately replaced the momentary tautness of his thin, closed lips. "You take an incorrigibly romantic view of life, James," he said lightly. "You can get to anybody outside of the ungodly few whose immediate desires are unquotable in terms of financial urgency."

"That's Maurice's attitude or credo, as you call it."

"Not at all, not at all," corrected Updike, a trifle grieved. "The Colonel holds that there is no one whose immediate desires are not to be reduced to figures of instantaneous pecuniary yearning, little or big. I make a few, as I say, ungodly exceptions. An important difference," insisted Updike meticulously.

"Aleck Bonsell?"

"IN this case decidedly so. Aleck would blow up Nassau Street if he could be sure of locating our friend, Mr. Comlough, somewhere in the center of the upheaval. But give the others two or three weeks to cool off and we should be able to get around them. Huffaker or Bainbridge, for instance. Just give us their block of stock to dump like a can of ashes, and see what would happen to the others. Why, man, you could go out there with a pocketful of dimes and buy up the whole cake round Bonsell's slice."

Aiken leaned back, absently studying the papers before him. "All right," he said meditatively; "but when all is said, and particularly when all is done, I think we'll have been wiser to have followed the Maurice axiom, and bought them out. When we do get control, how do you expect us ever to live down this smoking them out in the press and then running round to the back-door to sneak in ourselves?"

Comlough turned from the window.

"That is an important point, Jim," he said seriously; "but you'll see, in time, how any other course was impossible. I could have waited, for example, until they had scattered all their stock; played the game with them clean through and then fought them in the open market, collected proxies and skimped and scamped invaluable time away in a two by two fight in which shoals of small fry would have been crushed. Buying them out at their own figure was, of course, never to be thought of. It may seem sophistry, but I never denied the presence of oil on their tract. I merely made matters clear. Utopian capitalized at ten millions was dressed up about a thousand times bigger than Bonsell believed his stock was worth. He had no idea of developing it for the stockholders because, first of all, he had put what, with his lack of knowledge of the sort of land he held, was a blown-up figure on his company for stock-issuing purposes. He's not an oil man, he's a bond shark. He hadn't an idea of what he'd be up against in developing Utopian Acres in case he had another lucky windfall, and struck oil again in the Estacado, with the toughest shale and deepest strata to puncture in the state. When I met that expert of theirs, Kilcairn, out there he was hunting for moonshine, and the investigations he made in that field are exactly as much as Bonsell and his crowd know about the oil situation. It's the same thing with Mangan, Searles, Levy and that cluster of fantastic highbinders of the Texan Improvement Company."

A touch of that tranquillity which belongs peculiarly to the month of May seemed to have descended even upon lower Broadway. Comlough threw his light overcoat on the rear seat of the automobile which was waiting for him.

"Go round to the Commercial Trust, Tom; I'm going to stretch my legs and sniff a bit of Maytime."

As he passed the Clinton Loan and Trust Company he heard his name called. From a touring car standing by the curb in front of the bank a woman was waving to him. He went quickly to her, hat doffed, hand outstretched; with that queer heady tenderness with which the presence of Marcia Nolan always filled him. Not even after seven years could he quite reconcile himself to the fact that she was Marcia Lynn.

She took his hand with her eager, comradely grip.

"So it has come to this, Cooper — street meetings!" she exclaimed, her eyes alive with pleasure.

"Marcia! My, but I'm glad to see you!" he said.

It was fine when he was standing talking to her; but it was like taking a cold plunge in icy weather to get to that point.

"Glad? Tut-tut, forswear not thy soul!" she laughed. "No good-bye when you departed; no little hello in the times you came back, and just one stingy card from Texas or one of those melodramatic states — just one stingy card, most reverend *signor!* Why, for all I knew, Cooper Comlough might have become a citizen of Patagonia. Tell me, Cooper, are you a citizen of Patagonia now?"

Usually self-possessed, almost grave, for the last several years, Marcia greeted him with these half-reproachful railleries. It made it lots easier for him, being a man who had had to find refuge in humor when he thought of her. But something in her manner at times puzzled him.

"You know what corking friends the pen and I are," he answered now. "You're right though, I am part ruffian for not having written."

"Complete ruffian, Cooper! Evans heard you were back over a week ago. I was in Hempstead until this morning getting the house ready. But I knew, too, when all those articles of yours came out. Didn't you use pen on them, Cooper?" she asked slyly. "Stenographer, I suppose. The English was — well, stenographic, in some places," she poked at him. "Sort of walking round, hair rumpled, what-word-next!"

"Dry as dust stuff," he apologized, with a faint twinge of author's pride. "Didn't dream you'd ever get far enough in it to find the mistakes."

"But I did!" she reproved. Her eyes became serious and deep, giving her face that wise dignity he loved. "And you know I did. Tell me — your work means a lot to you, doesn't it? I mean outside of the money involved. You sort of dream things in the oil industry the way some men dream things in pictures, in social reform or in steel and ships?"

His fingers tightened on the brim of his hat.

"Yes," he said, almost softly, and then he suddenly wanted to get away.

Her next words held him there.

"Tell me — your work meaning so much to you — you see I have grown curious as to what goes on in the minds of men —" interrupting herself lightly, and yet as though suddenly confused — "this work of yours, was it something which could be shared; by a woman, for example?"

The question seared him. The knuckles over the brim of his hat were white from the grip with which he held it. He hardly dared look at her. When he did she was not looking at him. He saw, too, that she was not even thinking of him directly; that, somehow, whatever he answered would be no answer to her question at all. He wanted desperately to get away; yet he replied, softly:

"Yes." He thought the set of her chin was a trifle firmer; that the point of it came a trifle higher as he answered thus: — "Yes."

Exquisitely groomed, with the air of wearing beautiful simple things for no love of dress, but as the unconsciously appropriate garbing of the beautiful simple spirit which was Marcia Nolan — Lynn — herself; a silken strand of hair escaped from under her toque with wilful fetchingness; the straight fine nose; the firm lips with that faintest crook at the left corner of soft, perceiving humor; her eyes, blend of gray and turquoise, alight with brave, human understanding — she was the epitome of all desirable things in life for him; in a way, the end of life; and for him, the one thing which life could not bring. Always this reverent appraisal of her, and the reflection of big defeat in having lost her, flashed through his mind when he stood before her. Something in her manner, perhaps the strange question she had asked him, to-day, sharpened the outlines of this commingled inner and outer picture of her. However, the sense of loss which she always gave him had increased so greatly in recent years that he had avoided her and Lynn himself, who had been his closest friend.

"How are little Marcia and the boy — and Evans?" he asked abruptly, to break that transitory tenseness between them, and also to get round to a point of departure.

"The children are splendid, Cooper," she answered, meeting his gaze tranquilly. "You must come to see them. I'm a little worried about Evans. He's been working so hard lately it's telling on his nerves. I have been trying to carry him off to Knollynn for a spell and had it all arranged last week when something happened to the market. Then I came in to take him away to-day, and he telephoned off again. I am waiting now to learn the reason why or die."

Evans Lynn was a vice-president of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company. It was long after banking hours and when she first called to him Comlough had not associated the well-known building with Evans

"Didn't know the market ever affected him," he laughed. "Being a banking officer has the call over the developing game — keeps you out of temptation and worry. The worst those fellows have to do is sweat over a new style safety vault or a lost fraction. The Clinton Trust must have loaned money to Russia — that's about the only legitimate worry I can credit to Evans."

She smiled; but he detected the shadow of anxiety in her smile.

"I — don't know what it is — but he's quite worried lately."

"Evans wouldn't want you to worry about it, Marcia."

"That's it — " she stopped, as though to check the words, and then smiled, as though to erase them now that she had unthinkingly spoken them. But the two words, "That's it!" came as an echo to the question she had put a little while before to him, and her smile told Comlough many things. Endowed with an intelligence inferior to none of which he knew, among either men or women, she had tried in the first years of her marriage to use it on terms of mental equality with her husband. How she had failed Comlough did not know; but he knew now that she had failed. She had become what ages of women had become before her and for some time yet will continue to become — "beloved wives" and "beloved mothers" — knowing less of their husbands and men-children outside their homes than casual companions might learn. The conventions of Lynn and her own family had borne her down. But the two words of hurt agreement to Comlough's remark that Lynn would not wish her to worry about his business affairs, the smile with which she sought to delete them, the question she had asked him — "This work of yours, was it something which could be shared, by a woman, for example?" — indicated that all her old intellectual longing and rebellion were still alive within her; too vital to be suppressed utterly. For a moment he had the embarrassment of spying on her privacy.

He glanced at the bank clock. Quarter of six! He extended his hand.

"I'd like to wait for Evans; but you'll excuse me, won't you, Marcia? I've got a three or four-hour session with Hargreaves and Colonel Maurice, and I'm due at the Commercial Trust to pick them up."

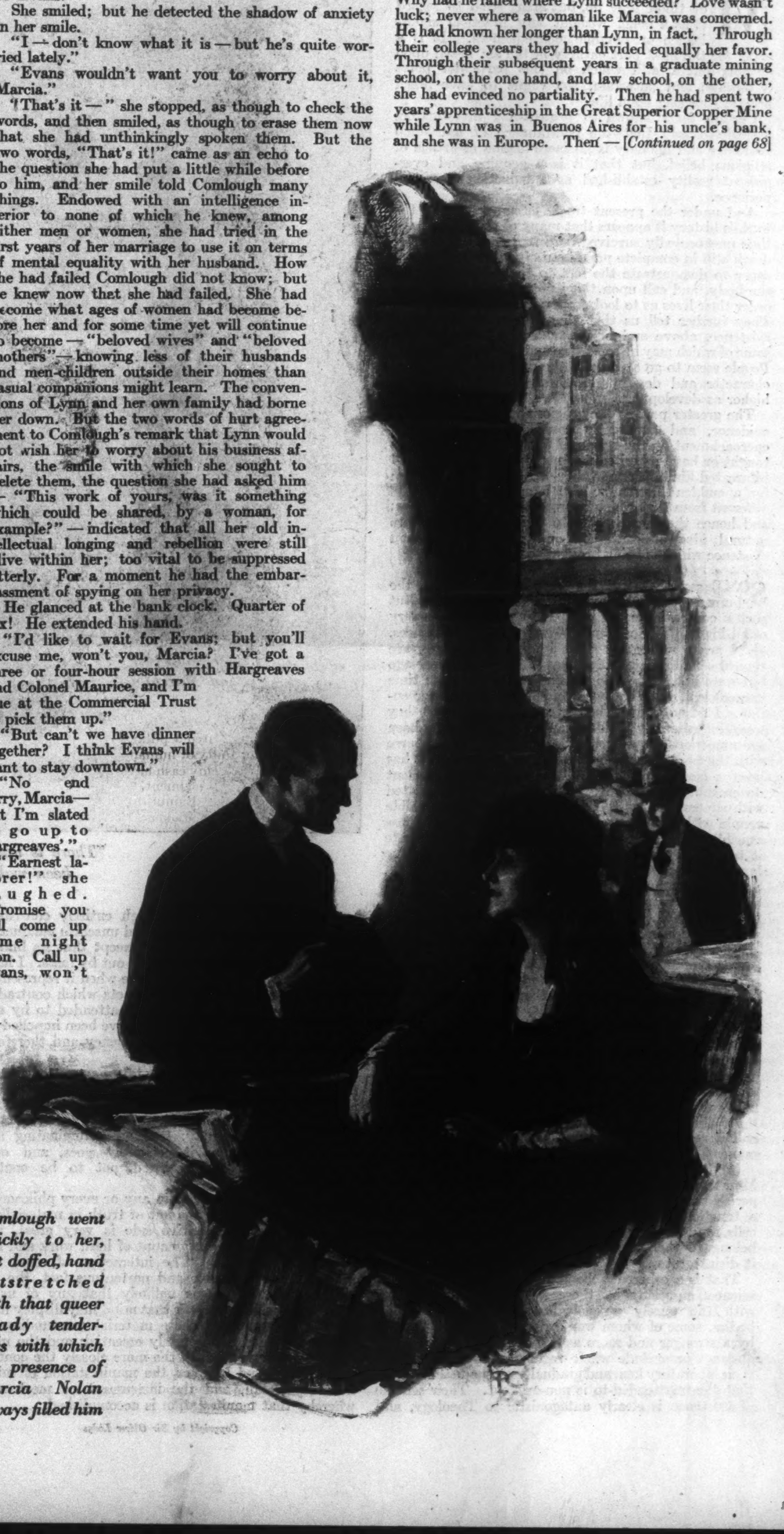
"But can't we have dinner together? I think Evans will want to stay downtown."

"No end sorry, Marcia — but I'm slated to go up to Hargreaves'."

"Earnest laborer!" she laughed. "Promise you will come up some night soon. Call up Evans, won't you, Cooper? Find out when he will have time to grace his home again for dinner. Promise — for if you don't I vow I will come for you myself!"

He laughed, shook hands, promised, and with a greeting of love to her children, hurried off.

He took a kind of spiritual inventory of himself, and again confronted with old puzzlement the question: Why had he failed where Lynn succeeded? Love wasn't luck; never where a woman like Marcia was concerned. He had known her longer than Lynn, in fact. Through their college years they had divided equally her favor. Through their subsequent years in a graduate mining school, on the one hand, and law school, on the other, she had evinced no partiality. Then he had spent two years' apprenticeship in the Great Superior Copper Mine while Lynn was in Buenos Aires for his uncle's bank, and she was in Europe. Then — [*Continued on page 68*]



Comlough went quickly to her, hat doffed, hand outstretched with that queer heady tenderness with which the presence of Marcia Nolan always filled him

The Etherial World

The Distinguished
A New Idea to

Illustration by

"There is undoubtedly an avenue between Science and Religion,
been walled up and ticketed 'No road this way,' by professed

MOST religious people believe in immortality, or think they do, but many seem to regard it as a belief without any practical significance or tangible consequences. It is a belief for the most part entirely in the air, based upon nothing but a faith which on this particular point is obscure and uncertain, too vague to have much practical bearing upon life.

Certain facts known to present-day investigators indicate clearly that the continuance of individual character and memory is no mere dogma or article of religious belief, but that it is a genuine and ever-present reality established as a deduction from experience.

And under the present tragic circumstances of the world's history it appears that many of those who have thus unexpectedly survived, and find themselves after death still in complete possession of their faculties, are eager to demonstrate the fact to their friends still in the body, and call upon them not to grieve but to so order their lives as to look forward to a happy reunion. They further tell us that there are many grades of existence, above and below that in which they are, some of which may be aspired to and gradually attained. People seem to go at once to the grade for which their character and development best fit them, and rise higher as development proceeds.

The greater part of the religious world despises this evidence, and apparently considers it a forbidden encroachment on the region of faith. They have been taught or have inherited notions about a deferred and bifurcated kind of immortality — a long sleep followed by a sudden heaven or else a sudden hell — quite different from that which is presented by the evidence: and hence they feel hostile to the simpler and more natural idea of continued and progressive human existence which is being brought to their notice.

SOME say that had the facts been as stated, the human race would have known them long ago. But such a contention could be used to negative discovery of all kinds. The existence of radio-active substances, or of argon and other gases in the atmosphere, are typical of facts which might have been known long ago but were not. The things have been there from time immemorial, but they were hidden from our perception. I do not know whether any one holds that they were intentionally hidden, and that we have been presumptuous in searching them out! Intercourse with the unseen world has not been even hidden, it has been a commonplace of religious experience, ancient documents are full of it; but it has been so associated with superstition as to be regarded by many sensible people with suspicion and disfavor. Some of the less sensible, indeed, accept the possibility, but attribute it to diabolical influence, — a relic apparently of the lamentable superstition which persecuted witchcraft. So also many now recognized facts of science have been historically regarded as demoniacal or forbidden. Physics and Chemistry were studied only under pains and penalties in the days of Roger Bacon and many another pioneer. Anatomy must have had to run the gauntlet of popular dislike. Prying into things with telescope or microscope, or any other instrument than the naked eye, has been more than once tabooed; and indeed the whole atmosphere of scientific inquiry has been saturated, in the popular and medieval mind, with a suspicion of over-inquisitiveness and impiety. We have always been prying into things which were "intended to be hidden." Alas, for human folly!

The alternative possibilities concerning survival, now commonly contemplated by orthodox sections of the civilized world, are fairly plain and straightforward; and it remains to be seen which, if any, will be permanently accepted. Let us state the first of them:—

(1) People may not survive as individuals at all. Memory may be definitely located in the brain and perish with it; consciousness and affection may be a function of certain highly organized protoplasmic cells, and nothing more; individual character may belong to this particular organism and cease when it disintegrates.

That is a coherent scheme favored by many men of science, especially by those who concern themselves with the purely physiological properties of living bodies, some of whom would replace the word "may" by a stronger and more assertive verb. They rightly abstract or exclude whole regions of experience from their laboratory ken, and gradually persuade themselves that the unattended-to is non-existent. Their scheme of existence is clearly antagonistic to Theology, and hostile to religious belief, though entirely consistent with virtuous and meritorious and unselfish conduct of life. I say nothing against it, except that its limitations and exclusions are not borne out by facts. I have too vivid a recollection of the time when it represented my view also, a time when the facts which contradict its negations were unknown or unattended to by me. It is wholly and solely because I have been impelled by facts that I perceive now its insufficiency, and, therefore, to that extent, its falsity.

This first alternative may be taken as approximately representing a still fairly prevalent scientific attitude, indicating science with a small "s" as meaning much of the orthodox science of the day, or, perhaps more accurately, of yesterday: true and illuminating and instructive as far as it positively goes, and only requiring to be supplemented, not to be contradicted or upset.

For I want to urge that in any or every philosophic view of existence, the amount of truth in materialistic doctrines on their positive side is very great, and represents an enormous amount of hard work and real scientific knowledge. The interaction of mind and matter is a remarkable and portentous fact, the full meaning of which it is unlikely that any of us at present perceive. In order that mind may display itself on this planet, amid these material surroundings, a bodily organism is absolutely essential; and the more that organism is studied, the more closely the connection is perceived between the manifestation of mind, in every detail, and the instrument or mechanism whereby that manifestation is accomplished.

(2) A second alternative is one which I might take as representing a religious attitude, meaning again religion with a small "r," corresponding with some of the orthodox religious tenets now, or recently, in vogue. It may perhaps be expressed thus:—

Dead human beings will, in due time, awaken from a long sleep and will then exist in some higher unknown sense, wholly removed from the affairs of earth, probably in a condition independent of space and time, and devoted either to constant worship of the Deity, or to association with rebellious and evil spirits for all eternity.

The varieties of this belief are innumerable. Some hold that we are planted in the grave to await a day of reckoning, when "on the resurrection morning soul and body meet once more"; some that there is a purifying interval of torment, from which we may be relieved by priestly intervention. A history of the beliefs of various ages is given in the Article "Eschatology" in the *Encyclopedia Biblica.*

It is preferable not to attempt to criticize such doctrines as these, for probably no one of any intelligence really holds them; but they cannot be wholly ignored, for they have left their dire mark on the feelings of the multitude, and our emancipation from them is as yet very incomplete.

So, as far as it is permissible to speak disrespectfully of any creed held for a long time by large portions of the human race, I cannot avoid speaking of this creed with disrespect. It appears to be based upon nothing whatever but superstitiously-interpreted texts, and on imagination run riot. It is the offspring of ignorance, even when derived from learned deciphering of ancient documents. It can hardly survive in full strength to-day save among the illiterate. But it has left its mark on too many of the formularies of orthodox religion, and has been too heavy a weight on the lives of children of all ages, to be safely ignored.

I prefer, however, to try to formulate the religious alternative in one of its more modern and comparatively enlightened forms, which I suppose to be something like this: though it must be understood that I do not agree with it:—

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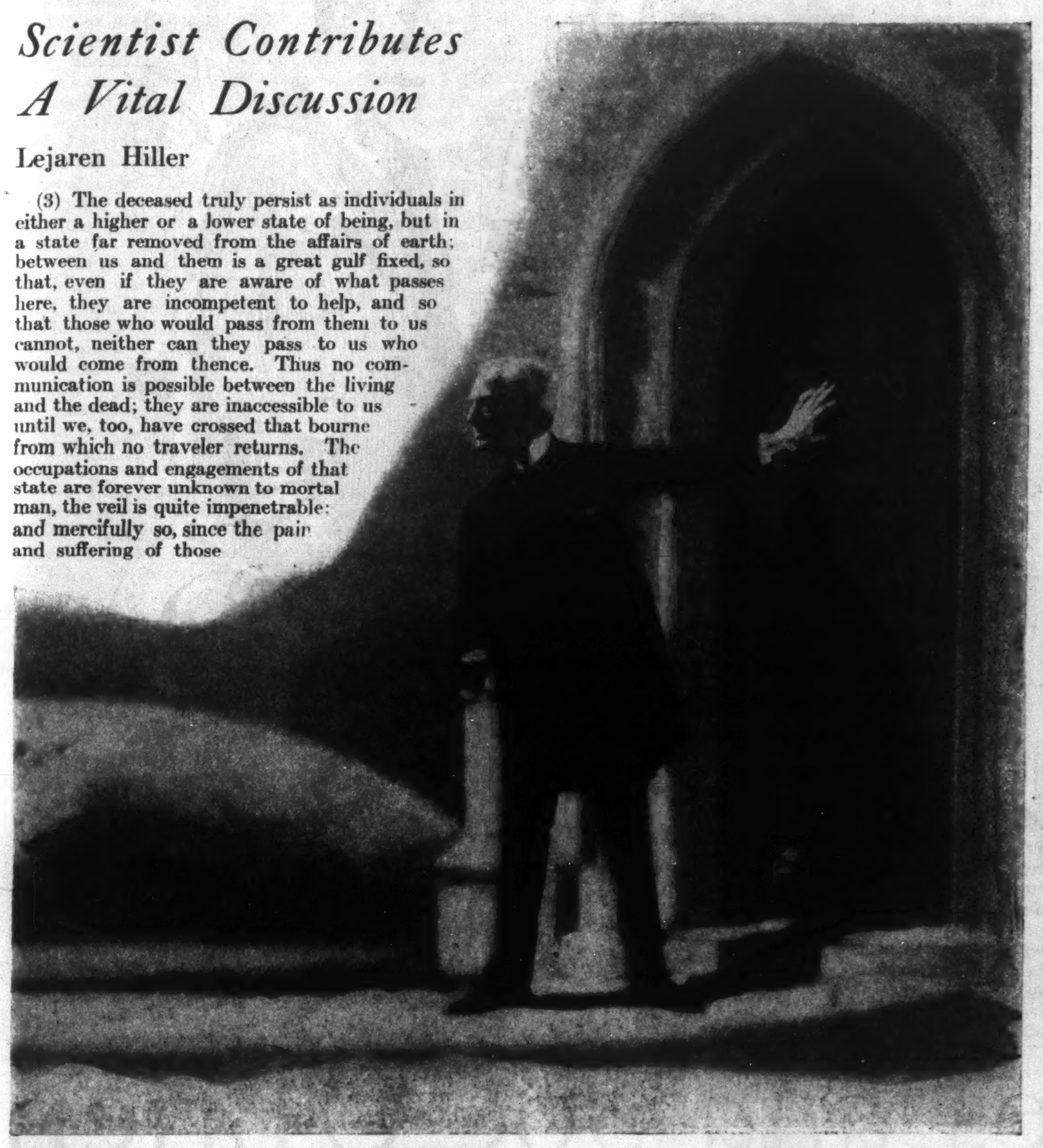
by Sir Oliver Lodge

Scientist Contributes A Vital Discussion

Lejaren Hiller

(3) The deceased truly persist as individuals in either a higher or a lower state of being, but in a state far removed from the affairs of earth; between us and them is a great gulf fixed, so that, even if they are aware of what passes here, they are incompetent to help, and so that those who would pass from them to us cannot, neither can they pass to us who would come from thence. Thus no communication is possible between the living and the dead; they are inaccessible to us until we, too, have crossed that bourne from which no traveler returns. The occupations and engagements of that state are forever unknown to mortal man, the veil is quite impenetrable: and mercifully so, since the pain and suffering of those who fail to attain it can hardly be exaggerated, while the glory of those who have attained — the blessedness of just men made perfect — would be more than we could comprehend.



but it is through the unseen Universe, and unfortunately it has Science at one end and by professed Religion at the other”

This, I think, without offense, may be regarded as a really prevalent religious view. The two points of view, the scientific and the religious, though both far from what I conceive to be the truth, are about as diverse from each other as they well can be; though an earnest attempt has been made to assimilate some of the essential features of both by upholders of the more sacramental forms of religion. These feel that there must be an element of permanent truth in the union of spirit and matter, and that matter may always remain an essential servant of spirit; so they seek to recall attention to the material aspect of spiritual things. They emphasize the resurrection of the body, in some refined sense; they cultivate a sense of mystical communion, and seek to employ material things as vehicles of an indwelling spirit. Against that effort I have nothing whatever to say.

But every group and every shade, whether of scientific or religious opinion, agree in condemning the possibility of communication between the human incarnate and the human discarnate. To the first or scientific group, the very word “incarnation” is meaningless, while “discarnate” is equivalent to non-existent. The second, or religious group, hold that the discarnate, though in some sort existent, are unable or are not permitted to make any kind of impression upon those still in the body; wherefore, if any impression is made, it can only be due to the deceptive power of evil.

Before leaving this part of the subject I must remark on the Dives and Lazarus parable, implicitly cited above under Head 3, because it is frequently used as a weapon of offense by clerical objectors against our ascertained facts. They use it as Authority for absolute impossibility of communication, owing to the existence of an impassable gulf. The reply is twofold. In the first place the parable is of doubtful authenticity, as I suppose is generally agreed on internal evidence; in the second place the “gulf” spoken of is between heaven and hell, not between heaven and earth. No physical difficulty is raised about employing a dead person as a messenger, though in the particular case under discussion it is considered inopportune, because the resolute incredulity and self-satisfaction of the surviving brothers would render the message nugatory. There may always be circumstances, in any given case, which make inter-communion either difficult or undesirable; but, in general, irrespective and independent of any parable, it must surely be admitted that an impassable gulf between heaven and earth is a strange refuge for an orthodox divine!

Now let us appeal to facts, and see where we stand. The facts and their evidence are recorded elsewhere, in a multitude of books of varying shades of authority; but all records agree in a certain general outline, which I shall proceed prosaically to delineate: —

The dead are in no way extinct, nor do they differ from other human beings save that they have lost their material bodies. They retain their character, their memory, their full personality, and are surprised to find themselves so unaltered. They still have bodies, of a kind which suits them, now, at least as well as the old ones did previously. In fact, they feel so much the same that they often have difficulty at first in realizing that they have crossed the boundary and are no longer alive in the old sense: many have to be told this, with some iteration, before they realize the fact. But when they come to themselves, fully, they find that they retain their interest in the affairs of earth,— the loves and affections of the best of them are even stronger than before, — and they beg survivors not to lament their departure overmuch, nor to grieve as if they were permanently lost and gone. They are essentially still with us; and they are willing, sometimes anxious, to establish communication and maintain loving relations, so far as such communion does not consume too much time or divert attention from daily duties — both theirs and ours; — for they are energetically active and dutiful as well as happy. They sometimes even try to advise and help us, to the best of their ability, — though not in purely sublunary affairs.

I do not say that the same condition is experienced by all, nor that we can get in touch with all. There are selfish people on the other side, as there are here, but these are hardly likely to take the trouble to communicate; there are incredulous people over there, who still think communication impossible; there may be some who think it forbidden. There must be some unhappy ones who have to rise in the scale of spiritual existence before they are able to do anything but absorb the help of others. While some no doubt there are, so high in spiritual grade, that about their special experiences and powers it would be presumptuous to speculate, and probably these (except the Highest of all) are not in close touch with ordinary people, and would only communicate with us for some good cause.

Those I know most about, and therefore speak of chiefly, are the energetic healthy young men who have made the great sacrifice, whose earthly careers were cut short by violent death, and who were and are vividly interested in the affairs and affections of earth. The place they are in, if place it can be called, is not “heaven” nor anything like it. They are not ready for the Beatific Vision till they have gone much higher. They are with comrades and friends, amid beautiful surroundings: they have music and all the best things of earth; and, once they have grown accustomed to the new life, they perceive how full of interest and opportunity it is, and they express no wish to return. Their state may be named as Paradise — a sort of Garden of Eden; and it is surely in harmony with authoritative teaching, though apparently not with orthodox belief, that (like the penitent thief) those who have mercifully been allowed to expiate their offenses, or who have entered into the spirit of sacrifice and have striven amid hardships to do their duty, should quickly find themselves in Paradise, there to do what they can to help those below them — whether on earth or not — and gradually to fit themselves for higher spheres of activity, where their talents may be employed in special service, and whence they may ultimately rise to unimagined joys.

WRITERS of repute, ignorant of the subject, have said that those recently gone over never tell us anything about their own state and occupations and mode of life; and the statement is constantly repeated in parrot-like fashion. (In the present stage of hostile prejudice it seems to be thought safe to say anything about this subject that comes glibly to the tongue or pen.) But it is not true; — they are keen to tell us all they can, and a good deal of this information which they have given has been published, so that there is no excuse for ignorance or misstatement. The information exists, however much people may choose to discredit it or treat it as mere superstitious nonsense. Opinions may legitimately differ as to the value of the available information; it admittedly consists of unverifiable matter, but it is certainly plentiful; and though there is a great deal of it which has not yet appeared in print, I may mention a few books where some of it has become accessible.

“The Seven Purposes,” by Margaret Cameron.

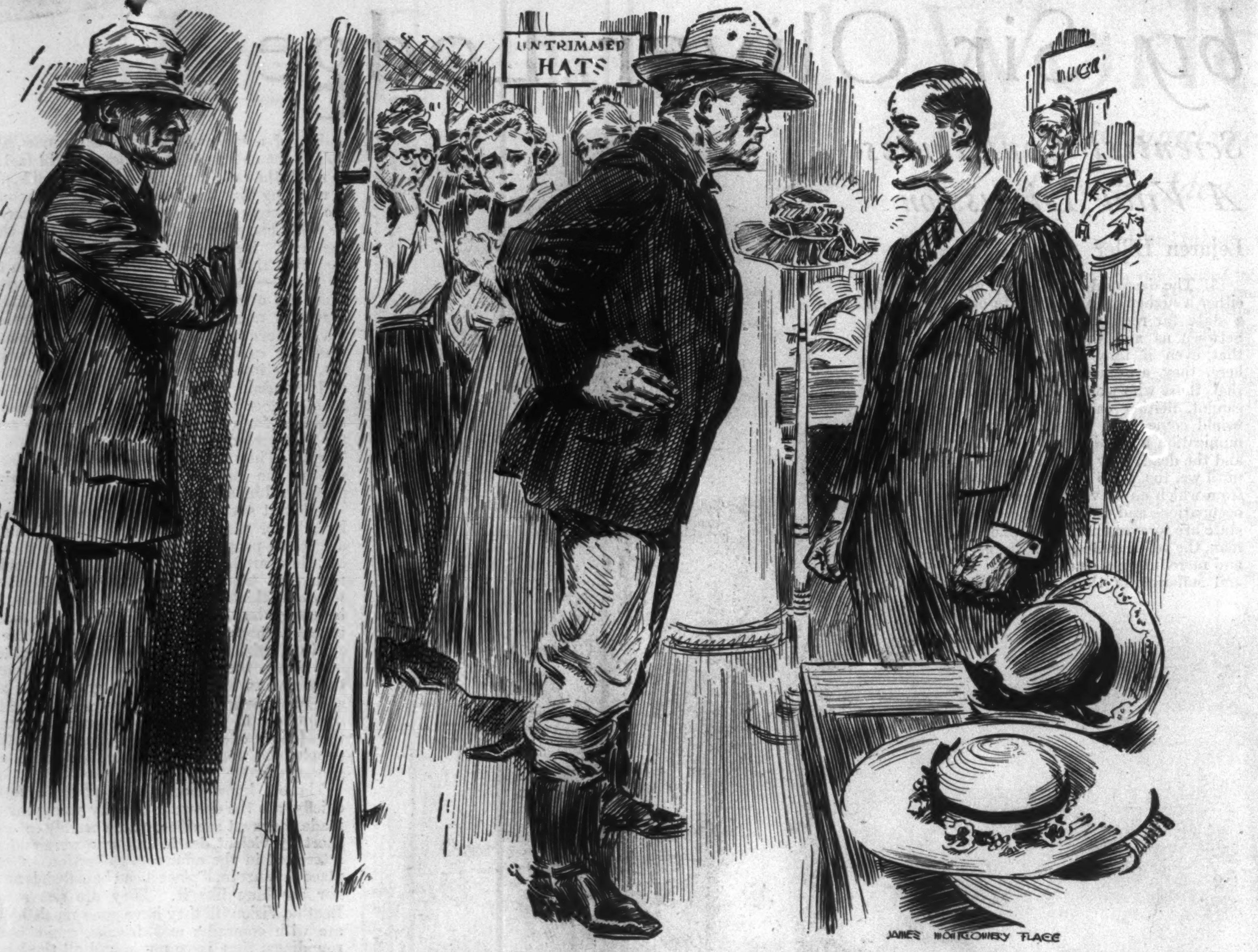
“Letters from A Living Dead Man,” by Elsa Barker.

“Thy Son Liveth” (Anonymous).

“Claude's Book,” and “Claude's Second Book,” by Mrs. Kelway Bamber.

“After Her Death,” by Lilian Whiting, and many others.

[*Continued on page 60*]



"Well," roared Stutz gutturally, "you're Joe O'Brien, eh?" "I am," grinned Joe, "what can I do for you?"

The Ladies *and* Joe O'Brien

by Henry Irving Dodge

Author of "Skinner's Dress Suit"

Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg

IT TOOK Joe O'Brien, athlete, man's man, some minutes to pull himself together after the shock of seeing himself exploited in the *Evening Bulletin* as a man milliner. Old man Squires' words came to him: "O'Neill'll put one over on you." And O'Neill had put one over on him. He, Joe, had understood that he was to come out here to sell hats to men, as O'Neill had seen him sell them in Squires' store. He was disgusted, ashamed, that he, Joe O'Brien, one of the boys, the champion bowler of the Old Sixteenth, notorious hater of anything effeminate in men, should, of all things, be billed as a man milliner. And, ugh, he'd be dealing with women all day. What chance'd he have to cultivate men? The suggestion caused Minnie's words to obtrude, "The Honorable Mrs. Joseph O'Brien." What chance would he have to go to Congress now? A bar-keeper might go there, an ex-prize fighter even, but a man milliner — ugh! He could never wear the taint of it away. Joe glanced at his bag. He had an impulse to pack up and leave. But he couldn't do that. He couldn't go back to New York and confess failure.

Ah, it came to him now what the taxi driver meant when he'd asked him if he were the "new ——" and then stopped and wouldn't go on. Too much of a joke. And Shrill Nanny had been apprized. That's why she started to announce him descriptively and stopped short. That was why Mrs. Tweedie had put dainty curtains looped back with ribbons in his room and the pink lamp shade. Ugh! And the boarders wanted to meet him — not to give him the breezy hand of welcome that every one of his acquaintances from beyond Pittsburgh had bragged so much about. No, it wasn't to welcome the stranger within their gates, but to observe the anomaly that they wanted to meet him. Stage fright got him. He wouldn't go down to dinner just to be stared at by that crowd. He took his hat and stick and went out.

Joe turned toward Paxton Avenue and walked hard and fast till he reached that thoroughfare, then to the right, for in that direction lay the great O'Neill & Arnstein emporium. The Big Store, as they called it out there, was a vast, three-story structure, mostly glass, it appeared to Joe. Its front extended a full block on the Avenue. The windows were full of women's gowns and rugs and men's shoes and furniture. "Gosh, but this is a sordid-looking place," said Joe. "No tone to it. Everything arranged so you can get at it the handiest way. This Western efficiency they brag about, I guess, takes precedence over everything else." He paused. "Stop right there, Joe O'Brien, before you go any further. It's a grouch you have on. You're feelin' so ugly toward O'Neill just now for puttin' one over on you that you can't see good in anything he does. Wait a bit, Joe O'Brien. Don't be a conceited ass to put your judgment up against O'Neill's. What do you know about business compared with him; you, that's been shut up in a store on Broadway, while he's been buildin' up a big concern out here? And, anyhow, it's him that's backin' you. It's him that's takin' the risk of makin' himself ridiculous by bringin' a man milliner out here among his friends and old customers. But, above all, Joe O'Brien, be a good sport. Give O'Neill a run for his money."

Joe crossed the Avenue, still proceeding east. Two blocks farther on he halted admiringly in front of Wilton & Clark's great show-windows. "Hello, what's this? I wonder who did it?" His thoughts flew back to the Big Store. Instantly the instinct of the salesman prompted him to reflect, "It's curious O'Neill hasn't anything like this. What's the matter with him. I didn't think he was a dub like that to let his rival put this over on him. I wonder why." Presently a light came to Joe. He began to grin. "I'll bet I've got it," he chuckled. "Joe O'Brien, O'Neill brought you out here to back your personality against these show-windows. It's no dub you are, after all, O'Neill. You had to do an original thing and you did it. It's a good business proposition you're tryin' to pull off, O'Neill. It's extraordinary — yes, by jingo, it's unique in the annals of advertising and of salesmanship."

All the resentment Joe had felt against O'Neill, the man, vanished before his admiration for O'Neill, the merchant. He grabbed his left hand with his right and shook it heartily, as if bidding farewell to a friend. "Good night, me deadly rival, with your face of glass and your insides made up of little girls' hats and old ladies' bonnets and all that goes between. You're very fine to look at. You've individuality even. But there's one thing you don't possess, me friend — that's personality like me. Again, good night. In the mornin' the fight'll be on, and if I don't beat you to it, me name isn't Joe O'Brien!"

On his way home Joe stopped at an owl wagon and ordered a plate of "beans and." When he had finished, he flipped a coin to the man in charge with the same abandon with which he used to flip a nickel to a waitress in Childs'. As he did so, Joe grinned, at which the host, who had been rather taciturn, melted and grinned back.

"Might you be from New York, Mister?"

"I might," said Joe.

The man stared at him. "Might you be the new ——?"

"I might be that same." Joe's eyes twinkled. He knew what was coming, but he waited. "Go on. Say it."

"Might you be the man milliner they talk about?"

"I might be. What about it?"

The man grinned sheepishly.

"I don't see what you've got to be ashamed of," said Joe.

"Oh, *I* ain't got nothin' to be ashamed of."

Joe took no heed of the insinuation conveyed in the strongly accented I. "Have a weed?" He proffered a ten-center that he'd bought on the train.

"Why," exclaimed the man, surprised, "do you smoke?"

JOE'S face turned a shade redder. "I do," said he, "what about it?" Then, very emphatically, "My friend, I smoke, I fight, sometimes I swear. In brief, I do everything that may become a man." He grinned, and that grin washed away any resentment the man might have felt at the unmistakable meaning of Joe's words, leaving the warning there.

The host of the "beans and" wagon grinned broadly. "I get yer. Say, bo, you're all right."

Joe struck a match and lighted a cabbage leaf, fellow to the one he had given the man. He rose. "Bring the old woman round and I'll sell her a hat that'll make her look like somebody." Joe had sized up the fellow. There was no risk in the remark.

The irony went over the man's head. Joe's words compelled thought. "Say," said he eagerly, "do you think you could do that?"

"Sure thing, Why not?" Joe turned at the door. "Good beans and coffee, old man." He grinned. "Good night."

The man watched him stride swiftly away in the glare of the electric light. "By heck," he said, "he's built like Jim Corbett, yes, sir, just like Jim Corbett."

The women of Big Falls reacted quite logically to the sensational advertisement O'Neill put in the paper about the man milliner from New York. Reasoned Mrs. Blakely: "This is no bargain-counter proposition. I don't have to get there at the opening, nor do I have to array myself in chain armor to avoid being completely dismantled in the rush. To betray unseemly curiosity would be to proclaim myself an unsophisticated person and give Mrs. Kidd a chance for snappy comment. I'll drift in about eleven or, possibly, mid-afternoon."

Several hundred Big Falls women reasoned precisely as did Mrs. Blakely. Many held back until about eleven and then the onrush to O'Neill & Arnstein's was like unto that of an ocean wave. The second contingent struck the emporium about mid-afternoon.

At eleven o'clock O'Neill turned to his partner. "Let's look in at the millinery, Arny." They found the place thronged.

Big Falls femininity was well and variously represented at the advent of Joe O'Brien. There were rich women and poor women, lawyers' wives and mechanics' wives gathered there. There were big-nosed women and red-nosed women and hook-nosed women and women with noses like dots, respectively eagle and pug effects. There were paunchy women and scrawny women, and women who were part paunchy and part scrawny. There were concave women and convex women, and women who looked like a capital S — that is, both concave and convex, just as you will see men who are at once hollow-chested and pot-bellied. There were flirtatious women and women of enormous dignity, if one may use such an adjective. There were giggling misses and demure, fascinating young matrons.

Notwithstanding the vast and breezy boasts of the Northwestern people of their superiority over the Coast and the East, that crowd of Big Falls women looked, dressed, and acted no whit differently from the women of Los Angeles, Chicago or New York at a bargain-day stampede. And the one touch of Nature that makes all women kin was the presence of an unusually personable man. One and all noted Joe O'Brien's Irish blue eyes and his wonderful grin. Nor did the athletic proportions of his slender young figure pass unnoticed — not even by the women of enormous dignity.

"I don't see any buying, Tom," said the reactionary Arnstein.

Observed O'Neill sagely in reply: "To-day they come to see — to-morrow they'll come to buy."

Joe O'Brien was a stout-hearted young man. But when he saw the numbers of women that were coming in at eleven o'clock he was seized with something akin to stage fright. But Joe O'Brien was also a long-headed young man. He reasoned that he was to be the attraction, the curiosity, of the day. He must play up to it. "Keep your shirt on, Joe O'Brien, and don't get rattled," he kept saying to himself. "Be natural. Remember what O'Neill told you that naturalness is the big part of your personality and that as soon as you get self-conscious you lose it. So, if you can't be yourself, act being yourself."

"Look who's here," said Mamie Vance in an undertone to Edna Brown, late in the afternoon. "Florrie O'Neill."

And Joe, catching the words, glanced down the store. Surely, the approaching vision justified the name. She was little and blond and fluffy and high-heeled and baby blue-eyed and she was covered with feathers and ruffles. "It's the Old Man's daughter," said Joe to himself.

Florrie O'Neill passed the two girls with a nod and went straight to Joe with outstretched hand. "Mr. O'Brien?" she said.

"At your service." Then, after a pause, "You're the Old Ma ——, I mean, you're Mr. O'Neill's daughter?"

Florrie allowed the deception to stand for a few moments, then: "I'm *Mrs.* O'Neill."

"Daughter-in-law?" Joe suggested.

"You're a flatterer, Mr. O'Brien. I'm Tom's wife."

"Sure, that's greater flattery than to be his daughter. A man chooses his wife." Joe grinned bewitchingly at O'Neill's wife.

A few minutes later Florrie entered the office of the firm. "Bless my heart," cried O'Neill, jumping up and greeting her, "this *is* a distinction!"

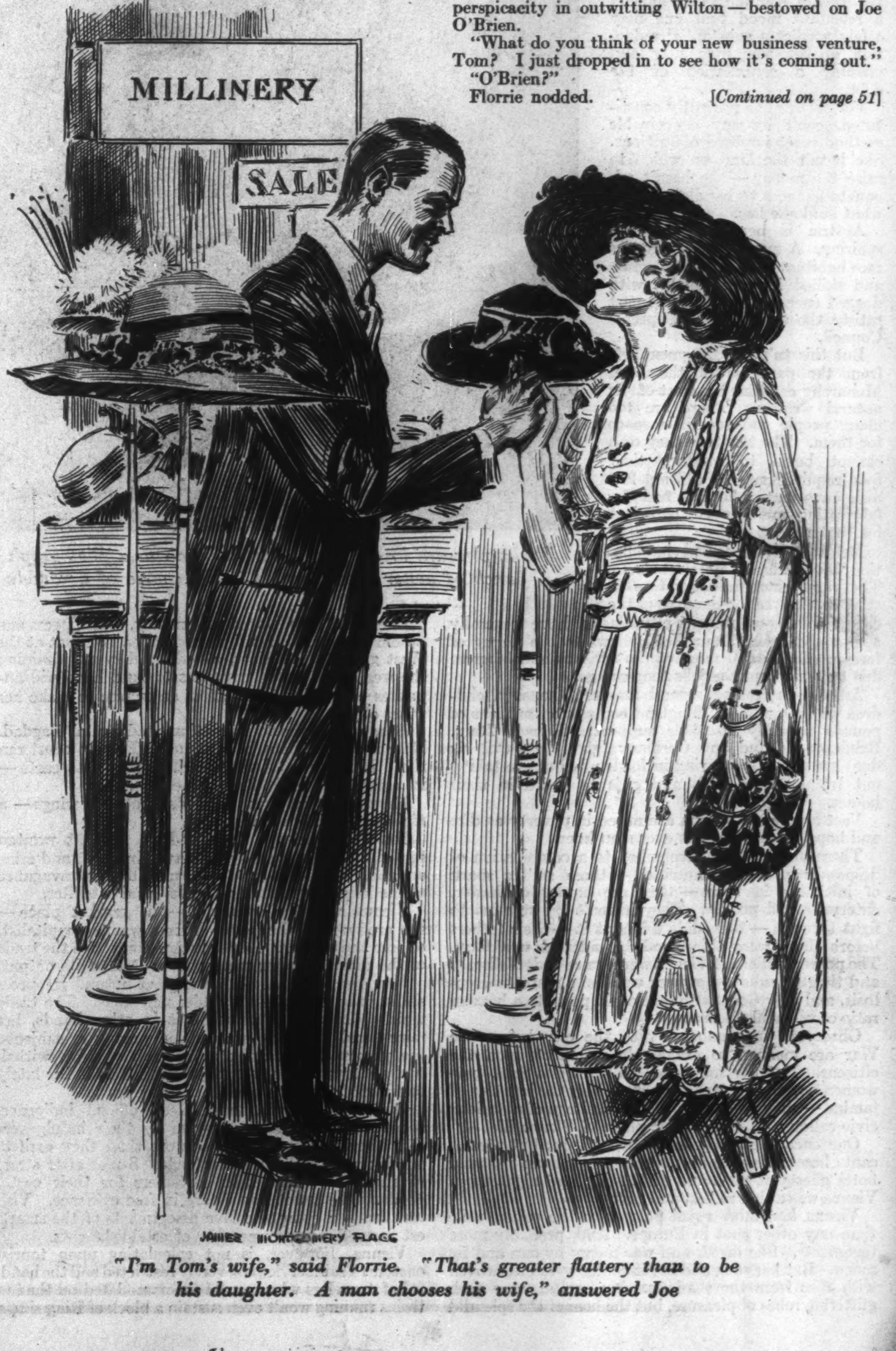
The only fly in the ointment of O'Neill's wedded happiness was the fact that Florrie took no interest in the emporium, only visiting it under pressure of extreme emergency. For Florrie was something of a social climber, and, as such, heartily detested trade. But social climber or not, Florrie was still a woman and, being a woman, she was not indifferent to the eulogies O'Neill had — in paying tribute to his own perspicacity in outwitting Wilton — bestowed on Joe O'Brien.

"What do you think of your new business venture, Tom? I just dropped in to see how it's coming out."

"O'Brien?"

Florrie nodded.

[*Continued on page 51*]



"I'm Tom's wife," said Florrie. "That's greater flattery than to be his daughter. A man chooses his wife," answered Joe

The Blue Danube

But Not Quite So Blue as Painted

by Herbert Kaufman

I take pleasure in directing your attention to a photograph of a tidy little bunch of motor cars snapped in the course of a ramble about town

AUSTRIA has fallen into an economic pit from which only the shrewdest judgment can extricate her. That the pit is mainly of her own digging is beside the point. Retributionists may find satisfaction in the crisis, as do many of her ex-subjects, but the world at large is sympathetic with her plight and the Allied governments are in such a relentant mood that one may safely predict a substantial reduction of her war indemnity and possibly a cancellation of the debt.

For Austria, as presently constituted, can't by any conceivable method meet imposed obligations. She hasn't the land on which to raise the money — she hasn't adequate finances to handle properly what land she has.

Austria is bereft, cowed, despairing. A more sturdy, vigorous race habituated to strenuous action and skilled in thrift might, with dogged energy, slowly and in part satisfy the terms of the Supreme Council.

But this tu'penny fragment left from the partition of the Dual Monarchy contains the least of its natural wealths. There are too many people and too little space for them. The territory they own cannot begin to produce their food requirement. It will not furnish raw materials and fuel for fabricating merchandise sufficient for barter.

Defeat, privation and humiliation have reduced morale to zero. The rural communities refuse to stint themselves for the sake of the cities; the more affluent city classes have generally abandoned their resourceless fellows to the mercy of foreign charity and most of the artisans and laborers don't even accept the jobs they can get.

America is feeding several hundred thousand children day in and out; England contributes millions of pounds monthly to their support; France, Italy, Belgium, Holland and Germany (give the Devil his due) are not only pouring in foodstuffs but are taking out trainloads of boys and girls to board in their homes.

Vast reaches of Vienna are mired in poverty as dire and hopeless and cruel as ever man knew.

These masses have succumbed to a combination of despondency and malnutrition — there isn't a spark of initiative in them — they are empty of larder, enterprise and pocket. They haven't the stamina to fight through — they didn't inherit it — their fathers before them were thin-blooded, underfed weaklings. The poorer sections of Vienna were famed beds of disease and thriftlessness — nowhere was there more tuberculosis, and only Constantinople could point to a heavier ratio of venereal diseases.

Observers unacquainted with the city before the War are inclined to exaggerate its effect upon the citizens. But the subnormal children and frail, pale women now in evidence are not entirely the legatees of famine — they are as well the sad fruitage of notorious civic callousness — a chronic phase of Vienna life.

One encounters beggars at every turn, but mendicants beset travelers at the railway stations, pestered hotel guests at all hours of the day and night when Vienna was at her richest and gayest.

Vienna had more royal palaces to the square mile than any other spot in Europe. And, probably more tenements. She drank and was merry by sun and by moon. But her song and her laughter were interwoven with sobs from the shadows. No capital wore such glittering robes of pleasure, but the hem of the splendid garment was ever fringed with misery. Her fingers and bosom were jeweled with tearful taxes. She sat at the West gate of the Orient, a bedizened tyrant draining the wealths of entire provinces to fund her florid appetites — pressing the veins of an empire to make her wines of joy.

Here was barbaric Byzantium and brutal Bagdad. Here, all the devious intrigues of an Eastern court ran rife. Here were all the merciless prides of caste — its regardless greeds, its bitter contempts.

Here was a vampire masked with butterfly wings — a nightingale with a hawk's soul.

Here for centuries flourished an insolent wanton served by sullen vassals who slaved in forest and mine and mill and field to sustain the unbridled extravagance of the Hapsburgs, their collaterals and satellites.

Vienna was the consumer — the market place — she produced of the least. Vienna was the capitalist, seldom the worker. Her financiers controlled the trade of the domain as her merchants controlled its output.

Now the empire is gone, the great natural resources and myriad factories are under new flags. The trade which Vienna once managed is in other hands, her mines and railroads are divided among ex-subjects, her plants cannot operate for lack of wherewithal, and what war left of the enormous hoards in her lately omnipotent banks is a mess of paper trash.

But while Vienna must plead official indigence, a multitude of Viennese prove by their indulgences that they have saved much more than they care to admit from the general wreckage. Street after street of shops discover ample customers for their costly goods. The latest vogues are in free evidence. Visitors can find comprehensive assortments of the smartest garments in any number of establishments.

Vienna, however, is not calculating upon tourist custom. Train service is severely restricted and the handful of travelers who can be accommodated on the few trains running won't even sustain a block of Ring shops.

Vienna itself is absorbing present stocks of "luxus wares" and Vienna is paying through the nose for them. After noting some of the articles printed in America earlier in the year, I expected to find retailers practically throwing their stuff away for the kind of money which would buy food and shoes. You are familiar with the stories and you, too, probably felt that it was hardly fair to take advantage of these hard-pressed folk by permitting them to give so much for so little.

I expressed myself somewhat along such lines to the Reception Clerk of the Hotel Bristol when he ventured to recommend several of the leading local houses. Later on I understood his expression. My enlightenment began when I walked around the corner to Habig's haberdashery and paid 1500 *krone* (ten dollars American) for a felt hat. It grew steadily clearer after I priced underwear and hosiery and gold and silver ornaments and canes and sweaters.

Doubtless you also heard of the famine in shoes. Some day I intend to search out the author of that bald canard and ask him how he missed seeing some dozen windowsful within an area of a square mile — windows packed with 'em, — low shoes and high shoes, black and brown, white and colored.

If I remember correctly, his yarn celebrated the entire absence of automobiles from the thoroughfares of Vienna. I take pleasure in directing your attention to a photograph of a tidy little bunch of motor cars snapped in the course of a ramble about town.

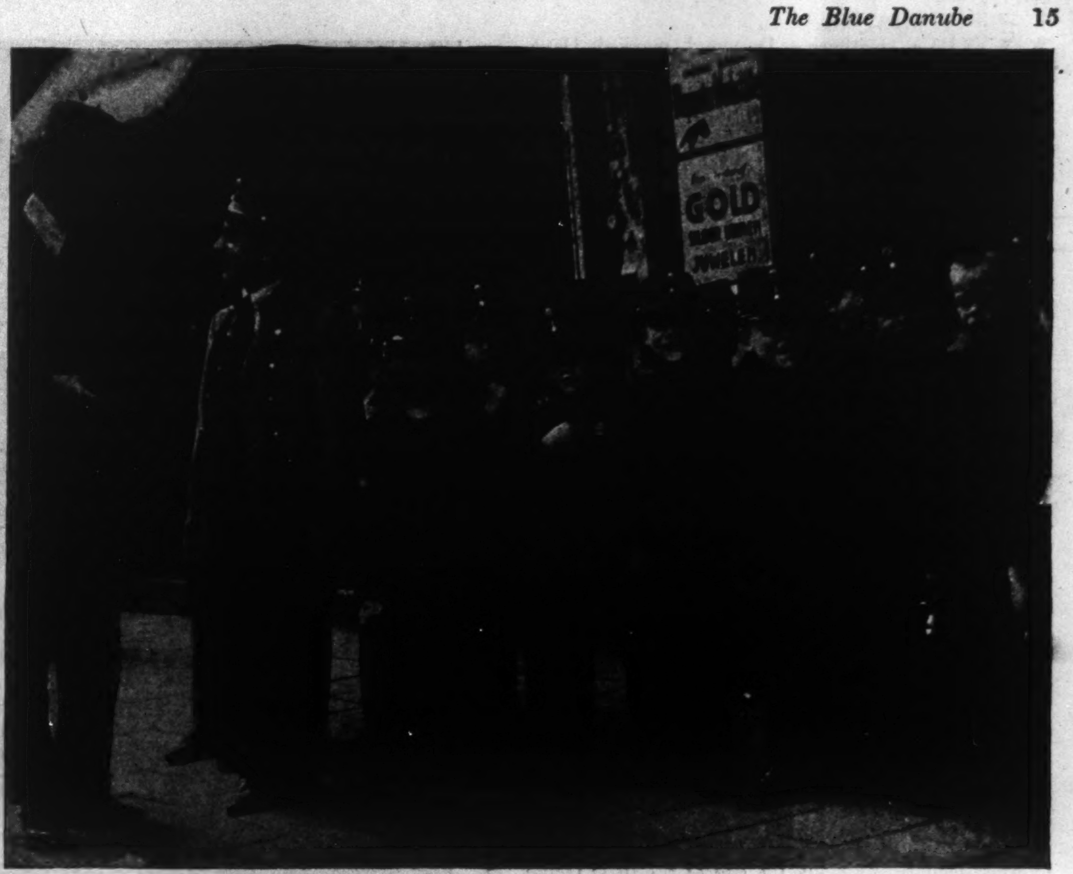
Well-dressed Viennese find the smartest garments in any number of establishments

I wish to express my sentiments to the same gentleman for inspiring the purchase of a big package of tinned meats, chocolate, coffee, tea and sugar, which I lugged half-way across Europe without finding the slightest necessity for opening. I had excellent food at the hotels and at a liberal choice of restaurants. Memory still tastes an extraordinary dinner with Dr Noonan at the Old Turkish Fort, which lacked nothing from the whitest and lightest of rolls to a fat young goose and a very paladin of iced cakes. I recall only one place where butter was not procurable, a sidewalk café across from the *Wiener Bank Verein* where we paid the equivalent of eighty cents for a large plate of Prague ham, two slices of tender roast beef, half a can of French sardines, two large seidels of Pilsener beer and half a loaf of delicious rye bread.

The answer to the sugar myth is to be found in the windows of endless sweet-shops where chocolates and bonbons are displayed *ad lib.* I passed numerous delicatessen shops whose displays indicated the receipt of liberal shipments from all points of the Continent.

Vienna has plenty of everything, even if everybody in Vienna hasn't plenty, and Vienna is charging more than Paris asks, more than London. The exact duplicate of an ivory-headed cane which I had brought from France (of local manufacture, mind you) was marked 200 per cent. higher in Vienna. A small silver and enamel cigarette case of Viennese craftsmanship was twice as expensive as a similar one of British make. At Braun's, where all the goods are designed by the concern, a fine white yarn golf coat was almost eighty dollars gold; and decidedly skimpy silk scarves around three dollars each.

Far from slaughtering their prices, Viennese merchants have marked up their goods to more than cover *krone* depreciation. I except an Oriental Bazaar surfeited with Albanian and Turkish weapons — a linen shop specializing in peasant and convent embroidery — and the little *Kunsthandlung* next to the Grand Hotel through which artists dispose of carvings, soft *faience* trifles and leather knick-knacks.



We were jogging along in a fiacre when a string of tiny boys in military uniform swung into sight. They were war orphans

"But," you mentally say, "consider the million who can't afford new hats and shoes and clothes and canes?"

"But," I retort, "consider the large number who *can* and who manifestly *do* keep business going in the extensive and expensive districts under discussion." And if further evidence is necessary to convince you that the Vienna question has two sides, consider the following:

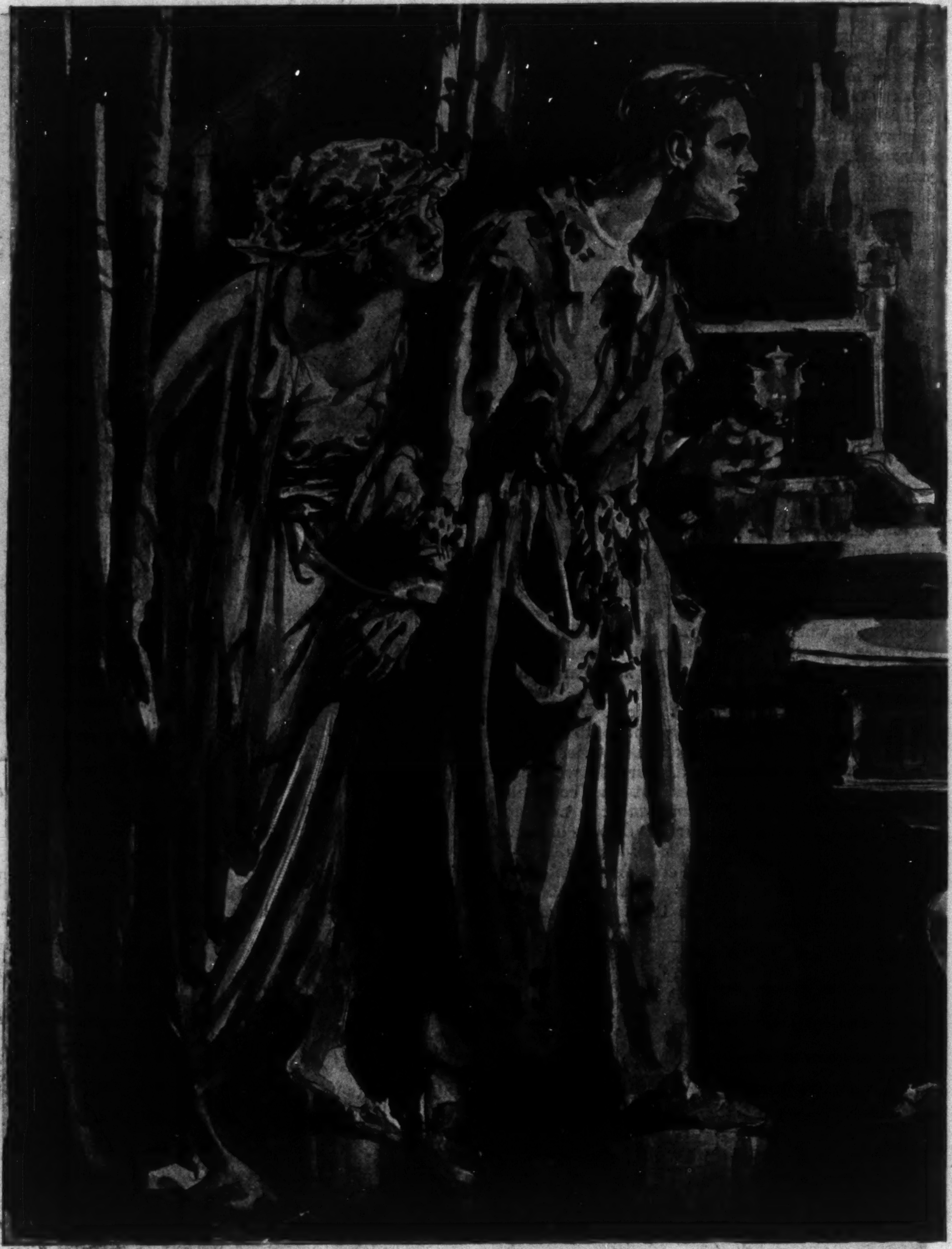
The opera is running at full capacity and is crowded nightly. Racing has been resumed and the course is packed several times a week with well-dressed, well-nourished throngs gambling at fever pitch and top stakes. The better theatres are open and liberally patronized. Cabarets and restaurants do not close until midnight.

Strange goings-on, you'll grant, for a city whose reputed helplessness has swept the heart-strings of the Universe. But let's continue. There is at one end of the Prater a conglomeration of refreshment booths, beer gardens, side-shows, dance halls, picture palaces, merry-go-rounds and sidewalk stands. This is the favorite resort of the middle classes, a Coney Island *in urbe.* I had spent an evening among the attractions of the "Magic City" on the Seine immediately below the Eiffel Tower and although it is only a few steps from the Boulevards, there were not three hundred people in the entire enclosure. But a week later I could hardly elbow through the mob weaving in and out through the attractions on the Prater, the holiday aspect of which scarcely suggested that three hundred thousand little ones across town must rely utterly upon the generosity of foreigners for their daily bread.

I had an engagement to attend the noon feeding at Relief Headquarters which I deliberately broke; an incident on the morning of my arrival warned me away. We were jogging along in a *fiacre* when a string of tiny boys in military uniform swung into sight. They were war orphans, some of them no older than my own tot back home. The very comparison brought a lump to my throat; I beckoned the lad in charge of the column to the carriage and crammed his fist with paper notes telling him to buy candy and cakes for the bunch, and for the rest of the morning felt like a "cheap skate" because I hadn't emptied my pockets.

That's how the thing grips you and that's why I mainly avoided the slums — I knew if I saw too much of that side of Vienna, I wouldn't have eyes for anything else. In brief, I refused to have my estimate of conditions biased and blackmailed by pity. I went to Austria to obtain a first-hand knowledge of affairs and that meant the maintenance of a strictly critical attitude. Personally, I don't consider any sum of money too great for child aid, but such a state of mind leads to excesses of philanthropy — it helps defeat the primary purpose of philanthropy which, above all, must beware of pauperization. Charity ceases to be a helpful force when it loses a sense of proportion, and the unmeasured assistance Vienna [*Continued on page 72*]

Racing has been resumed and the course is packed several times a week with well-dressed, well-nourished throngs gambling at fever pitch and top stakes



For an endless moment no one spoke. The room was filled with an ugly breathless guests—"We thought we heard burglars. . . ." "So did we!"

Just *the* Right

All of us Have Ideas on This Subject

by Fannie

Illustrations by

WHEN Katharine Desmond married Dana Millard, at high noon, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, which sits benignly stone-walled and orthodoxly vine-garlanded, just off Alakea Street, in the polyglot heart of Honolulu, there were present two people who suffered the horrid pangs of unfavorable premonition.

The two people were *not* Millard and Miss Desmond . . . by each let this be heard!

For all his gray hair (fortunately still thick), and for all the well-nigh impassable reserve of his infrequent smile, Millard was desperately in love. He had waited for forty-six to lose head and heart together, and had then made a very thorough job of it, with barely sufficient of his old-time egotism remaining to remind him to show an imperturbable front to an all-too-easily-amused world. As for Miss Desmond, she had considered thirty-two a safe step beyond rose-color and had found it nothing of the sort. She met Millard's eyes at the altar with a drowning sweetness of promise in her own.

For him, as for her, trailing clouds of glory filled the otherwise empty edifice — very nearly empty, that is — for Millard had preferred, in this as in other things, distinct personal seclusion, and Miss Desmond knew practically no one in Honolulu.

The premonition, however, persisted, — emanating strongly from that portion of the Cathedral, a front pew, to be exact, in which stood Rosita, Miss Desmond's young sister, and Teddy Millard, the twenty-two-year-old nephew of the bridegroom.

"I begged her," said Rosita in a despairing whisper, just before the ceremony began "to think what she was doing . . . she wouldn't listen to me — she is mad, absolutely mad — she wouldn't even let me be a bridesmaid . . . she said Dana preferred it like this."

Teddy replied in a husky undertone, stooping his silken-smooth dark head to the sweep of Rosita's rose-crowned leghorn, touching the end of the little Gallic adornment on his upper lip with the tip of a careful finger:

"Poor nut! . . . Uncle Dana, I mean —— "

"No veil — no orange-blossoms — no ushers — no party — I tell you," continued Rosita, with hushed vehemence, "it isn't decent! A wedding like this doesn't last, Teddy. You watch! This is the way divorces begin. . . . "

"Think so?" inquired Teddy with respectful adoration.

"I know it — you've got to do things the way other people do 'em — or be talked about. . . . "

"I certainly do hate people talking. . . . "

"SO do I — and you needn't think they won't talk enough about this. If Katharine had any sense of humor she wouldn't be getting married at thirty-two — to a man she never saw before the eleventh of this month . . . and a man who's forty-six years old, she told me so herself. . . . I know he's your uncle, Teddy — but I can't help —— "

"He may be my uncle," objected Teddy in a faintly louder whisper, "but he's not my child — you needn't blame his age on me!"

"Sh-h! do you want to be thrown out before the thing even begins?"

"Well, have a heart! Haven't I suffered enough from that old frozen-face without you jumping on me about his age? Besides, he looks pretty decent to-day, don't you think? Not much mor'n forty . . . he's as excited as . . . "

"Look at Katharine!" interjected Rosita mournfully. . . . "I wouldn't give her a day over twenty-five myself . . . that's thanks to me! I made her have a facial and a manicure and a shampoo and everything. I give you my word, Teddy, she was going to get married, just as she stood! I picked out that hat for her, too . . . she said it was too sophisticated, with all that feather-thing on the brim . . . but I told her ingénue-stuff simply was not smart, for weddings, any longer . . . and that if she didn't want it afterward I could wear it . . . you know, Teddy — I'm really a much more sophisticated type than Kath'rine, anyhow. . . . "

"You're some steppin' child! — I'll say so!" murmured Teddy ecstatically. He squeezed Rosita's little finger. She allowed him an indulgent glance before retrieving it. The organ broke into a meretricious semblance of emotional enthusiasm.

"Do you know the marriage service?" demanded Rosita in a business-like whisper.

"No — are we going to get married, too?" returned Teddy with an adorable grin.

Rosita kicked him gently but knowledgably upon a silk-clad ankle.

"Then kneel when I do," she directed in an executive murmur, "if you don't want to make a spectacle of yourself. . . . "

They knelt presently in delicious unison, the very picture of charming adolescence, Rosita's peach-colored organdie ruffles overflowing Teddy's beautifully-tailored elbow and knee . . . he whispered in the small pink ear just showing below the careful wave of Rosita's smooth mouse-colored hair:

"Wish it was us!"

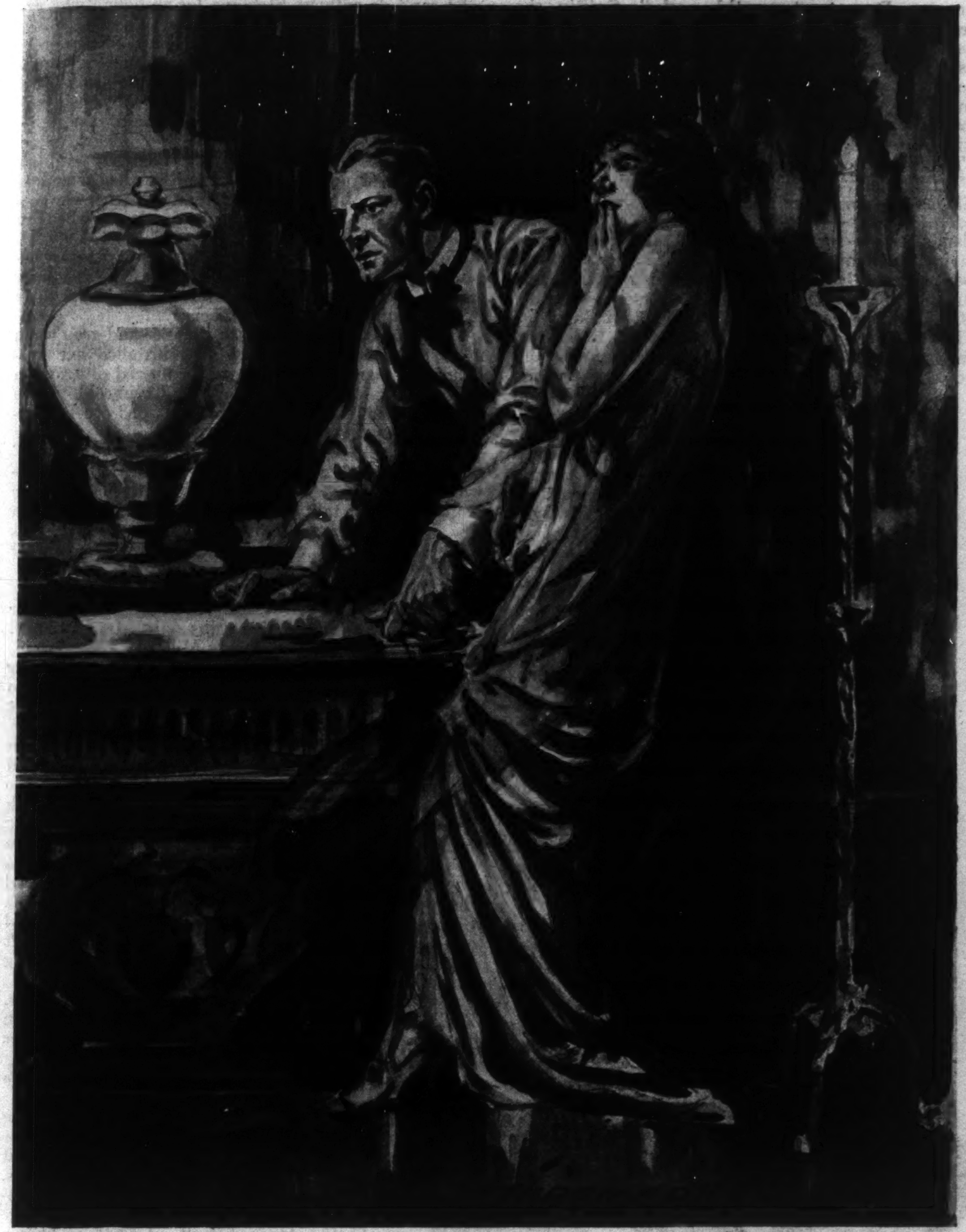
"I don't!" murmured Rosita tenderly. She peeped between her shielding slender fingers: "Look awfully slushy, don't they — both of 'em — I hate that worse than anything in the world. . . . I do hope they'll speak up when the 'I-Do' part comes. It sounds so messy the way most people swallow the marriage vow . . . you nut! what are you giggling about . . . Teddy! — the minister's looking straight at you!"

There was one other moment, that day, of poignant uncertainty. When the pleasantly solemn gentleman in surplice and cassock inquired of the world at large:

"'If any man can show just cause, why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter forever hold his peace— '" Rosita lifted a bitten lip and a darkling glance to Teddy's yearning eyes:

"Oh, Teddy — " she whispered tragically — "we ought to stop them — I think they're both crazy — but I haven't got the nerve —— "

So Mr. Millard and Miss Desmond were married, becoming thereafter, by the at-least-once-in-a-lifetime thrilling custom of civilization, Mr. and Mrs. Dana Millard, two names that beat as one. Rosita and Teddy rode home from the wedding in Teddy's car, viewing with alarm all the way the inevitable outcome of such middle-aged madness.



sort of silence. Then Rosita said, looking uncertainly from one to the other of her
cried Mrs. van Dyne instantly. "My dear — so did we!"

People

What Are Yours?

Heaslip Lea

Irma Dérèmeaux

"One thing," said Teddy, touching with tentative affection the silken shadow of his brief moustache — "it's going to be ripping, living in the same house, Rosita — had you thought of that?"

Rosita regarded him coolly. Her long green-gray eyes were full of a world-weary sapience.

"Yes, yes!" she said. "And any lingering chance of romance for you and me will now go out of the window — had you thought of *that?*"

"What do you mean — out of the window?"

"I have never," Rosita assured him, "seen any man yet, that could stand the test of no collar . . . eating a banana out of the skin . . . or being late for breakfast . . . pleasantly. . . ."

"What makes you think ——"

"Living in the same house, I am bound, sooner or later, to see you like that, Teddy — so long as I was in a hotel, and you lived with your uncle ——"

"I've lived with him since I was two and a half ——"

"I've lived with Katharine since before I can remember — it isn't what we've done . . . it's what we are about to do that matters. If Kath'rine and Dana ——"

Teddy widened his black eyes and whistled softly.

"Well — did you think I was going to go on calling him Mr. Millard after he was married to my only sister? You have no more social sense, Teddy, than a pink-eyed rabbit. . . . I was about to say," continued Rosita calmly, "that if Kath'rine and Dana had wanted to separate us forever, they couldn't have done it better than by putting us to live in the same house — quite unrestrictedly — as — as relatives, sort of . . ."

"Relatives!" exploded the unhappy Teddy.

"Do you realize," inquired Rosita, bowing with great sweetness to a passing machine, "that I am now almost your Aunt?"

"How do you get that way?" Her companion's distress might have softened a less experienced heart.

"Dana is my brother-in-law . . . he is your uncle . . . if that doesn't make me your Aunt . . . you needn't be unpleasant about it! It bores me to death. I feel a sort of obligation about you now — and I hate obligations."

"Obligation to do what?"

"Don't roll your eyes at me like that," Rosita admonished him gently; "and don't shout — I have perfect hearing . . . an obligation to look after you — if you know what I mean . . . exert a good influence. . . ." Teddy made a profanely unintelligible reply.

"I'll say you need it!" added Rosita and lapsed into an offended silence. She spoke but once again before Teddy stopped the car at the great stone *torii* that marked the entrance to Millard's country place, but that once she spoke to some effect.

"Marriage changes a great many things," said Rosita, languidly. "Look what it's done to you and me — and we're not even the ones who got married!"

She crossed the quaint stone bridge, drifted through the garden, and entered the house with the step of a reluctant conqueror.

It was not a common garden nor, for that matter, a common house. A few miles out of Honolulu, a few miles up a fecund valley, it stood well to one side of a rambling road. Millard had fairly outdone himself in the air of exquisite seclusion which enveloped the place. Gabled like a Swiss *chalet*, the house itself was built squarely above a rushing mountain stream; so that from the veranda railing one looked down into a pool all bronze and green and silver, steep rocky sides dripping with emerald mosses — a pool that after its little space of quietude leaped whitely forth into the stream-bed once more, proceeding upon its melodious way to the Pacific. Steps went down into the pool — or one might dive, as Teddy did, mostly, of a morning, for it was very deep. Sunrise and sunset were hours of sheer enchantment thereabouts, and the sound of that singing water filled all the house from daylight to dark and back again.

FLOWERS, rosy waxen begonias, great plumes of plain purple heliotrope, and strange flame-colored lilies smothered every sunny inch of ground with sweetness. A wide veranda, a *lanai*, as it is called in the Islands, upon which opened a wide cool dining-room whose French windows opened at the back in turn upon a steeply sloping hillside, rank with careful bloom. Above-stairs were bedrooms, hospitably plentiful, and wonderful white-tiled baths. But the drawing-room, the library, and a sort of personal sanctuary of Millard's, wandered off to one side, in a kind of meandering edifice entirely in keeping with that extraordinary pool.

It was to the drawing-room that Rosita repaired when, having smoothed her hair and changed her frock for a simpler effect in green-checked gingham, she considered that a general reconnaissance was necessary.

She found there Mrs. Zachary, a widowed aunt of Millard's, who was accustomed to assist him when he needed a hostess and in whose charge the honeymooning pair had deemed it happily possible to leave their joint responsibilities, for the period of a blissfully unshackled seven days. Mrs. Zachary had not been to the wedding. With a footstool beneath her feet and a cushion comfortably placed behind her somewhat carelessly piled white hair, she was reading a novel. She wore a gray crêpe gown, a little mussed but with rather good lace in the bosom of it, and upon her plump white hands a number of small diamonds, uninterestingly set in old-fashioned rings. She regarded her occasional sojourns in Dana Millard's house as periods of delicious rest entailing merely gracious visibility on her part. Rosita she had met only the day before, and considered, hazily, a very sweet young girl. . . . Teddy, whom she had known from birth, scarcely impinged upon her consciousness, any more than the chair-arm beneath her elbow.

With any other duenna than Mrs. Zachary, or some one exactly like her, the thing which Rosita was about to stage would have been flatly impossible. But Rosita had accurately gauged her material . . . she allowed herself a certain length of time in which to establish a residence, as it were . . . she was demure and inconspicuous at luncheon; deferred delicately to the elder lady's opinion in the matter of selecting a bedroom; read studiously all afternoon — a volume of Balzac, which she had selected from Millard's bookshelves, supposing it to be the last word in Gallic iniquity but which, though she would not have admitted it, bored her exceedingly . . . came down to dinner about seven, wearing the innocent aspect of a rose just budded . . . it was after dinner, a good three-quarters of an hour after dinner, that Rosita shot her bolt.

A moon had come up which turned the garden to spaces of fretted silver. The sweetness of heliotrope and petunias, made heavier by the dew, hung almost like a visible mist above the pool. It was hard to believe that in Honolulu, a bare six or seven miles away, were silly lights and street-cars and people, jigging on hotel *lanais*, to ribald dance-tunes.

The three oddly-assorted humans sat in deep-cushioned chairs on the veranda of Dana Millard's house and blinked at the far-off stars. Mrs. Zachary made kindly conversation about the wedding, while Rosita and Teddy regarded her with that delightful toleration which youth can sometimes show for senile maunderings.

"And they went off to Hilo, without a word" — drowsed the widow, "or was it Haleiwa — dear me . . . dear me! To be gone just a week . . . well, children — we must be as happy as we can without them. If there is anything you wish to do — any little party or —— "

Thus, pleasantly unconscious, she played straight into Rosita's hands. Between paragraphs, largely unintelligible paragraphs of Balzac, Rosita had been brooding all afternoon, not over what she wanted to do, but as to just how she was to do it. . . . Now she gave it to the air with a magnificent quietude.

"I should like most awfully," said Rosita, "to ask Mrs. van Dyne to stay — this week." Swiftly, she forestalled questioning . . . "— she is a frightfully charming woman," said Rosita, "from Montreal — she is staying at the Moana, now. Kath'rine and I met her there . . . and, dear Mrs. Zachary, you can't imagine how tired she is of living in hotels — and how she would appreciate a little home life. She has a husband —— "

Teddy groaned.

"A husband," continued Rosita firmly, "who is millions of years older than she is, but with a great deal of money — who is over on one of the other Islands, now — for a month. He thinks nothing of leaving her like that — but she is the sweetest thing about him, really — and she is so terribly lonely — she has told me a great deal about herself — I really should love to ask her here — if you don't mind. . . . "

It was, of course, the sort of thing which Rosita was always attempting and which Katharine had usually succeeded pretty definitely in blocking, not trusting too implicitly her younger sister's wisdom in making acquaintances.

Mrs. Zachary, chiefly possessed with an ardent desire to get back to her book and wishing sincerely to keep her young charges amused, offered only the mildest delay.

"You say your sister knows this Mrs. van Dyne?"

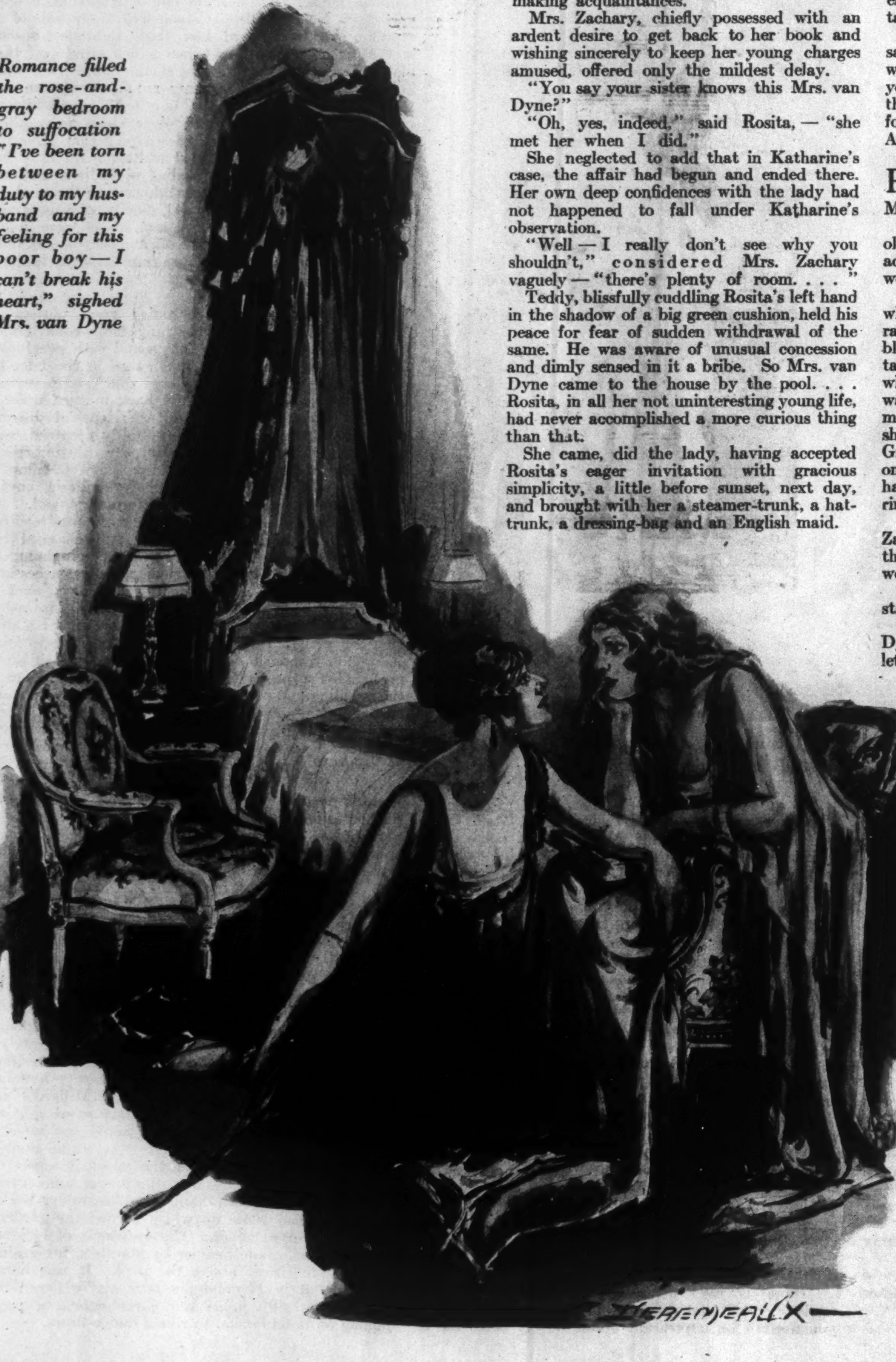
"Oh, yes, indeed," said Rosita, — "she met her when I did."

She neglected to add that in Katharine's case, the affair had begun and ended there. Her own deep confidences with the lady had not happened to fall under Katharine's observation.

"Well — I really don't see why you shouldn't," considered Mrs. Zachary vaguely — "there's plenty of room. . . . "

Teddy, blissfully cuddling Rosita's left hand in the shadow of a big green cushion, held his peace for fear of sudden withdrawal of the same. He was aware of unusual concession and dimly sensed in it a bribe. So Mrs. van Dyne came to the house by the pool. . . . Rosita, in all her not uninteresting young life, had never accomplished a more curious thing than that.

She came, did the lady, having accepted Rosita's eager invitation with gracious simplicity, a little before sunset, next day, and brought with her a steamer-trunk, a hat-trunk, a dressing-bag and an English maid.



Romance filled the rose-and-gray bedroom to suffocation "I've been torn between my duty to my husband and my feeling for this poor boy — I can't break his heart," sighed Mrs. van Dyne

"I can't do without Stebbins for an hour," she explained plaintively. "I know you won't mind. Just tuck her away somewhere, there's a love! She's a cross little beast and as cold as the Jungfrau — it would be nothing to her — less than nothing — if I died to-morrow — but oh, my very dear — she *is* so perfect! You know what an English maid can be — at her best!"

Rosita said she knew, which was not entirely truthful, as the nearest approach to a maid she had ever had was old black Martha, the housegirl, at home, who was accustomed to fasten things up the back when so desired.

However, having said she knew, Rosita at once began to believe it, and managed to tuck Stebbins away somewhere without more than ten minutes slightly difficult explanation to Mrs. Zachary.

Mrs. van Dyne was put into the rose-and-gray room nearest Rosita's own and at once installed her husband's photograph, in a frame of hammered silver, upon the dressing-table. He seemed a decent old person enough with a coldish eye and the clipped cruel moustache of a successful financier.

"I never sleep without that picture on my table," said Mrs. van Dyne — "and yet — ah little Rosita, — why should I have this terrible desire to be myself to you? Let's not talk of it! Tell me, who is staying in this amazing and utterly romantic house? Shall I dress for dinner? What does one do afterward? Bridge? And what a sweet you are to have me!"

RELUCTANTLY, Rosita banned dressing for dinner. She said there was only Mrs. Zachary, Mr. Millard's aunt, and Teddy Millard. . . .

Mrs. van Dyne said that then she would wear a dear old rag she had had from Paris a year ago. "I do so adore to rough it," she added, with her own faint wonderful smile.

She was really rather a wonderful-looking person when she came down to dinner later on, in the dear old rag, which proved to be a trailing garment of ineffable blue and violet gauzes, weighted in certain places with tassels of crystal and pearl. Above the startling whiteness of her bared throat, her delicately oval face was pale and lovely, her great dark eyes filled with a mysterious wistfulness. Upon a proudly-carried head she wore her bronze hair rippled into a great soft Grecian knot. There were pearls about her neck and one great black pearl on the third finger of her left hand, above the dully gleaming platinum of her wedding ring.

Rosita, in the peach-colored organdie, and Mrs. Zachary, in a black silk only a little less crumpled than the gray crêpe, were almost like creatures of another world.

Even Teddy succumbed instantly and without a struggle.

He could hardly eat his dinner for looking at Mrs. van Dyne, who happened to sit opposite him. When she let her drowsy-lidded gaze rest upon him he returned it with a smile that was little short of fatuous.

Rosita observed him with pleasure rather than annoyance. She was in the more hectic stages, herself, of what is known among schoolgirls as a "crush" on the exotic guest and she liked having her judgment corroborated.

After dinner, lacking material for a bridge game, they sat upon the veranda and Teddy and Mrs. van Dyne smoked. The lady used an ivory holder of exquisite simplicity and the smoke from her long slim cigarets came faintly different. She lent subtlety even to the moonshine which lay upon her like a web of caresses. Her low, perfectly modulated voice was like the voice of the pool — at about eight o'clock she said suddenly ——

"Dear little Rosita — I have told Captain Wrexham-Smith that he might run out for a wee moment to-night . . . you won't mind? He is such a charming person — and so alone, in that dreadful hotel. . . . Have I been too bold? I could call him, in an instant, and tell him not to come. . . ."

"Gracious, no!" said Rosita warmly . . . she was sitting on a cushion on the floor with her head against Mrs. van Dyne's knee, and Mrs. van Dyne's lovely slender fingers were passing delicately to and fro across Rosita's hair. "We'd like most awfully to see him. Is it the tall, blond Englishman — rather oldish — the one I used to see with you, so often —— "

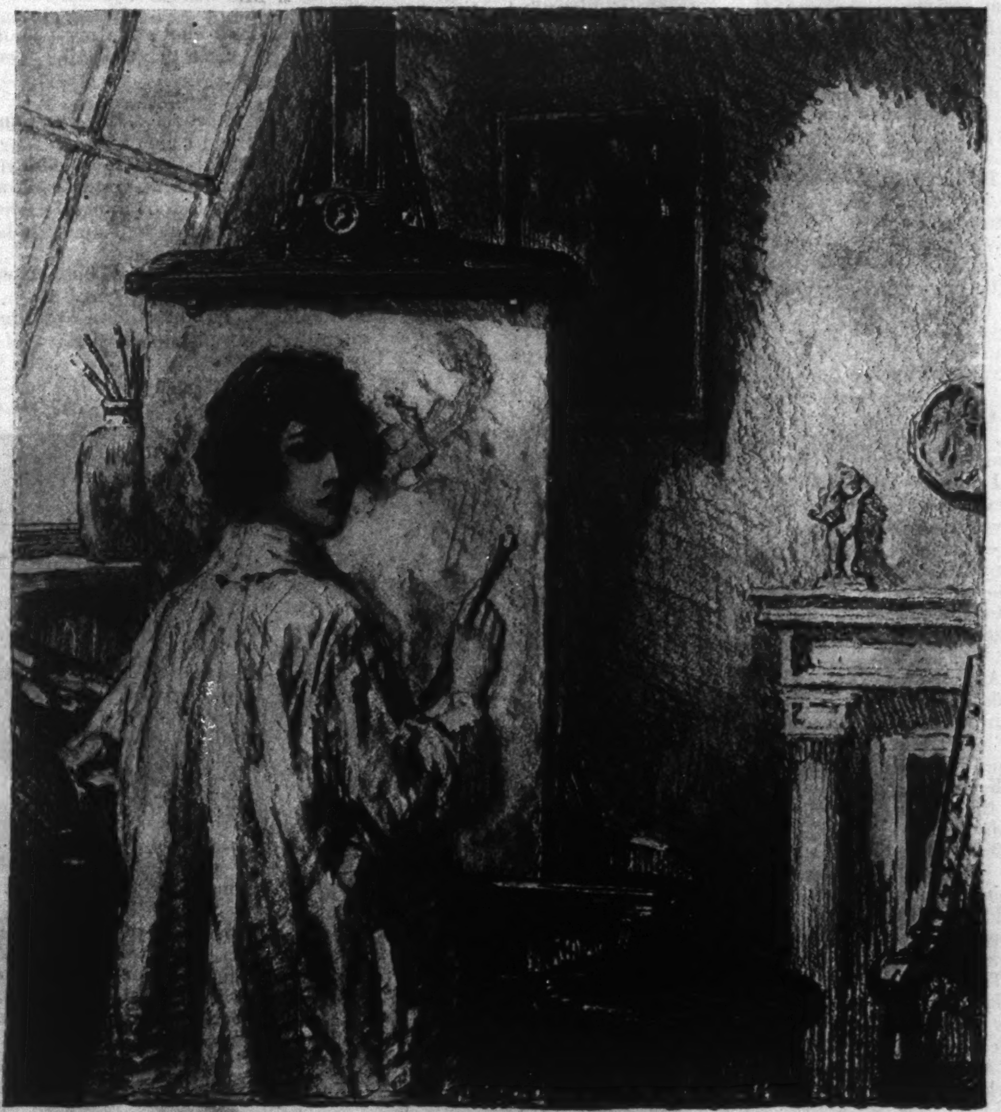
"Oldish! My very dear — " cried the lady on a murmurous note of startled laughter — "Algie (*Continued on page 64*)

Seven Hours of What All of Us Have Done or Long to Do

From Four *to* Eleven -- Three!

by Royal Brown

Illustrations by Hanson Booth



Sheila worked rebelliously — the truth was that she was young, she was Irish, and the south wind of spring was filling her with a vague yet vibrant urge

THEY called her Sheila and they did well to call her Sheila, for her father and mother were Irish and she was Irish, too. And though it was in New York she first glimpsed the black of night — the hour had just turned two when her aunt told her father to cease looking like one condemned because sure all was well now — all the fairies in Ireland attended the christening except the bad ones who, as her father Brian Athlone put it, had been drowned entirely on the way across, the saints be praised!

The fairies brought gifts generously, that being their Irish nature, and Brian Athlone, who was sub-editor by profession but poet by everything else, swore that one brought the blue of Killarney for her eyes.

"She'll be taking after you," he assured her mother, delightedly. "A born flirt — did you see her wink at Father McShane when he gave her her name?"

"Run along with your blarney," suggested her mother, though pleased.

He didn't, but took her in his arms with an eye to her hands, with which she was quick.

"And she'll have hair like yours, too — and a temper to match," he went on teasingly. "Sure when she looks me in the eye forbidding-like I tremble all over. We've hard years ahead of us, Acushla."

They took them easily, however, petting Sheila when she was good and spoiling her when she wasn't, telling each other that sure she was different from other girls and that a high heart couldn't be ruled with a high hand. So they reared her, with infinite good nature and many a laugh over what they called her notions, until she was eighteen, when — as Father McShane put it — they went to glory in the second-hand automobile that he himself had assured Brian Athlone would be the death of him and he didn't drive with a bit of care.

"There, there," crooned Father McShane, trying to comfort Sheila the while his own smooth-shaven, ruddy cheeks were coursed by tears. "They lived happy and died quick, without pain, and they're with the blessed saints now."

They left Sheila next to nothing, reckoning material possessions, Brian Athlone never having even got around to seeing about the bit of insurance he'd been solemnly promising himself he'd take ever since Sheila was born. But she inherited their friends and their talents and with these and her own high heart she made shift so well that by the time she was twenty-two she was neither shop-girl nor stenographer, as might have been expected, but — well, she wore an artist's smock and if it wasn't art she painted, it was at least profitable.

She ate oftener and more expensively than Millet, and her studio, in the Mews, cost more in a month than many a great master received in a year.

"Sure," remarked Father McShane, "for all she's such a trial to me with forgetting for months at a time she was born a good Catholic, she's a great satisfaction. The money that bit of a girl makes is scandalous."

IT was true. The bubble Fame was hers, with all its most iridescent qualities. Editors adored her work. Many of them adored her. She had fulfilled her father's buoyant prophecy and she was beautiful — so beautiful that all the magazines that printed pictures of pretty girls took joy in printing hers. It was a relief, thought the editors, to meet an artist who, being feminine, didn't look like something no artist would paint.

Money came easily and went more easily still, life being full of such a number of things. She always had more work than she could do and was always taking on a little more, thinking she might manage it. Invitations besieged her and men went daft over her. Even in the Village, of which the Mews is a rich relative, there was more than one young insurgent who would have gladly surrendered free love and accepted the awful bonds of matrimony, for the inestimable privilege of sitting opposite her at every meal.

Indeed, there were some who would have even so far recanted the Village Declaration of Masculine Independence as to pay her check, too, for the privilege.

Of course they professed to scorn her success, assuring her with the frankness of their kind that commercialism was the only real prostitution. She simply laughed and told them they were Esthesiomaniacs, suggesting they look *that* up. She herself was not a Villager, save by diversion, and its standards only amused her.

Everything, seemingly, that a girl could want was hers. Yet there were black moments when it seemed to her she had nothing. For that, her father, had he lived, would have had an explanation ready.

"Discontent," he would have orated, "is the true gift of the Little Folk."

But her mother would have scorned him with: "You talk like a man. It's not the likes of you that can see what she lacks."

It was May. The studio windows were open to the warm, soft air. The city streets were sterile, but overhead tiny clouds floated like puffs of down in the bluest of skies. Along distant river courses the willows were soft with new-burst leaves; brown hills, touched by nature's necromancies, were turning green. The smell of spring was in the south wind, the swing of the year had brought, overnight, the subtlest season, when youth works in hearts as yeast and even the old feel strange stirrings.

In the studio's north end, under the skylight, Sheila was at work. She worked stubbornly, rebelliously, for it was one of her black days, when naught seemed right. She thought it was because her model had failed her, but the truth was that she was young, she was Irish, she was the daughter of Brian Athlone and the south wind of spring was filling her with a vague yet vibrant urge.

"Oh — damn!" she murmured, and glowered at her canvas.

It was good and before she finished with it, it would be better. But because she was an artist she believed it was bad and would be worse. She blamed herself some, but more she blamed the editor who had beguiled her from her chosen field, which was covers, into illustrating, which was not. And most of all she blamed the author to whose story the illustration in color would eventually lend distinction. He was a new one, but his name wasn't unknown. Credit for that, however, was due not to him, but to the original bearer of it.

"Brian Boru!" she commented, caustically. "If it's his own and he's a true descendant, it's a sorry ending for a line of kings. If it's a nom de plume, the nerve of him. Why not take that of St. Patrick himself and be done with it!"

The proofs of the story were outspread beside her. She took them up and eyed them, satirically. A love story, so called! Fairy tales for grownups. The name of it, "From Four to Eleven," should be enough to warn all except the witless. And the nonsense it was! At four a man sees a girl for the first time; at eleven he kisses her for the first time but presumably not the last.

"I wonder," she thought, "if he ever tried it! If he had he'd know his hero would be more apt to be nursing a black eye than a happy heart."

She thrust the proofs from her, shifted the easel a little, and pushed back a rebellious wisp of hair.

"Anyway," she decided, "where he describes a beautiful sunset I can put in a driving rain storm and let him know what I think of him!"

The intriguing breeze fluttering the curtains, lifted the top proofs and strewed them across the floor. She let them go. She was painting the face of the heroine which, in the illustration, would be uplifted glowingly — as Brian Boru had described it — to the man's.

"The more fool she," thought Sheila. She put her brush to the girl's lips, stepped back and regarded the effect critically.

"'And just as a distant clock struck eleven,'" she quoted, mockingly.

A distant clock struck just then, though not eleven. Sheila glanced quickly at her wristwatch. It was four o'clock, beyond question.

"And the chops haven't come yet," she thought, with foreboding.

THE chops, in the little paper pantaloons, which Mrs. O'Shaughnessey was to cook, were the destined principal dish of a studio dinner that Sheila had planned for that very evening. This dinner was to be given for — though perhaps "aimed at" would better describe her intent — Robert Treat Ames.

There was six feet of Robert and he was a beautiful specimen of his kind — which was not hers. But she, because of her vogue, mingled with many, and chance, which he persisted in misconstruing as Fate, had brought them together. From the moment he met her he had become enthralled with her and with a wild desire to marry her. She, on the other hand, had only a wild desire to poke him, to see if he were *really* real!

This was because he had inherited certain inhibitions for which he was not at all to blame. He was a Brahmin from Boston, his earliest ancestors had arrived on a ship called the Mayflower, and he had a family tree, as Sheila had inadvertently discovered — inadvertently because he himself would have died sooner than be so ill-bred as to deliberately refer to it.

"And so have I a family tree," declared Sheila, demurely, her voice like the ripple of Irish rivers.

"Of course," he said, hastily, as if she had mentioned — unmentionables.

"And on the third limb above me my poor great grandaddy hangs by his neck, may the saints rest his soul," she added, serenely.

"I beg pardon?" said he, startled.

"You needn't," she retorted. "He was hung in Emmet's time and it's proud I am of him."

He was the perfect product of generations of lovers of law and order and *she* was Irish. Nevertheless he asked her to marry him, after a decorous interval — he not being the kind to meet a girl at four and kiss her at eleven.

"When I marry, if I ever do," she told him, "it will be Father McShane that does the marrying."

In him something that had come down from Puritan forefathers quailed. But still he persisted.

"I don't care," he declared, stoutly.

"Oh, but you do, awfully," she assured him. "And you being you and I being I, it would be England and Ireland all over again. So run along like a nice little boy and play with nice little girls."

He wouldn't, naturally. And, naturally, she bedeviled him. It was part of the bedevilment that to-night she, who was not a Villager, would have the Villagers in and pretend to be one.

Robert Treat Ames would arrive at seven, impeccably clad. The Villagers would arrive as suited their convenience, in attire that outraged the conventions. They would announce, as if it were news, their belief in free love, free speech, free government, free verse, free art, free everything. Altogether Robert would gasp like one of his sacred codfish out of water.

In that pleasant spirit of anticipation Sheila had planned the dinner. At five Mrs. O'Shaughnessy would come. The chops ——

"Perhaps," thought Sheila, "I'd better telephone. They're so stupid ——!"

Nevertheless she worked on. Footsteps sounded outside, light and quick, yet masculine. She listened and they paused outside her door.

"There they are now," she thought, relieved. He knocked. "Come in," she commanded, and as the door opened she added, without turning, "Put them in the ice-box in the kitchen."

The interruption, brief as it was, had given her perspective. She caught a lack of quality in the line of the under-arm and attacked this, with instant absorption. She did not realize until he coughed, deprecatorily, that he was still standing there. She turned, with irritation, and tried to see him, but she stood in the strong north light and he was framed in the murk of the door.

"Put what, miss?" he asked.

"The chops, of course," she snapped — what an imbecile he was.

He made no move. "Beg pardon, miss, but how many were there to be?"

Such is the justly-famed artistic temperament that she with difficulty refrained from hurling her palette at him. The light was changing, every moment was precious. And evidently the addlepate who had taken her order had blundered.

"What *have* you brought?" she demanded.

"Liver and bacon ——"

"Did *you* take my order?" — Sheila's voice now was like the rivers of Ireland in flood time, when even the little folk are affrighted.

"No, miss," — meekly.

"Well, you go back and tell Schmidt I ordered chops — twenty of them. And tell him that if he doesn't get a new order clerk I'll get a new butcher."

"Very well, miss."

The door closed and she returned to her work. But instantly compunction seized her. Perhaps the order clerk was married or going to be, or the support of a widowed mother — you never could tell. Her heart rose up against her, she dropped her brushes, rushed to the door and called down the stairs:

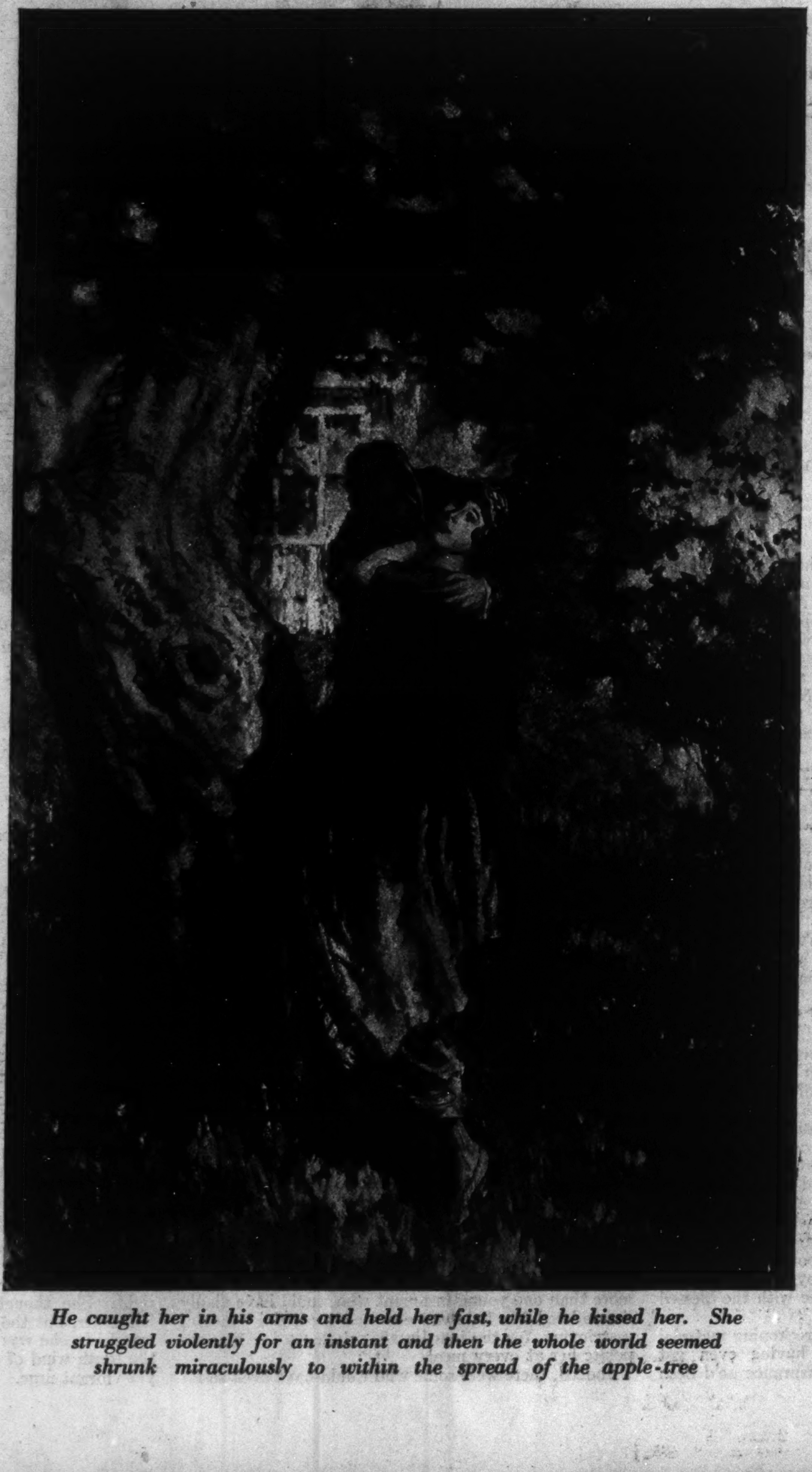
"You needn't speak about the order clerk. Perhaps he couldn't help it."

He was out of sight, but not of hearing.

"I won't mention it, miss," he assured her. "And I'll have the chops here in two shakes of a lamb's tail."

She returned, more sedately, to her canvas and gazed at it, while an abysmal aversion for it possessed her.

"Here I am up to my ears in work," she wailed, "and a dinner to give. Why was I born such an idiot!" She picked up her brushes with loathing and then



He caught her in his arms and held her fast, while he kissed her. She struggled violently for an instant and then the whole world seemed shrunk miraculously to within the spread of the apple-tree dropped them again. "It's getting too late anyway," she assured herself. "And the more I do the worse it gets. Besides Mrs. O'Shaughnessy will be here soon."

The telephone, placed in the kitchenette that it might not disturb her, and muffled for further security, was muttering to itself like a banshee. She went to it.

"It's me," announced rich and racy accents. "Is it you?"

"It is," admitted Sheila.

"Sure and I've been ringing for twenty minutes," the voice went on. "They told me you were out of order but I knew better ——"

"Oh, Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, you're coming to get dinner for me, aren't you?" interjected Sheila, struck by a horrid possibility.

"I am sorry but Tim has been after coming home flushed with a fever. Sure you'll understand how it is ——"

"Of course," Sheila assured her, though her sinking spirits plumbed new depths. "Do you think Mrs. O'Brien ——"

"Her youngest has the croup. I ast her right off. It's sorrowful I am ——"

"It will be all right," said Sheila. "And I hope Tim will be better."

She put the receiver back on the hook.

"That," she announced, rebelliously, "settles it. I won't give a dinner to-night. I won't! I'll telephone everybody I'm sick ——"

She snatched up the receiver, conscious even as she did so, of a curious deadness about it. She jiggled the hook with foreboding.

"HELLO! —— *Hel — lo!* —— *Hello!!!!*"

It was useless. In a moment of time, in the twinkling of an eye, it had suffered that mysterious disease telephones occasionally succumb to. She gave up and went back to the studio. The proofs the wind had blown hither and thither distracted her; she picked them up and put them in order. The blue pencil marks with which the editor had indicated possible points for illustration caught her eye anew; she paused and read:

"The night sky was soft-starred and the wind blew softly across the perfumed meadow. The city glowed in the distance, but its stridencies were silenced. The scent of lilacs ——"

She put the proofs on the table, with a little bronze Buddha to pin them down, spun about swiftly and crossed to her bedroom. There she slipped out of smock and skirt and, turning to her closet — crowded with the loot of the exclusive shops which beggared her regularly — hauled forth the simplest but smartest of blue walking frocks. As she laid this on her bed she was startled by a knock at the outer door.

"Why he — he *can't* be here so soon!" she thought.

The knock was repeated, more loudly. She snatched up a negligée, sheathed her slim self in its delicate sheen, and sped to the door.

"The chops, miss," announced the intruder.

She smiled, brilliantly, in her relief. Of *course* Robert Treat Ames would never have dreamed of appearing so far ahead of the appointed hour.

"Oh, thank you," said she, taking the package.

"Don't mention it, miss," said he.

His way of saying it caught her ear, she gave him a quick glance. The light in the hall was none too good, but she had a woman's eye as well as an artist's, and she saw that his grey eyes had a touch of green in them and that his red hair tried to add insult to the injury of its redness by being curly, but was rigorously repressed. He was tall and straight and broad of shoulder and the butcher's apron he wore was miraculously clean and instead of wrinkling over a mighty stomach, as did his employer's, hung straight and sheer.

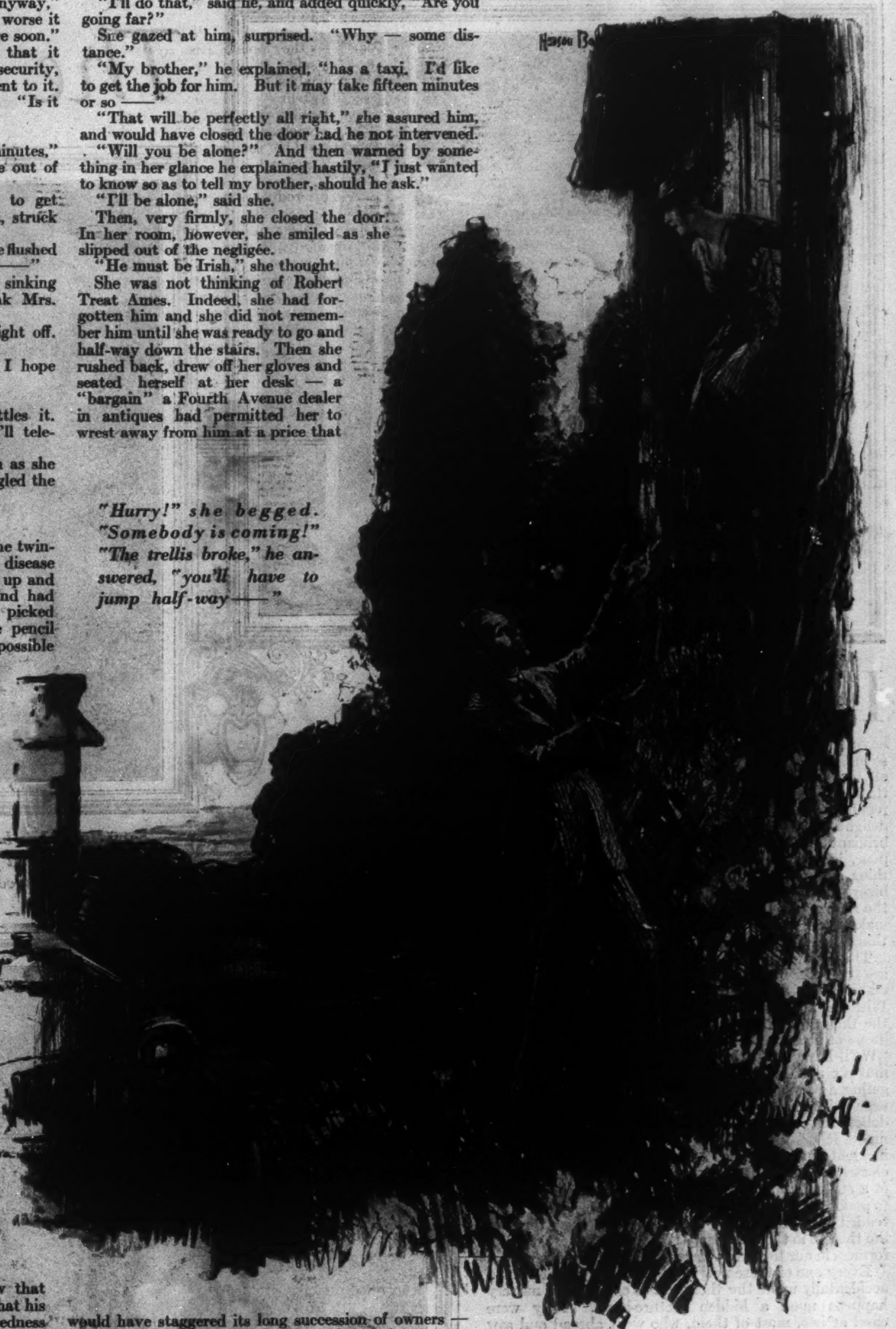
In less than a second she saw all this and in what was left of it she discovered there was something in the twist of his mouth that, though he was young, reminded her of her happy-go-lucky, whimsical father. And on top of that, she saw something in his eye that reminded her of her dignity — and her negligée.

"If there is anything else I can do," he began.

"Thank you, no," said she, and closed the door, only to open it again.

He had moved but a step and he paused at once.

"Can you get me a taxi?" she said, breathlessly. "My telephone is out of order ——"



"Hurry!" she begged. "Somebody is coming!" "The trellis broke," he answered, "you'll have to jump half-way ——"

"I'll do that," said he, and added quickly, "Are you going far?"

She gazed at him, surprised. "Why — some distance."

"My brother," he explained, "has a taxi. I'd like to get the job for him. But it may take fifteen minutes or so ——"

"That will be perfectly all right," she assured him, and would have closed the door had he not intervened.

"Will you be alone?" And then warned by something in her glance he explained hastily, "I just wanted to know so as to tell my brother, should he ask."

"I'll be alone," said she.

Then, very firmly, she closed the door. In her room, however, she smiled as she slipped out of the negligée.

"He must be Irish," she thought.

She was not thinking of Robert Treat Ames. Indeed, she had forgotten him and she did not remember him until she was ready to go and half-way down the stairs. Then she rushed back, drew off her gloves and seated herself at her desk — a "bargain" a Fourth Avenue dealer in antiques had permitted her to wrest away from him at a price that would have staggered its long succession of owners — and picked up her pen. She puckered her pretty brows, seeking inspiration. It came to her, swift-winged as always.

"I am being carried away somewhere, just where I do not know. If you love me follow me."

She had always wondered what he would do if he got a note like that!

Now, with a laugh, she signed it and, descending again, left it with the boy at the door. The Villagers she shrugged off her conscience. Though this evening they would be denied free food, the rest of the world was free to them still and they could make the best of it.

The taxi was waiting, the driver sprang to open the door. He was rain-coated and capped in the costume of his tribe but even so his resemblance to his brother was marked. Cut off the same piece they must be!

"Where to, miss?" he asked, deferentially.

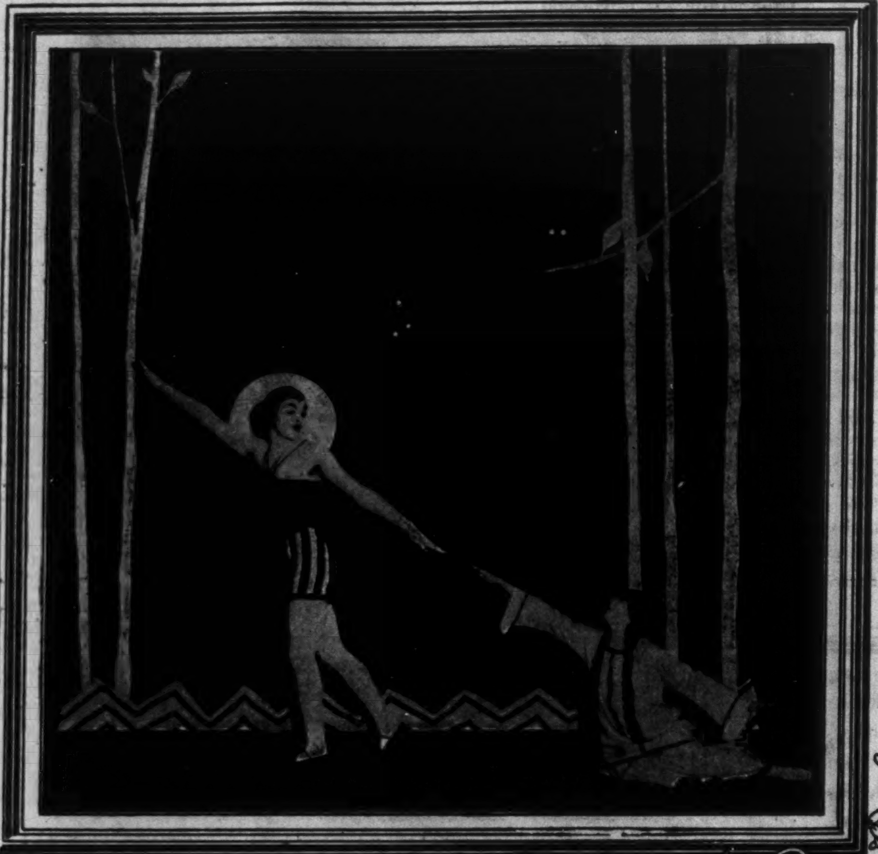
Sheila smiled. And, as Brian Athlone had said, when Sheila smiled there wasn't a leprechawn in all Ireland but what would have come out of hiding to ask her please and what might her heart's wish be.

"I want," she said, "to see a lilac tree in bloom — and an apple-tree, too."

It has been said, and truly, that one can command a taxi driver to go anywhere — except one place — and he'll shift his gears and be off.

Sheila's gave her a quick flashing smile. He was no older than she but aside from his youth, his smooth face with the freckles that belonged to his sandiness had a perennial boyishness. He [*Continued on page 56*]

The Birth of



Artists like Maxwell Armfield and C. Raymond Johnson believe the theatre is the place for beauty, color and imagination, for poetry, interpretation and harmony

Sam Hume has been very successful in his adaptable settings. With a few variations the same set has been used with complete illusion for different plays

I HAVE never met a more happy, a more care-free crowd of men than those who are now making scenery in our theatres. Their's is the joy of mortals who have made a good discovery, who have satisfied themselves that the philosophy of it is sound, and who are determined to go forth and bring all the world to their way of thinking. They know that they are considered wild and impractical by the regular commercial manager, but, with a certain elfish delight, they plague this same manager with their brilliant designs and their charming colors, until the poor, ignorant man thinks that there must be something in their prattle, so he hastens to copy them in a bizarre and unknowing fashion. For there is enough of the showman's novelty in the so-called new scenery to make the manager think that he has hold of a good thing, from the box-office standpoint.

These young men of the decoration, so to speak, are the Peter Pans of our theatre; they are like children rushing into a stale room with a handful of daisies. With the audacity of youth, they open the windows of the theatre, and fling out, as useless, the gaudy backdrops of a past age, the stock sets suited to any play. "We'll have no more of these," they exclaim. "You mustn't manufacture scenery, you mustn't piece together a play which has a soul. You must fondle it, urge it into life, yield to its vagaries. For it is a most delicate thing — this mystery we call a play. It has a mood, it has its own atmosphere, and we are but mere incidents in its history. The designer, the actor, the electrician must blend together under the creative wand of a stage director; while he must have the intelligence to make everything that touches the play bring out every tendril of meaning, every flash of beauty, every throb of life there is in the manuscript." So speak these wild reformers in our theatre to-day. And they speak correctly.

Every one of these new scene painters just happened accidentally upon the theatre, as a child in the nursery happens upon a hidden picture-book. They were easel artists, most of them, who went abroad and saw what was being done there under the initiative of Gordon Craig, the wilful boy of the theatre, the genius-son of Ellen Terry, who, when all has been told — about his playing "Hamlet" with screens, about his wanting to abolish the actor from the stage, about his belief in the wordless play, which is not a movie but a series of mood sensations — really has stated in his books the true magic of the theatre. These Americans did not, as might be at first thought, swallow whole the theories of Craig, or of Reinhardt in Germany, Appia in Austria, or Stanislavsky in Russia. They were simply inspired by the energy with which theatre art was created abroad, the unity with which it was conceived, the fulness with which it was interpreted, and the worthwhileness of the plays which the managers accepted. Then these young men, quickened and enthusiastic, returned home.

The unity of scene and acting, lighting and management, which Robert Jones achieved in Barrymore's Richard III, resulted in a blend which was distinctive

A New Art

What Modern Scene Painters are Doing for the Stage

by Montrose J. Moses

And what did they see? An American theatre without sensitiveness, with no direct aim or object — everyone in it trying to attract attention: the scenery yelling to be looked at; the actor temperamentalizing all over the stage, and murdering both enunciation and gesture; the costumer arraying the players, like so many manikins, in costly silks and laces — an animated Fifth Avenue display of expense; and the playwright pandering to cheap taste, with an eye on the royalty statement.

It would be unfair to say that Charles Frohman was quite the representative of this kind of showman. But, discounting his attractive personality, and the fact that he attached himself to the dramatists of the pregnant nineties in England — like Pinero and Jones and Chambers; like Barrie and Galsworthy—did not Frohman dress his plays in standard suits, — with a one, two, three mechanical system of lighting? Did he not assemble the parts as one does in an automobile? That is the charge these newer men make against the theatre of commerce — that it put forth things to sell, with meretricious value rather than with merit. And if they now speak of the Frohman age of scenery, or if they shake their heads over the Belasco age of realism, they do so, not in the spirit of denying that these men have done as well as their knowledge and taste would allow, but knowing that the new philosophy they have framed will yield a theatre of greater significance, of greater beauty, and of more instant appeal. These artists are more than artists, for they realize that stage scenery, such as they have been taught to make, is not a necessity in itself, but is only one of many necessary parts of a play. When Reinhardt's "Sumurun" was brought to America, I thought that

[*Continued on page 35*]

John Wenger's efforts are directed toward a stage setting which aims for unity of impression and not for sensation

The new philosophy these artists have framed is yielding a theatre of greater significance, of greater beauty and of more instant appeal

"Designer, actor, and electrician must blend together under the wand of the stage director, who must have the intelligence that touches the play, bringing out every tendril of meaning"

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HERBERT KAUFMAN, ***Editor***

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McCLURE'S is committed by tradition to serve loyal, humane and just causes — and to keep its pages clean and wholesome and unafraid.

OCTOBER, 1920

America and Bolshevism

PRUSSIA planned to captain civilization with a group of efficient and conscienceless specialists.

Russia seeks to control the Universe with a band of ruthless paranoics.

Prussia would have destroyed democracy in order to have and operate its valuable and competent machinery.

Russia plots to wipe out democracy because of its valuable and competent machinery.

Russian victory would threaten the orderly and industrious masses of all countries with the confiscation of their property and savings, the abolition of property laws, the stoppage of production, the overthrow of the church and the judicial code, the abandonment of physical and civil morals — and would put the laziest, the haziest and the most brutal elements in control of each community.

We counted no cost in opposing the megalomania of Germany. The prospect of defeat by Prussia lightened every tax, dulled the anguish of every sacrifice necessary to thwart her purpose.

In the picture of a triumphant Bolshevist Russia, its insane appetites and mob lusts let loose upon the decent God-fearing families and rich works of prosperous and progressive commonwealths, there is a sharper challenge to self-respect and self-defense than in the wildest extreme of Pan-Germanism.

The Rhine dragon is slain, but Russian anarchy mangles Europe and spreads its hydrophobic venom east and west.

We shall not have done with war while this horror lives.

We are sore at heart and purse from the grapple with Prussia, but all that we have spent and all the precious blood dabbling the fronts of France will be as cruel, empty gestures if we ever yield to expediency, the counsel of misguided greed, or the political pressure of traitors and radicals; if we ever recognize the Bolshevist government and, through the opportunities opened up by Treaty, permit anarchy to stabilize itself, to equip barbarian millions, and to arrange with sympathetic extremists for a concerted raid upon the forces and fortunes of democracy.

The Red Army is not a champion of principles but the servant of lunacy.

Russia is not in the throes of evolution but in the thrall of a plague—a blight, born to eat the roots of hope and rot the soul of humanity.

There will be no peace on earth, no safety anywhere until Bolshevism is finished. We *should* lend every assistance to stamp it out of Russia. We *must* bend every effort to keep it out of America.

McCLURE'S has not always been sympathetic with the Wilson Administration, but it supports the President's Russian policy from first to last and ranks Bainbridge Colby's stand against the Soviets with the ablest and boldest documents of our statesmanship.

To endorse this decision is not to be a Democrat or a Republican, but to be an American. The ballot-box is only for divided issues. God help the Republic if we are not overwhelmingly agreed upon this one!

The Hope Academy

ST. DUNSTAN'S is popularly known as a training school for blinded British soldiers; men are supposed to learn there how to make shift without sight. In reality they are taught how to *develop* their four remaining senses—to *hear* and *feel* as intensely as they once *saw*.

All of us rely too much upon the eyes; we don't give the fingers and ears half a chance to make good. St. Dunstan's proves it. Every graduate of the institution is holding a better position and making a better living than he did before his infirmity. They've learned to concentrate — they're using the million eyes of the mind, and imagination, given a show, always could see farther than the myopic pair with which we full-functioned folk operate.

Blindness is only a handicap to a quitter, but then any advantage is wasted on a man who won't follow through. Nature didn't intend to leave us without reserves of energy and determination. We're all full of spare parts that seldom get a tryout.

The main difference between humans is in resourcefulness. Success is almost always the result of a second-wind try. A leg or an eye more or less is a minor agent in substantial achievement.

Pulitzer was a far better publisher after his misfortune; Gore felt his way to the United States Senate and Daniels of Virginia got there on crutches. The important thing about a twist in the body is to keep it out of the head. If you can think straight, you'll arrive at the goal ahead of an Adonis who can't. Steinmetz is proving that every day, at Schenectady, in the main works of the General Electric Company.

All of which brings us back to St. Dunstan's and the man behind the work. When Sir Arthur Pearson went into the dark he didn't let his properties follow. They're still running at full blast and he is still at the head of them. He not only administers the largest single group of periodicals under the direction of one man but has enough time and purpose left to direct a "New Hope" Academy — to drag a thousand men a year from the junk heaps of despair and show them that night has as many goals as day and as many paths.

If incomplete humans can finish at the top, there isn't a valid excuse for any entire man's surrender of his ambitions or opportunities.

Nobody is really blind until he can't discover a chance for himself.

Frazzled Nerves

WE have just met an appalling crisis and survived it in dignity and glory.

Now the reaction is at hand. Nations are but collections of individuals and humanness manifests itself in the mass as it does in the man.

The storm has lifted, leaving us with frazzled nerves, irritable and unreasonable, just as a great trial undergone by any household marks the tempers of its members.

We feel that we can afford to be grouchy and self-centered again. We have begun to compare contributions of soul and service to a mutual cause. Ego submerged for years is shrilling for its rights. We seem suddenly at sixes and sevens and cross-purposes. But it's all normal, all to be expected, all in accordance with experience.

Time will oil the creaks and adjust the social machinery. It always does, it always will. The world slipped and it would be strange if the shock hadn't rattled us a bit.

Nothing has occurred to stunt us or lastingly warp our sense of proportion. Opportunity is recovering from her bruises and growing a new forelock — if we grab it promptly our worries will soon pass.

The Wings of Fame

MÆCENAS has dodged oblivion solely through mention by a poet whom he deigned to patronize.

What names endure from all that lordly company of merchant princes whose galleys crowded Syracuse, when Archimedes drew his angles on the sands?

Da Vinci's genius, not his fortune, bridged the centuries.

Who remembers the richest man of Shakespeare's day, or even one of the thousand purse-proud bucks Arkwright pomaded?

Empty lives and crowded coffers pass unnoted through the glass of time. Not a single line of history is lettered in gold— the ink of Eternity is blent of sweat and blood. To-morrow only inherits the memory of sacrifice and attainment.

Pomposity and rapacity are soon forgot, but splendid deeds and useful thoughts are feathers for the wings of Fame.

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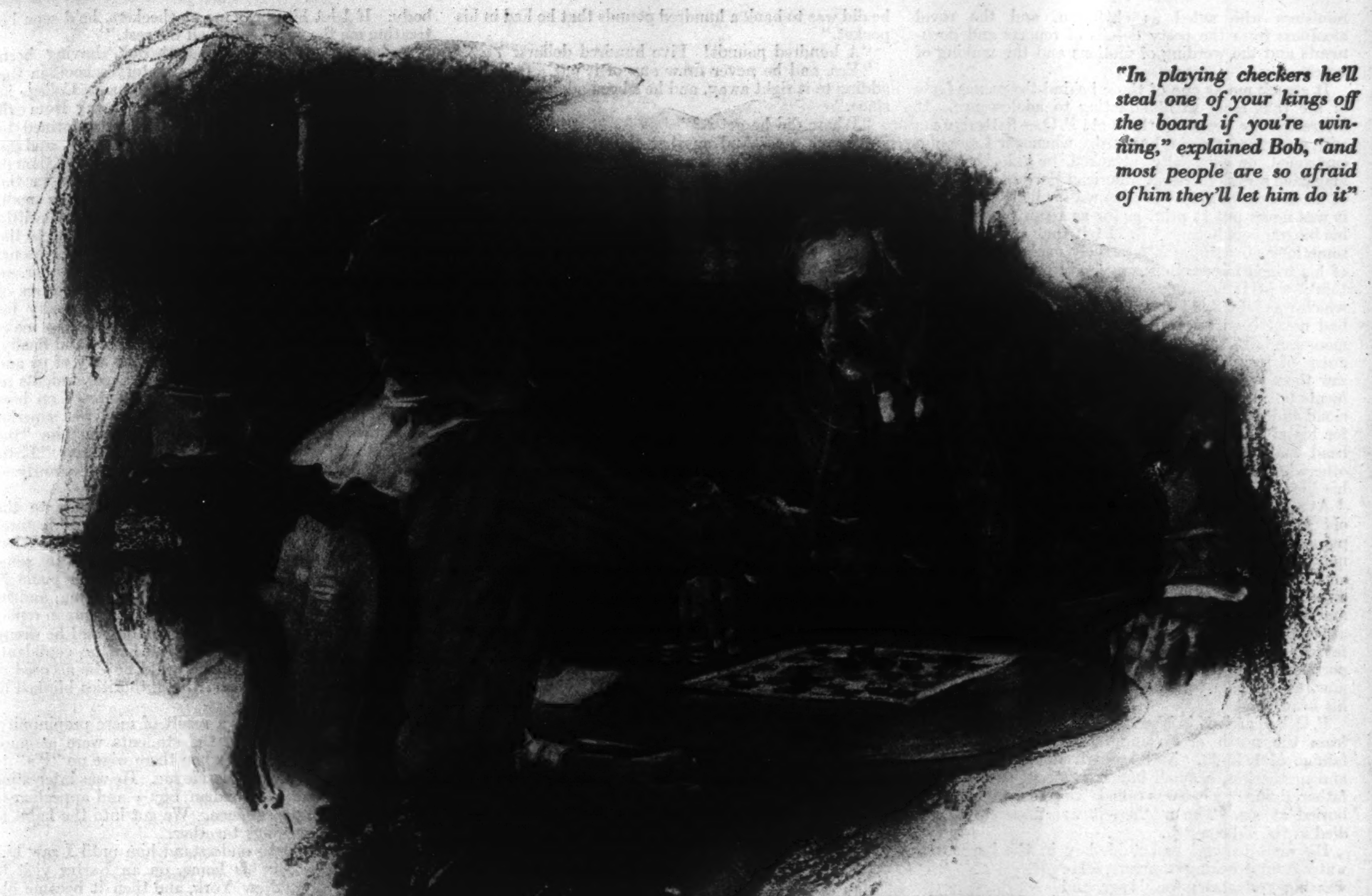

"In playing checkers he'll steal one of your kings off the board if you're winning," explained Bob, "and most people are so afraid of him they'll let him do it"

Peter Quayle

In Which Real Life Becomes as Entrancing as Fiction

by
Harvey O'Higgins

Illustration by Charles E. Chambers

OLD P. Q.'s life has been written many times in edifying detail, but I have never seen his death receive more than its newspaper notice. His life has been glorified as a sort of latter-day fairy tale, and told and retold for the encouragement of young American ambition; but his death has been passed over as if it were just a date in his career — the closing date, of course, but no more significant than the word "finis" at the end of the story — whereas, like many another death, it was the real test and assay of his whole life and all the values by which he had been living.

That is why, in attempting a portrait of old P. Q., I should like to pose him finally on his back in his sick-bed, staring at the plaster root of the chandelier in his ceiling, rather than sitting on the summit of his money-bags, sneering down on the common people groveling before him, as he used to sit and sneer in the newspaper cartoons of him when McKinley was President.

As a matter of fact, outside of a caricature, old P. Q.'s nose could not be imagined in a sneer. It was not a sufficiently mobile nose to sneer with. He had a set expression. You might think it the expression of an autocratic ideal of grim impassivity. In a photograph, he always showed fierce-eyed eagle features, with his jaw firm and his mouth dangerous. And in his business encounters, among his fellow directors, or presiding at the many boards which he controlled, he faced friends and enemies alike, silent, impassive, superior, directing one of his confidential secretaries to make the notes he needed or to read aloud to the meeting the statement of the business in hand. And there was something impressive — something almost majestical — in the way he sat aloof at those conferences, in the midst of all the writing and reading and argument and consultation that went on around him, scarcely opening his lips, rarely moving his great lank bulk, until he had made up his mind. Then he shifted impatiently in his chair and leaned forward. If this movement was not enough to obtain silence, he cleared his throat. The heads turned to him; the voices ceased. He gave his decision in the meagerest words. If any one who did not know his habits continued to argue after his conclusion had been announced, he merely waited in silence, with his eyes elsewhere, until it dawned on the stranger that the matter had been disposed of. Then, at a nod, one of his prime ministers took up the next item in the order of the day. He adjourned the meeting by rising and leaving the table; the necessary motion for adjournment was put after he had gone.

All this had a fine look of autocracy. But it was not autocracy alone. It was the mask of infirmity — the hussar dolman and the big sword that concealed the weakness of the Kaiser's withered arm.

I got my first suspicion of that from his youngest son, Robert Quayle, whom we called "Bob White" at college.

Bob had a portrait of his father on the mantelpiece of his room, in the center of a chorus of photographs of stage beauties. The old man looked especially fierce and domineering in that blandishing company. Bob grinned at his dad's glare. "Scared of the camera," he said. "Trying to intimidate it. He does it with everyone he meets. Funny, how he gets away with it." He straightened up the picture, affectionately. "He's like an old dog guarding his door-step and bristling at everyone who has to come to his front porch."

That was not the popular idea of Peter Quayle. Scared? Bristling? On his guard?

What was he on his guard against?

Well, for one thing, "the old pirate," as Bob called him, had never had much education. In fact, to confess the incredible truth, he could hardly more than write his name presentably; and wherever possible he signed only his initials. (This was the origin, I suppose, of the universal shortening of his name to "P. Q.") His handwriting was clumsy, childish, faltering. His spelling was disgraceful. He read like a schoolboy. Hence the confidential secretaries, and the prime

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ministers who acted as chairmen, and the royal aloofness from the petty details of reports and documents and the wording of motions and the making of notes.

It struck me as one of those behind-the-scenes facts of life that seem so illuminating to adolescence. It interested me permanently in old P. Q.—flattering me with a sense of superior knowledge whenever I saw him cartooned, or editorially attacked, or eulogized in a magazine series of "Great American Fortunes." Many of his associates must have known his little secret, yet it was never put in print as far as I saw, and none of his biographers betrayed it. I felt that I was "on to" something about him that vaguely explained qualities of his which imposed on everybody else. And I still think that it accounts for his miraculous memory, which was infallible for the smallest details, because it had never been weakened by dependence on written memoranda. And it accounts for his large mental grasp of very complicated undertakings, because he saw them not in reported words and persuasive arguments but in the concrete facts which the words might cloud and the arguments misinterpret. And it accounts for his ability to carry all his business always in his head and to go over it endlessly at his leisure, in the otherwise unoccupied silence in which he seemed to pass his life.

At any rate, as I say, it interested me permanently in old P. Q. and in Bob's gossip about him. The psychology of Bob's fondness for talking of him, I did not understand. Bob seemed cheerfully disparaging and yet contemptuously proud of his dad. He was apparently puzzled by the old man, curious about him, and in some way inimical to him. It was an odd attitude for a son. And he told odd things about his father — among them one thing that seemed unimportant enough at the time though I should consider it, now, as essential to a portrait of P. Q. as the eyes in his head.

P. Q. had arrived in New York, on an immigrant ship from the north of Ireland, some time during the famine of 1845-48. And he arrived alone, fatherless and motherless, a small boy in a strange world. His father, dying of what was called "ship fever," had been buried at sea. The mother, it was understood, had died in the old country.

He went to work as a stable-boy in the barns of a water-front trucking company. He was big and strong for his age, and in a few years he was driving a truck himself. He must have looked like a young charioteer at the reins, tall, square-shouldered, well-balanced on his feet. He had that air even in his old age.

Out of his savings he soon bought a team of horses and a wagon, and began hauling dirt from excavations. Next thing, he was taking contracts for such work, with gangs of men and trains of wagons under his orders. Then he became a building contractor. He bought land and he erected houses. He owned an office building. He laid street-car lines and took part-payment in company bonds. He laid gas-pipes and mains, and held a mortgage on a gas company. When the early gas wars ended, he owned a controlling interest in the consolidation. He became a traction magnate by a similar process of acquiring liens on the actual properties of the street-railways while speculators made and lost fortunes in the stocks. He never speculated, but whenever a traction company went into bankruptcy and was reorganized, it was found that he owned its real assets. He was busy, in that way, all through the Civil War and the reconstruction period and in the various booms and panics that came and went for twenty years after. Nothing but an earthquake could have shaken his financial stability. His fortune was all bricks and stones and steel and mortar and pipes and rails.

"Queer old bird," Bob said once. "He knows the price of everything that you can handle. The mater bought a water pitcher once — very showy — and asked him what he thought it had cost. He took it up and looked at it. 'Thirty-seven cents,' he said. And she was furious. She thought there must be a price mark on it. There wasn't. It had cost thirty-seven cents, but she thought it looked like five dollars at least."

I suggested that he had learned values from the hardships of his youth.

"Hardships nothing," Bob said. "That stuff about the penniless barefooted Irish boy is all buncombe. When he landed in this country, one of the first things he did was to bank a hundred pounds that he had in his pocket."

"A hundred pounds! Five hundred dollars?"

"Yes, and he never drew any of it out. He began adding to it right away, and he's been adding to it ever since."

"Where did he get it?"

"Search *me*. And another thing. He's not Irish. Quayle is a Manx name. I told him so once — playing checkers with him — and I saw that he knew it. He looked fussed. If he came from the north of Ireland, I'm a Pomeranian. I tried to make him talk about Ireland, one night, and he just growled that he didn't remember anything about it. He remembers something or other that he doesn't want to talk about."

It seemed natural to me that a man in P. Q.'s position should not care to talk about his origin. I was more interested in Bob's account of how they played checkers together. The mighty P. Q. brooding over a checkerboard! Here was an aspect of greatness that made even the caricatures of the cartoonists look stilted. Samson struggling with a matchbox!

HE played checkers at night because he read so laboredly, and he had never been a great theatregoer. He considered chess a waste of intellect, and he had some antiquated moral feeling against cards as the implements of improvidence. His moral feeling, however, did not prevent him from cheating at checkers if he were not watched.

"He'll steal one of your kings off the board if you're winning," Bob said, "and most people are so afraid of him they'll let him do it. He doesn't do it with me. The first time I caught him at it, I said: 'Here! You've sneaked one of my kings off!'

"He glared at me. 'Sneaked! Sneaked!'

"'Yes,' I said, 'you've taken it off that king row. You put it back.'

"He tried to bluff me out of it, growling and snapping. I put it back myself. 'It was there,' I said, 'and I remembered it was there. Go ahead. It's your move.'

"He said something about having 'brushed it off by accident maybe,' and I let it go at that, but I knew he'd taken it off purposely — because, after a little while, his lips began to twitch. That's about as near as he ever gets to a smile."

I doubted that story. Bob was not a brilliant student. I did not suppose that it would be necessary for one of the most omnipotent directing minds in Manhattan to steal men off the checker-board in order to beat him.

Bob explained: "Did you ever see an old book called 'The American Draught Player,' written by a man named Spayth? No? Well, all the possible games on a checker-board are worked out in it, from the very first move. If you learn off a few games like 'Single Corner' and 'Old Fourteenth', it's practically impossible to beat you. I found that book years ago, in a second-hand store on Twenty-third Street, and I began learning the games by heart, until now I can lick the old man whenever I want to, and when I don't want to, I can make the game a draw. He will stick at it sometimes till three in the morning, trying to come out a game ahead of me, but I never let him."

"Why not?"

"If he had his way, I'd never be able to call my soul my own. He does it to everybody except me. That's why I never ask him for money. I get it from the mater. I won't let him buy me, and I won't let him scare me. And I'm able to get along with him better than anybody. If I let him beat me at checkers, he'd soon be treating me the way he does all the rest."

Perhaps I should explain that Bob, having been expelled from a number of preparatory schools in the States, had been exiled to Upper Canada College in Toronto, with some idea of getting him away from evil associates, I suppose. He had either conformed to Canadian discipline, or he had hoodwinked it, and he had been graduated into Toronto University, though without honors, as a special student. It was in the university lecture rooms that I first met him — a small, black-haired youth, quick in his gestures and swiftly contemptuous in his speech. He did not belong to the sporting ring in Residence, for several obvious reasons: he was on very short allowance from his mother, so that he could not keep pace with the expenditures of the college bloods; he had no physical capacity for athletics and no congenial interest in them to make him at his ease with the Residence coterie; and finally, he seemed much older in his mind than any of us and regarded the dissipations of our moneyed students as rather childish. "Cutting their milk teeth on beer bottles," he said. He did not conceal his superior sophistication. They retaliated by calling him "the Cold Bird," and "Young Tenderloin" and "Little Punksticks" because he smoked cigarets incessantly — Egyptian cigarets.

On the other hand, he was equally alien to the studious college "plugs." He attended lectures irregularly and failed in his examinations. What knowledge he acquired, he seemed to get by some process of occult absorption. He played a piano in his room when he should have been studying, and he was a connoisseur in musical comedies. Common report credited him with being idly dissipated, and he disappeared sometimes for days; but he had no confidants in his dissipations, so that he could not be accused of setting a bad example; and the authorities blinked at his absences.

We became friends as a result of mere propinquity. In many of the classes, the students were assigned seats alphabetically; and when there were no "P's" to come between us, he sat beside me. He was interesting — totally unlike a Canadian boy — and appealing in his friendless independence. We got into the habit of spending our evenings together.

I did not begin to understand him until I saw him in his home, on an Easter visit to New York, and then it became obvious that his attitude to his father was due to the circumstance that there were two factions in the family and Bob was of his mother's party. He was fifteen or twenty years younger than either of his two married brothers, John Quayle who was in Wall Street, and Paul Arbuthnot Quayle who acted as his father's deputy in charge of the Quayle real estate. These two had their own homes and their own interests. They came on Sunday evenings, with their wives, to the old house off Gramercy Square, and the wives chatted with each other and with Mrs. Quayle — chiefly about their children — but the men were mostly silent. They seemed completely indifferent to Bob and he to them. I had never seen brothers show so little mutual interest or affection.

John, born in the early days of his father's fortune, had been sent to a business college. He had made an independent career for himself in speculative finance. Paul had gone through a sectarian college and come out with a strong sense of the moral power of money in support of revealed religion. Neither of them smoked or drank or enjoyed any convivial vices. Bob was undoubtedly an unconscious protest against them. He had been his mother's child; she had refused to let P. Q. dictate his upbringing; and she had tried to educate him "like a gentleman." I don't know whether she thought she had succeeded. To the others of the family, of course, his habits were a scandal. He had long since shown his brothers that they could not manage him. They ignored him, therefore.

The house was a large, double house, of which Mrs. Quayle occupied one-half and her husband the other. Bob had an upper floor to himself, on Mrs. Quayle's side of the establishment, with a billiard room that had once been a nursery, and a large sitting-room with shelves of books which he never opened, and a grand piano. His mother sat there with us one evening, while he played restlessly; but for the most part we were left to our own amusements. She had evidently learned that her affectionate

[*Continued on page 41*]

Julian Street Visits Japan

Japan — that land of mystery, that isle of perplexities — with its strange, weird, sleepy past, its marvelous present-day push and bustle, its gigantic ambitions, where surviving Oriental customs rub elbows with the borrowed manners and practises of the Occident.

What do you know about it?

To the average Occidental mind, Japan — as far as *really grasping* it is concerned — is a sealed book. That is why McClure's sent Julian Street to Japan. He traveled all through, talked with the leaders, with the people, studied their literature, their problems, used his eyes. The background of Japan is an immense thing; Mr. Street has mastered it, he has it straight in his mind and he will set you straight in a series of brisk, light, entertaining articles (there is never anything heavy about Julian Street) beginning in

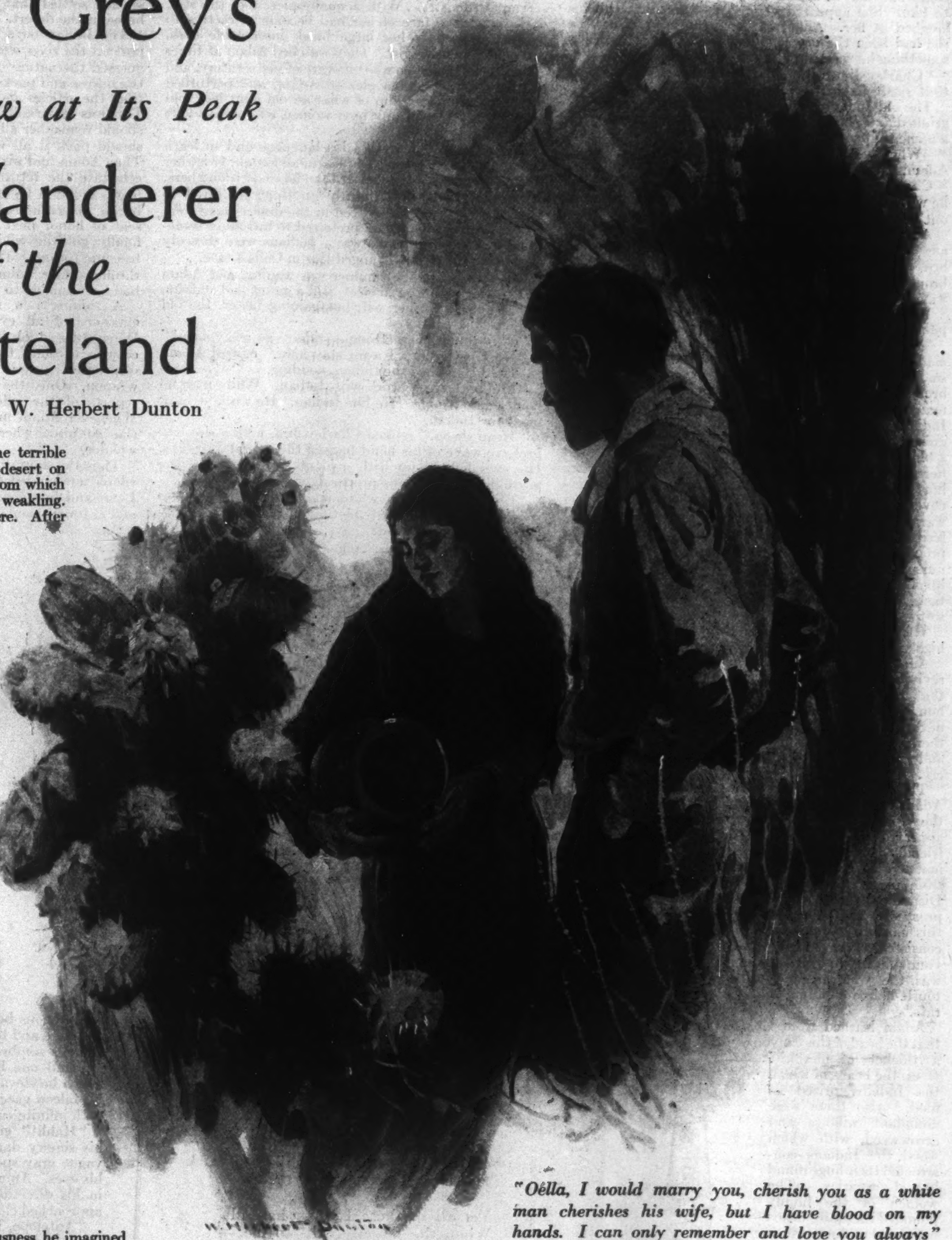
November McClure's

Zane Grey's

Serial Now at Its Peak

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton



"Oëlla, I would marry you, cherish you as a white man cherishes his wife, but I have blood on my hands. I can only remember and love you always"

ADAM LAREY was learning the terrible lesson of the desert — the desert on which is staged the ordeal from which man emerges either man or weakling. There is no middle ground out there. After shooting his brother Guerd, in a quarrel over a Mexican girl, Adam plunged into the wilderness in search of death. Made delirious by hunger and thirst he was nearing the end when Dismukes, a gold miner, found him — the good Dismukes who came to the desert to find the gold that would carry him around the world, but who had found other things besides gold, as Adam had good reason to know.

Dismukes brought him back to life, restored his faith, started him on the way to find God, left him rations and a burro; then Dismukes went his way in quest of gold. Acting upon directions from Dismukes Adam was trying to find an Indian camp when the burro disappeared and with it most of the unfortunate wanderer's rations.

The tortures of hunger returned. For a time Adam was saved by his boyhood training; he made a sling-shot and killed birds and squirrels but after awhile the supply gave out and he began eating snakes, anything he could find to kill. He grew weaker and weaker. The desert had locked him in.

At last, driven to desperation, he battled with a huge rattlesnake; the smell of the blood from its wounds made him wilder and wilder but he was still too weak to strike the fatal blow. The reptile struck him in the face "with the stinging blow of a red hot iron. Then Adam fainted."

WHEN Adam recovered consciousness he imagined he was in a dream.

But a dragging, throbbing pain in his face seemed actually enough to discredit any illusions of slumber. It was shady where he lay or else his eyes were dimmed. Presently he made out that he reclined under one of the palm-thatched roofs.

"I've been moved!" he cried with a start. And that start, so full of pain and queer dragging sensations as of a weighted body, brought back memory to him. His mind whirled and darkened.

"I've — been — saved!" whispered Adam, and he grew dizzy. His eyes closed. Dim shapes seemed to float over the surface of his mind; and there were other strange answerings of his being to this singular deliverance.

Then he heard voices — some low, and others deep and guttural. Voices of Indians! All his wasted body quivered in the ecstasy of the truth of his salvation. How strong the spirit of life in him! "I — I wasn't ready — to die," he whispered. Gleams of sunlight low down, slanting on the palm-leaves, turning them to gold, gave him the idea that the time was near sunset. In the corner of the hut stood jars and bags which had not been there before, and on the ground lay an Indian blanket.

A shadow crossed the sunlit gleams. An Indian girl entered. She had very dark skin and straight hair as black as night. Upon seeing Adam staring at her with wide-open eyes, she uttered a cry and ran out. A hubbub of low voices sounded outside the shack. Then a tall figure entered; it was that of an Indian, dressed in the ragged clothes of a white man. He was old, his dark bronze face like a hard wrinkled mask.

"How?" he asked, gruffly, as he bent over Adam. He had piercing black eyes.

"All right — good," replied Adam, trying to smile. He sensed kindliness in this old Indian.

"White boy want dig gold — get lost — no grub — heap sick belly?" queried the Indian, putting a hand on Adam's flat abdomen.

"Yes — you bet," replied Adam.

"Hahh! Me Charley Jim — heap big medicine man. Me fix um. Snake bite no hurt. White boy sick bad — no heap grub — long time."

"All right — Charley Jim," replied Adam.

"Hahh!" Evidently this exclamation was Charley Jim's expression for good. He arose and backed away to the opening that appeared blocked by dark-skinned, black-haired Indians. Then he pointed to one of them. Adam saw that he indicated the girl who had first come to him. She appeared very shy. The other Indians laughed at her. Adam gathered the impression that she had been the one who had saved him. This was something he wanted to be sure of.

"Charley Jim, who found me — who saved me from that rattlesnake?"

The old Indian understood Adam well enough. He grinned and pointed at the young girl, and pronounced a name that sounded to Adam like: "Oella."

"When? How long ago? How many days?" asked Adam.

Charley Jim held up three fingers, and with that he waved the other Indians from the opening and went out himself.

Adam was left to the bewildered thoughts of a tired and hazy mind. He had no strength at all, and the brief interview with its excitement, and exercise of voice, brought him near the verge of unconsciousness. He wavered amid dim shadows of ideas and thoughts.

When that condition passed, he awoke to dull leaden pain in his head.

The sunlit gleams vanished and the shades of evening made gloom around him. He smelled fragrant wood smoke, and some other odor, long unfamiliar, that brought a watery flow to his mouth and a prickling as of many needles. Then in the semi-darkness, one of the Indians entered and knelt beside him. Adam distinguished the face of the girl, Oella. She covered him with a blanket. Very gently she lifted his head, and moved her body so that it would support him. The lifting hurt Adam; he seemed to reel and sway, and a blackness covered his sight. The girl held him and put something warm and wet between his lips. She was trying to feed him with a stick or a wooden spoon. What a slow process! Adam rather repelled than assisted his nurse, but his antagonism was purely physical and involuntary. Whatever the food was it had no taste to him. The heat of it, however, and the soft wet sensation grew pleasant.

Then the girl laid him back, spread the blanket high, and left him.

Another day awakened Adam to the torture of reviving hunger and its gnawing pains, so severe that life seemed unwelcome. The hours were weary and endless. But next day was not so severe, and thereafter gradually he grew better, and was on the road to a slow recovery.

The Indians that had befriended Adam were of a family belonging to the Coahuilla tribe. Charley Jim appeared to be a chief of some degree, friendly toward the whites, and nomadic in spirit, as he wandered from oasis to oasis. He knew Dismukes, and told Adam that the prospector and he had found gold up this canyon. Charley Jim's family consisted of several squaws, some young men, two girls, of whom Oella was the younger, and a troop of tousle-haired children, wild as desert rats.

Adam learned from Charley Jim that the head of this canyon contained a thicket of mesquite trees, the beans of which the Indians prized as food. Also there were abundant willows and arrowweed, with which wood the Indians constructed their huge round basket-granaries. The women of the family pounded mesquite beans into meal or flour, which was dampened and put away for use.

Adam was so long weak, and dependent upon Oella, that when he did grow strong enough to help himself, the Indian girl's habit of waiting upon him and caring for him was hard to break. She seemed to take it for granted that she was to go on looking after him; and the fineness and sensitiveness of her, with the strong sense of her delight in serving him, made it impossible for Adam to offend her. This Indian girl was a revelation. She was shy and reserved, seldom spoke, and always maintained before him a simplicity, almost a humility, as of servant to master. With acquaintance, too, the still, dark, impassive face of her had become attractive to look at, especially her large black inscrutable eyes, soft as desert midnight. They watched Adam at times when she imagined he was unaware of her scrutiny, and the light of them then pleased Adam, and perturbed him also, reminding him of what an old aunt had told him once: "Adam, my boy, women will always love you!"

He began to teach Oella his language and to learn hers. The girl was quick to learn, and could twist her tongue round his words better than he could round hers. Moreover she learned quickly anything he cared to teach her; and naturally even in the desert there were customs into which Adam preferred to introduce something of the white man's way. Indians were slovenly and dirty, and Adam changed this in Oella's case.

One day, when the summer was waning, and Adam was getting about on his feet, still a gaunt and stalking shadow of his former self, but gaining faster, the old Indian chief said:

"White man heap strong — ride — go away soon?"

"No, Charley Jim, I want stay here," replied Adam.

"Hahh!" replied the Indian, nodding.

"Me live here — work with Indian. White man no home — no people. He like Indian. He work — hunt meat for Indian."

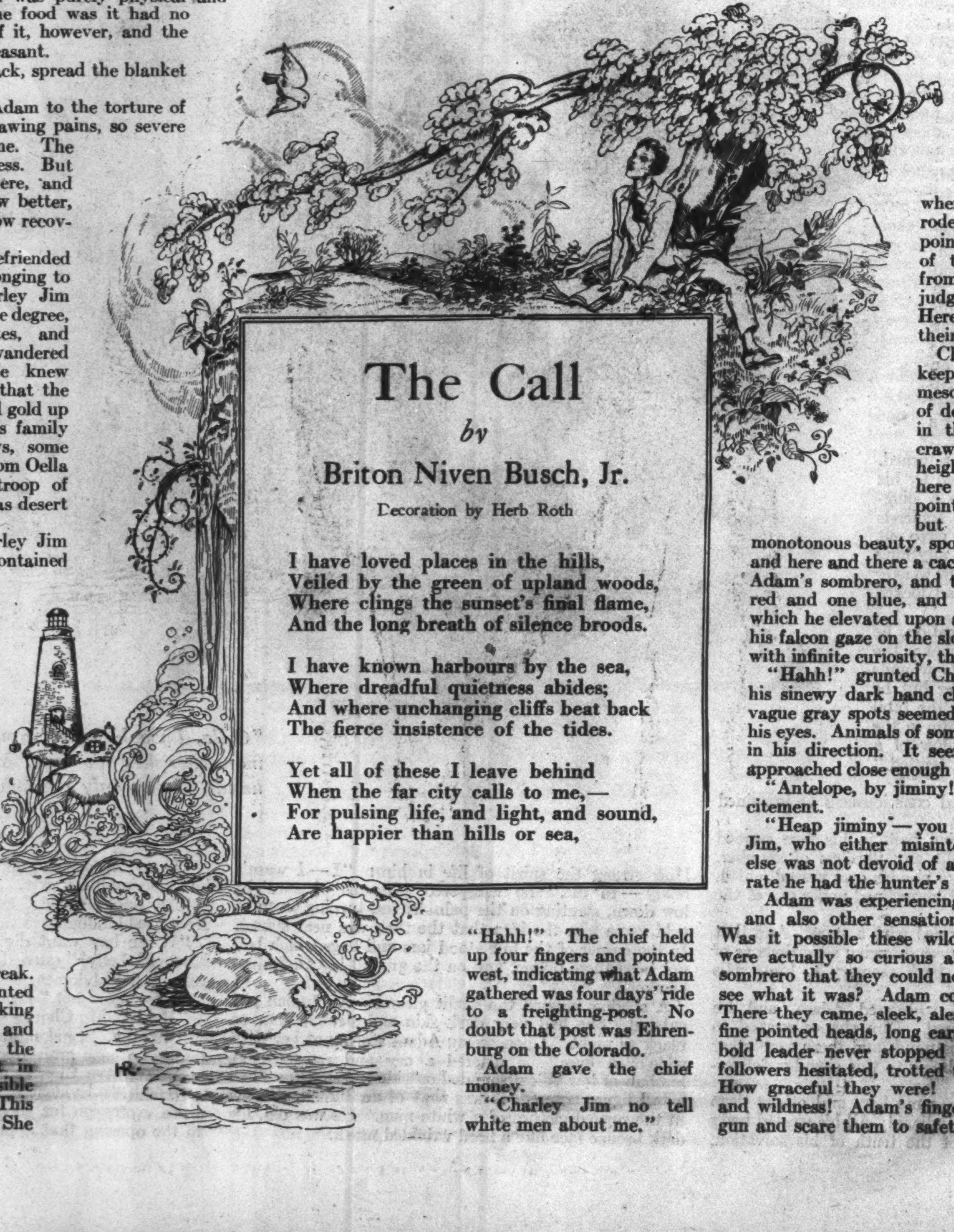
"Heap sheep," replied Charley Jim, with a slow expressive wave of his hand toward the mountain peaks. His eyes lighted up with evident satisfaction at the possibilities of Adam's proposal.

"Charley Jim take white man's money — send to freight post for gun, shells, clothes, flour, bacon — many things white man need?"

"Hahh!" The chief held up four fingers and pointed west, indicating what Adam gathered was four days' ride to a freighting-post. No doubt that post was Ehrenburg on the Colorado.

Adam gave the chief money.

"Charley Jim no tell white men about me."



The Call

by

Briton Niven Busch, Jr.

Decoration by Herb Roth

I have loved places in the hills,
Veiled by the green of upland woods,
Where clings the sunset's final flame,
And the long breath of silence broods.

I have known harbours by the sea,
Where dreadful quietness abides;
And where unchanging cliffs beat back
The fierce insistence of the tides.

Yet all of these I leave behind
When the far city calls to me,—
For pulsing life, and light, and sound,
Are happier than hills or sea,

The Indian took the money with grave comprehension, and also shook the hand Adam offered. It seemed settled that Adam had found a refuge and a home in the desert.

The Indian boys who rode away to the freighting post on the river were two weeks in returning. Adam guessed the nature of the trip from the appearance of the burros and packs. Nothing was missing, however, from the articles and supplies that Adam had ordered. This was remarkable in two ways — that the Indians should remember all he had designated, and that they should pack it all without touching any of the food. Thus Adam had his first proof of Indian honesty. To celebrate the return of the boys Adam suggested a feast, and that he would bake the bread and cook the bacon. Feast indeed it was. Oella took as by right the seat of honor next to him. On this occasion Adam finally got the wild little half-naked dusky children to come to him. They could not resist sweets, and so through their animal instincts Adam won what he had been unable to win by kindness and interest.

A shining new rifle, a Winchester .44, was the cynosure of all eyes in that Indian encampment. When Adam took it out to practise, the whole family crowded around to watch, with the intense interest of primitive people who marvelled at the white man's weapon. Only the little children ran from the sharp reports of the rifle, but they soon lost their fear. Whenever Adam made a good shot it was Oella who showed pride where the others indicated only their wonder.

Thus the days of simplicity slipped by, every one of which now added to Adam's fast returning strength. Flour and bacon quickly built up his reduced weight; and as for rice and dried fruits — they were so delicious to Adam that he feared it would not be a great while before he must needs send for more.

The hot summer became a season of the past. The withering winds ceased to blow. In the early autumn days Adam began his hunting. One gray dawn, the chief and Adam rode out on the desert to go to a place where game abounded. They rode till sunrise, and halted at a point opposite a canyon north of the oasis, and one which, from the green thickets, Adam judged must contain water. Here they dismounted and tied their mustangs.

Charley Jim led the way, keeping behind a fringe of mesquite, out to a gray expanse of desert, billowy and beautiful in the ruddy sunlight. They crawled through sage to the height of a low ridge, and from here the chief espied game. He pointed down a long gray slope, but Adam could see only a monotonous beauty, spotted by large tufts of sage and here and there a cactus. Then the Indian took Adam's sombrero, and the two scarfs he had, one red and one blue, and tied them round the hat, which he elevated upon a stick. After that he bent his falcon gaze on the slope. Adam likewise gazed, with infinite curiosity, thrill, and expectation.

"Hahh!" grunted Charley Jim, presently, and his sinewy dark hand clutched Adam. Far down vague gray spots seemed to move. Adam strained his eyes. Animals of some kind were moving slowly in his direction. It seemed a long time till they approached close enough to distinguish their species.

"Antelope, by jiminy!" ejaculated Adam, in excitement.

"Heap jiminy — you bet!" responded Charley Jim, who either misinterpreted Adam's words or else was not devoid of a sense of humor. At any rate he had the hunter's keen delight.

Adam was experiencing that thrill to its utmost, and also other sensations of wonder and amaze. Was it possible these wild-looking desert creatures were actually so curious about the brightly decked sombrero that they could not resist approaching it to see what it was? Adam could not doubt the truth. There they came, sleek, alert, deer-like animals, with fine pointed heads, long ears, and white rumps. The bold leader never stopped at all. But some of his followers hesitated, trotted to and fro, then came on. How graceful they were! How suggestive of speed and wildness! Adam's finger itched to shoot off the gun and scare them to safety. "Fine hunter, I am!"

he muttered. "This is murder. . . . Why on earth does a man have to eat meat!"

Soon, however, all of Adam's sensations were blended in a thrilling warmth of excitement. The antelope were already within range, and had it not been for Charley Jim's warning hand Adam would not have been able to resist the temptation to fire. Perhaps he would have missed then, for he certainly shook in every muscle, as a man with the ague. Adam forced himself to get the better of this spell of nerves.

"Heap soon!" whispered Charley Jim, relaxing the pressure of his hand on Adam. The leader approached to within fifty feet, with several other antelope close behind, when the Indian whistled. Like statues they became. Then Adam fired. The leader fell, and also one of those behind him. The others flashed into gray speeding shapes, with rumps darting white; and Adam could only stare in admiring wonder at their incomparable swiftness.

"Hah-h!" ejaculated the chief, in admiration. "White man heap hunter — one shoot — two bucks. Him eye like eagle!"

Thus did a lucky shot by Adam, killing two antelope when he had aimed at only one, initiate him into his hunting on the desert, and win for him the Indian sobriquet of Eagle.

And so began Adam's desert education. He had keen appreciation of his good fortune in his teacher. The Coahuilla chief had been born on that desert and he must have been nearly sixty years old. As a hunter he had the eye of a mountain sheep, the ear of a deer, the nose of a wolf. He had been raised upon meat. He loved the stalking of game. Thus Adam, through this old Indian's senses, and long experience, and savage skill, began to see the life of the desert.

In those wonderful autumn days Adam learned that the antelope could go long without water, that nature had endowed him with great speed to escape the wolves and cats of the desert, that from his prominent eyes he could see in any direction, that his coloring was the protective gray of the sage plains.

He learned that the lizard could change its color like the chameleon, adapting itself to the color of the rock upon which it basked in the sun.

He learned that the gray desert wolf was a king of wolves, living high in the mountains, and coming down to the flats; and there, by reason of his wonderfully developed strength and speed, chasing and killing his prey in the open.

He learned that the coyote was an eater of carrion, of rabbits and rats, of bird's eggs, of mesquite beans, of anything that happened to come its way — a gray, skulking, cunning beast, cowardly as the wolf was brave, able like the antelope and the jack-rabbit to live without water, and best adapted of all beasts to the desert.

Adam learned about the desert ants, the kangaroo rats, the trade-rats, the horned toads, the lizards, the snakes, the spiders, the bees, the wasps — the way they lived and what they lived upon and what lived upon them. How marvelously nature adapted them to their desert environment, each perfect, each in his place, each fierce and self-sufficient, each fulfilling his mysterious destiny of sacrificing his individual life to the survival of his species!

The days passed, with ruddy sunrises, white glaring solemn noons, and golden sunsets. The simplicity and violence of life on the desert passed into Adam's being. The greatness of stalking game came to him when the Indian chief took him to the heights after bighorn sheep; but it was not the hunting and killing of this wariest and finest of wild beasts, wonderful as it was, that constituted for Adam something great. It was the glory of the mountain heights. All his life he had dreamed of high places, those to which he could climb physically, and those that he aspired to spiritually. Lost indeed were hopes of the latter, but of the former he had all-satisfying need of fulfilment. Adam dated his changed soul from the day he first conquered the heights. There, on top of the Chocolate Range, his keen sight, guided by the desert eyes of the old Indian, ranged afar over the gray valleys and red ranges to the Rio Colorado, down the dim wandering line of which he gazed, to see at last Picacho, a dark, purple mass above the horizon. From the moment Adam espied this mountain, he suffered a return of memory, and a sleepless and eternal remorse. The terrible past came back to him; never again, he divined, to fade while life lasted.

The days passed into months. Far to the north the dominating peaks of San Jacinto and San Gorgonio took on the pure white caps of snow, that slowly spread as the days passed, down the rugged slopes. Winter abided up there. But on the tops of the Chocolate and Chuck-Walla ranges no snow fell, although the winter wind sometimes blew cold and bleak. Adam loved the wind of the heights. How cold and pure, untainted by dust or life or use! He grew to have the stride of a mountaineer. And the days passed until that one came in which the old Indian chief let Adam hunt alone. "Go, Eagle!" he said, with sorrow for his years and pride in the youth of his white friend. "Go!" And the slow gestures of his long arms were as the sailing movement of the wings of an eagle.

Few days there were that did not see Adam go out in the sweet cool dawn, when the east glowed like an opal, to climb the bronze slope, sure-footed as a goat, on and on over the jumble of weathered rock to the heights. And there he would face the east with its glorious burst of golden fire, and spend the last of that poignant gaze on the sunrise — crowned glory of old Picacho. The look had the meaning of a prayer to Adam, yet it was like a blade in his heart. In that look he remembered his home, his mother, his brother and the vivid days of play and love and hope, his fateful journey west, his fall and his crime and his ruin. Alone on the heights he forced that memory to be ever more vivid and torturing. Hours he concentrated to remorse, to regret, to suffering, to punishment. Life and health and strength had returned to him in splendid growing measure which he must use to pay his debt.

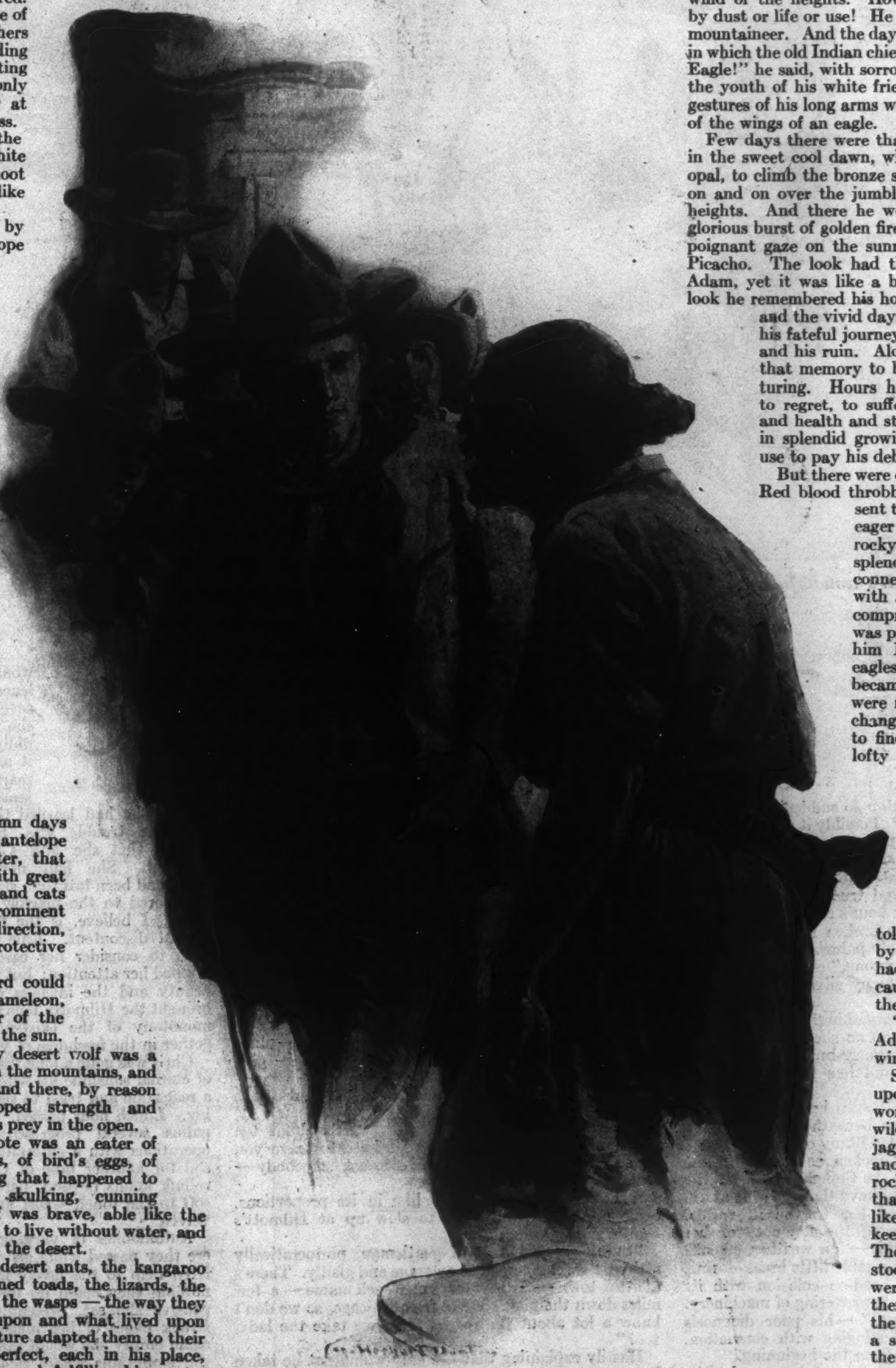
But there were other hours. He was young. Red blood throbbed in his veins, and action sent that blood in a flame over his eager body. To stride along the rocky heights was something splendid. How free — alone! It connected Adam's present hour with a remote past he could not comprehend. He loved it. He was proud that the Indians called him Eagle. For to watch the eagles in their magnificent flights became a passion with him. There were moments when he longed to change his life to that of an eagle, to find a mate and a nest on a lofty crag.

Here on the heights Adam was again visited by that strange sensation, inexplicable and illusive and fast-fleeting, which had been born in him one lonely hour in the desert below. Dismukes had told him how men were lured by the desert and how they all had their convictions as to its cause, and how they missed the infinite truth.

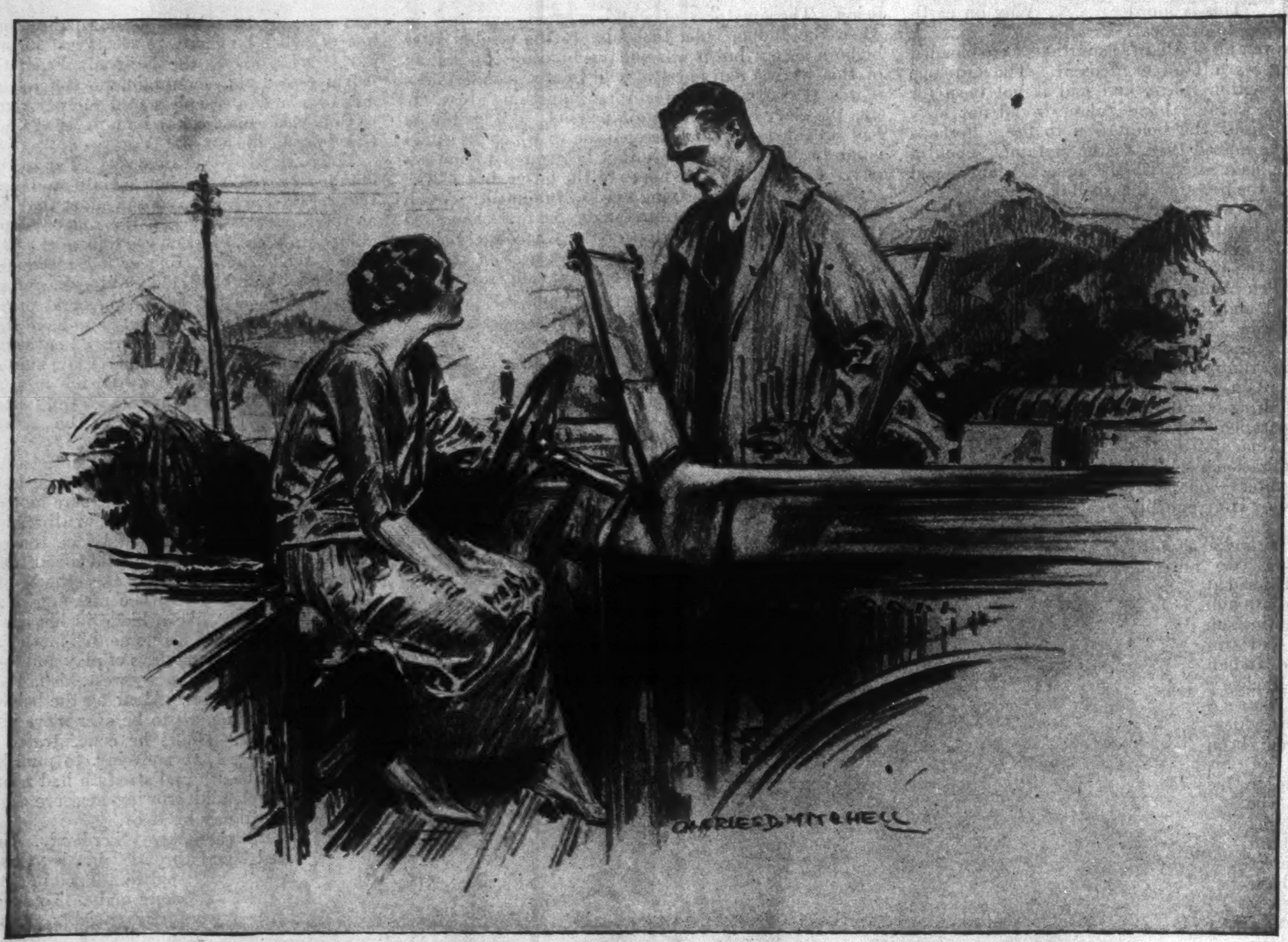
"It will come to me!" cried Adam, as he face the cool winds.

Stalking mountain sheep upon the mighty slopes was work to make a man. It was a wild and perilous region of jagged ridges and bare slants and loose slopes of weathered rocks. The eyes of the sheep that lived at this height were like telescopes; they had the keenest sight of all wild beasts. The marvelous organ of vision stood out on the head as if it were the half of a pear, so that there was hardly an angle of the compass toward which a sheep could not see. Like the antelope, mountain sheep were curious and could be lured by a bright color and thereby killed. But Adam learned to abhor this method. He pitted his sight and his strength

(Continued on page 43)



Adam stared into a big red eye that seemed a window of hell. Where the other eye should have been showed a hideous hole. "Are you a woman or a man?" queried Adam, with cool deliberation



"It's wonderful to have heard your voice and to know that you really exist. It's worth living for. You are really lovelier than I dreamed you would be"

The Only One

by

Wallace Irwin

Illustrations by Charles D. Mitchell

IF you are superstitious — as all well-educated people are nowadays — you will agree with me that Fate, lurking in a Santa Barbara garage, must have spoken softly into the hood of the Hilmott's pretty roadster; how else could it have known just where to stop so suddenly as to spill the o'erbrimming cup of life? Possibly it was influenced by the passing breeze from a graveyard; possibly a horseshoe rubbed the tire as it was rolling smoothly out of Ventura. At any rate the Hilmott's pleasant and practical roadster proved true to Fate's predestined signal, for, less than an hour's run from the Santa Susana Pass, it uttered one broken sigh and fainted dead against a row of scraggly palms.

"I guess something's wrong," declared Chris, having pushed and pulled many silvery buttons and levers.

"Why don't you do something?" asked Effie, echoing the motor's last gasp as she looked disdainfully upon the freckled, square-built man whose name she bore with less and less tolerance as the years flew by.

"Yes. Why don't I?" He eyed her coldly and got down to hide ostrich-fashion beneath the hood from whose shelter arose a mumbled litany of oaths.

Effie was sorry she had spoken as she did. She seldom came out with what she thought of Chris; the pity of it was that she should have thought of it at all. Disappointment had gadded her to the ill words. Disappointment was becoming the key-note of her life. Marriage was so like this — fair weather, smooth roads and then a series of miserable little break-downs. Nothing so dramatic as a head-on collision with its soul-satisfying groans and epic scattering of machinery. "I guess something's wrong!" — his poor diagnosis sang gnat-like in her ears, stinging with conviction. Something had been wrong from the beginning.

At last Chris brought his head out from under the steel canopy. As he stood there, his cloth cap awry, perspiration rolling down a complexion which had flushed a violent strawberry hue, Effie was ashamed of her feeling of repulsion. It passed in a moment and she found herself listening indulgently when he explained:

"She's feeding all right — plenty of gas — plugs sparking — self-starter turns over the engine — give it up."

"You ought to go to a night school and study engines," she suggested amiably.

"Don't rub it in!" he growled. "It's about ten thousand miles from a garage. I hate to leave you here alone, but I guess I'll have to ask somebody — hullo!"

A heavy limousine, hearse-like in its proportions, came lumbering into view to slow up at Hilmott's frantic semaphoring.

"Sure!" agreed a stout gentleman, plutocratically attired, "we'll take you to a garage and gladly. There's a little town — Saticoy or some such name — a few miles down the pike. We're from Chicago, so we don't know a lot about the road. Shall we take the lady, too?"

Hastily explaining that the lady would not be taken but would stay and guard the Hilmott possessions, Chris got himself into the hearse-like body of the big car which started smoothly away toward the fabled town of Saticoy.

Effie was alone. She was inexpressibly glad of that, for she had a feeling that another hour with Chris would drive her to open violence. Never before during their seven years of married life had she reviewed her case so candidly. She had always taken it as a matter of course that married people, after a few seasons, should become indifferent; she had learned that as a part of her code. But the trouble was, as she now confessed to herself, that she and Chris had always been indifferent. She had never been so bored before. They had been less than six weeks vacationing and she was bored to the marrow of her pretty bones. Vacation, I believe, is the favorite occasion for matrimonial discontent. Effie had been given too much time to consider her case. New York had always gripped her attention; but the sunshine and the eternal beauty and the idleness of a California winter had brought the Hilmotts face to face to enjoy the complete monotony of the existence they had conspired together in the freshness of youth.

Chris was gone a long time. In the syrupy sweetness of eternal sunshine his wife sat reflective. She got out a magazine and tried to read, but the glare was blinding. Lunch hour passed. In a wide field beyond the palms several progressive ranchers resumed their operations with a caterpillar tractor, plowing the rich soil for another mile of California bean crops. The rolling knolls beyond, parched in the drouth, looked soft to the touch — soft and ancient like old Spanish velvet.

Automobiles of varying social importance paused ere they passed while generous California voices proffered help to the lovely lady in distress. There was nothing they could do for Effie Hilmott; proud and pensive she sat, pretending to read from the sunstruck pages of her magazine. When the road was again empty she would raise her eyes dreamily toward the mountains whose richly ragged contours showed like giant relief maps of matrix opal, flashing with vermilion, amethyst, gold between rough surfaces of rusty brown. How beautiful it was, how sensual, how spiritual, how monotonous!

The westerly sun was casting shadows slantingly from the pepper trees and Effie was beginning to think that even Chris would be better than nothing when a gleam of hurrying silver caught her eyes from a turn in the road far up the valley. It was only another automobile after all, but its metallic hood shone like armor. Her heart stopped — and why was that? Perhaps that little organ was at that instant vibrating to the heart of Fate. On came the stranger car, its armor all agleam like the mail of Galahad. It seemed to blind at once her eyes and her soul, and when again she raised her lids to look, a pleasant voice was asking:

"Not in trouble, I hope?"

He had drawn his car so close to the Hilmott running-board that he seemed to be bending over her as he leaned out to ask his question. A fine head it was, lean of feature and rather long from the apex of the skull to the delicately cleft chin. He seemed to be a fine man to the bone. His nose was high and thin, his mouth rather small, his hazel eyes quick and marvelously sympathetic. It was a sensitive, somewhat austere face, and in that flash Effie thought she could see there the marks of suffering and the imprint of a certain disdain of petty compromise with life.

She was about to send him away with a polite word of thanks, but the opal hills and the soft sun seemed to enchant her into a desire to talk to him and be understood.

"Oh, I *am* in trouble," a voice she scarcely recognized was bewailing in her behalf. "Something awful has gone wrong with the engine and my husband ——"

"Not a garage for twenty miles," he assured her, "and a bad jam, like as not, at the cut-off by the little wooden bridge. Would you mind my taking a peek at your motor?"

"Oh, would you?" she cried, no longer attempting to conceal her interest.

HE got down, a graceful figure in homespun knickerbockers, and his ostrich attitude under the hood managed to escape the grotesque effect with which poor Chris had afflicted her sight. In less than forty seconds he had taken his place at the wheel beside her, shaken a lever, pulled a silvery button, pushed his heel smartly against the self-starter and awakened in the engine that regular, pleasant purr which spells life and comfort to the motorist.

"You've started it!" she exclaimed, and even in her ecstasy she was aware of the settled melancholy of his face.

"I know machinery," he explained. "Steel and brass and copper run by rule. It's the curse of Adam, I sometimes think, to be able to master dead things and to know nothing about ——".

He hesitated and she supplied:

"About ourselves?"

"You've felt that, too?" he asked. His eyes had been fixed for a moment on the matrix opal of the hills, but now they came back to her with a glory which seemed to lift her, singing like the meadow lark, above the velvet fields.

"What difference does it make what I feel?" she asked with a little bitterness.

"I'm sorry." It was as though he were apologizing for the thoughts he had awakened in her. "I'll be pushing on now. And I hope your motor will behave properly over the grade. It was just a disconnected wire ——"

"You've been so kind," she told him and found herself urging, "I wish you could stay and let my husband thank you."

"Oh, might I?" he faltered, blushing like a schoolboy. "I so wanted to sit and talk with you. Shall I tell you something?"

He paused again and his eyes seemed to reflect the quality of the hills.

"What?" she almost whispered.

"I seemed to feel you almost before I had rounded the bend."

"Oh!" She paused for breath, then asked in that strange voice that had come upon her, "you felt that way, too?"

"I was being drawn on — there was something I had to say — something I'd been keeping a long while. All my life, I suppose. There are meetings like that, you know, once in a lifetime. But, of course, you'll think me insane ——"

"No. Please tell me."

"You were no surprise to me. I think I've carried the picture in my mind. I knew how beautiful you would be."

She looked at him closely, but there was in his splendid face nothing of cheap melodrama or routine flattery. He had made a statement of fact, and that she should have felt no strangeness in his words was of a piece with her miracle. How her heart had ached for some one with a voice like his to tell her that! It should have been a dream, yet here she sat in the full gold of a California afternoon, cars passing on the open road. She should have been offended. Is the thirsty tree offended at the first sweet showers of spring?

"I shouldn't have said that," she heard his fine voice repeating.

"No." She closed her eyes for an instant and confessed dreamily. "But it's what I wanted you to say."

"Then let me go on," he entreated. "I'm a fatalist; that which is written shall be. I've wandered the world over to find you. This morning when I woke and saw the big red sun in the East something was saying, 'This is the day.' Life's only giving us an instant together, my dear, but it's worth living for. I can go away saying that I have looked on you and talked to you — the only one ——"

"The only one!" she repeated and sighed.

"And now I've said it." He arose and lowered one foot to the running-board. "It's wonderful to have heard your voice and to know that you really exist. You are really lovelier than I dreamed you would be."

He laid a slender hand over her fingers. It was all a part of her dream.

"You'll remember me, won't you?" he asked shyly.

"Always," she answered and looked deep into his eyes.

"Then good-bye!"

He had raised her hand to his lips. Strange, was it not, that that light caress upon her knuckles should have thrilled her with such a delight as she had never known? In another instant he had swung himself into his silvery chariot. Half rising Effie called after him — and she had never heard his name!

"Take me with you!"

Her voice came so small and strained that he should not have heard her, but he turned, the grave look deepening in his face.

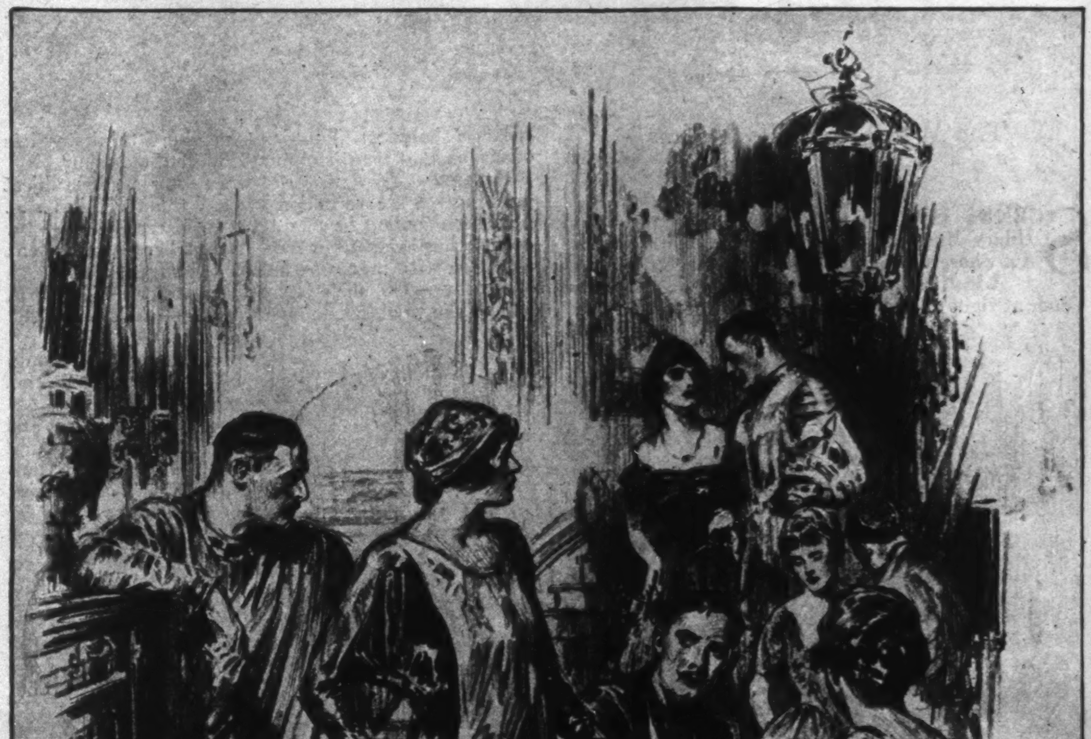
"Let's not think of that," he answered after a pause.

"We have the rest of our lives to live," she found herself urging. "I don't think I've ever been — awake — before. My husband ——"

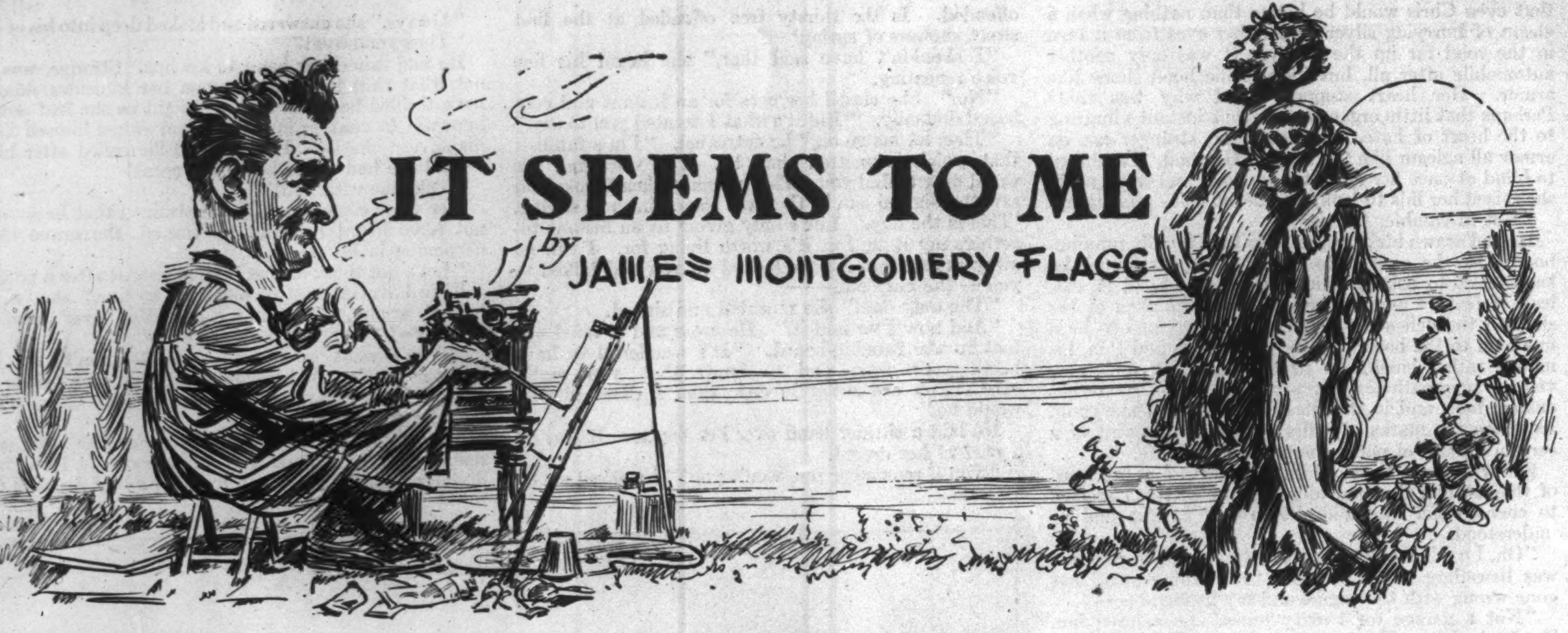
"That's what we have to consider, isn't it?" he broke in gently. "There are things that aren't done — even when two stars meet in mid-heaven. No. This must be good-bye."

She felt at first a sense of shame for her weak surrender — then came a rush of adoration. How like divinity he had come upon her

[*Continued on page 67*]



As Sir Galahad came down the stairs leaning toward a fair Guinevere, some one said, "Weymouth's up to his old tricks. Always a fast worker. That's his system — love on sight, carry 'em off their feet, finish 'em at leisure!"



IT SEEMS TO ME

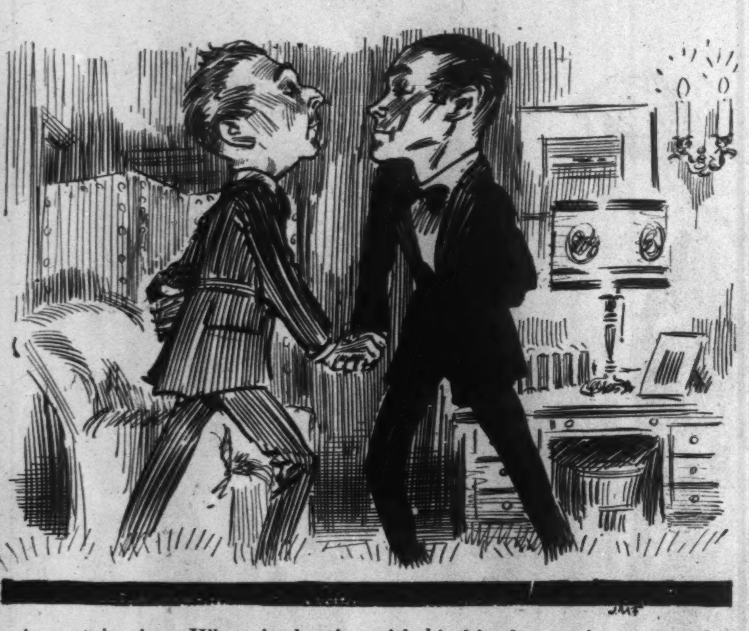
by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

The Woman in His Rooms

In One Act

SCENE: Living-room in bachelor apartment of Hilary Bing, a young man with charm for the sex whose place is supposed to be in the home.

A leather screen hides the main door and also door at right angles to it leading into bedroom.



As curtain rises, Hilary is chatting with his friend, Teddy Mountjoy. Hilary is smiling with satisfaction at a telegram.

Teddy — You lucky hound!

Hilary — I'll say so, Ted! She is coming back tonight! But, you, you poor smelt, wouldn't understand my feelings—what do you know about such things! O, I know you try to be sympathetic—I appreciate that — but, Man — —

Teddy — Rave on, boy, but don't imagine just because I'm a year or so younger than you that I haven't lived! Believe me, I know what she means to you — and I'm glad for you!

(They clasp hands warmly.)

Hilary — Dear old pal of mine! I guess you do know, after all!

(He lights a cigarette and his hand shakes.)

Teddy — Gee! You're as nervous as a cat, Hil. By the way! — why did you let her leave you?

Hilary — She went to bury her sister in St. Louis.

Teddy — Was it necessary to bury her — residing where you mention?

Hilary — According to the ingenuous authorities of St. Louis, it was! I've been awfully nervous all the time she's been gone. I would have gone with her but I couldn't get away.

Teddy — And Sanborn?

Hilary — Don't!

Teddy — (Putting his hand affectionately on Hilary's shoulder) You don't imagine I think any less of her on that beast's account, do you, old man?

Hilary — No — no! But it's rather a sore subject with me — I see vermilion when I think of him! . . . I've been fearing he might try to intercept her — try to lure her away from me — tempt her — that hyena is rotten with money — he's in the sugar ——

Teddy — Oh, she's beyond his power — I know it, Hil — she wouldn't go back to him — she's too big!

(The bell rings)

Hilary — (very excited, rising) There she is now, Ted — go, won't you, old feller ——

Teddy — (grabbing his hat and coat) Sure thing! I understand!

Hilary — (helping Teddy hurriedly into his coat and urging him toward another door) You're a trump, Ted, but I wouldn't even trust you! Go out this way!

(He opens door and pushes Teddy out)

Teddy — Ah, go on, you suspicious pup!

(Exits)

(Hilary crosses to front door behind the screen and opens it)

Hilary — Mary!

(A loud knock is heard at other door. Hilary steps from behind screen in a panic.) Wait! Who's there?

(The knock is repeated. Hilary goes behind screen again and opens bedroom door, the top of which can be seen by the audience)

Go in there — I'll see who it is.

(He closes bedroom door and again emerges from screen and crosses to other door)

Who is it? Is it you, Ted?

Voice Outside — Yes.

(Hilary opens door and Sanborn enters — he is a middle-aged man with a predatory beak — expensively dressed — wears a new Derby)

Hilary — You sneak! Get out of here!

Sanborn — (smiling sardonically) Not till I've had a few words with you, Mr. Bing!

Hilary — Be brief and get out! What do you want?

Sanborn — (lolling with irritating leisureliness on table and swinging a stick) Mary — where is she?

Hilary — What's that to you, Sanborn?

Sanborn — A great deal — and I guess you know it!

Hilary — Damn you ——

Sanborn — Keep cool, Bing, I'm armed!

(He moves his hand about in his overcoat pocket)

Hilary — You would be — you coward! Well, she's here — and she stays — she won't go back to you!

Sanborn — Be sensible — give her up! I generally get what I go after — I'm that sort ——

Hilary — I know your sort — but this is one time you get left! I know you're rich — but money isn't everything — even in New York — she's through with you — forever ——

Sanborn — I know she's in there (he nods toward bedroom) — call her — let her decide between us — if you're not afraid to!

Hilary — I'm not afraid — Mary —come here!

(The bedroom door opens and Mary enters from behind the screen. She is a huge Irish woman of sixty — dressed in daycint black and carries a shabby hand-bag. She smiles.)

Mary — Why, good avenin', Mr. Sanborn!

Sanborn — Good evening, Mary!

Hilary — Mary, Mr. Sanborn wants you back!

Mary — He do, do he! Well, that's swate of him!

Hilary — It's up to you to decide, Mary — he can pay you a lot more money than I can afford ——

Sanborn — Yes, Mary, Mrs. Sanborn and I want you back — we'll pay you two hundred and fifty a month — Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays off.

Hilary — Mary!

Mary — No, thank ye, I'm satisfied here.

Sanborn — You can use our town car, Mary!

Hilary — (excitedly) You hear what she said — you've got your answer — now go!

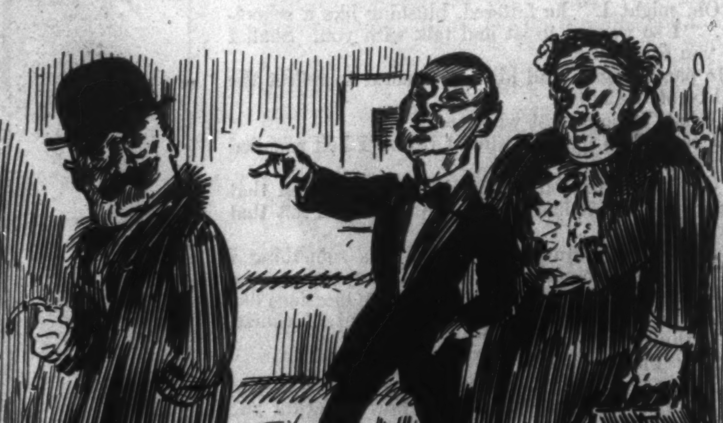
Sanborn — (slowly crossing to door) Mrs. Sanborn will get in my wool if I come back without you! If you ever want to change your mind ——

Hilary — Go!

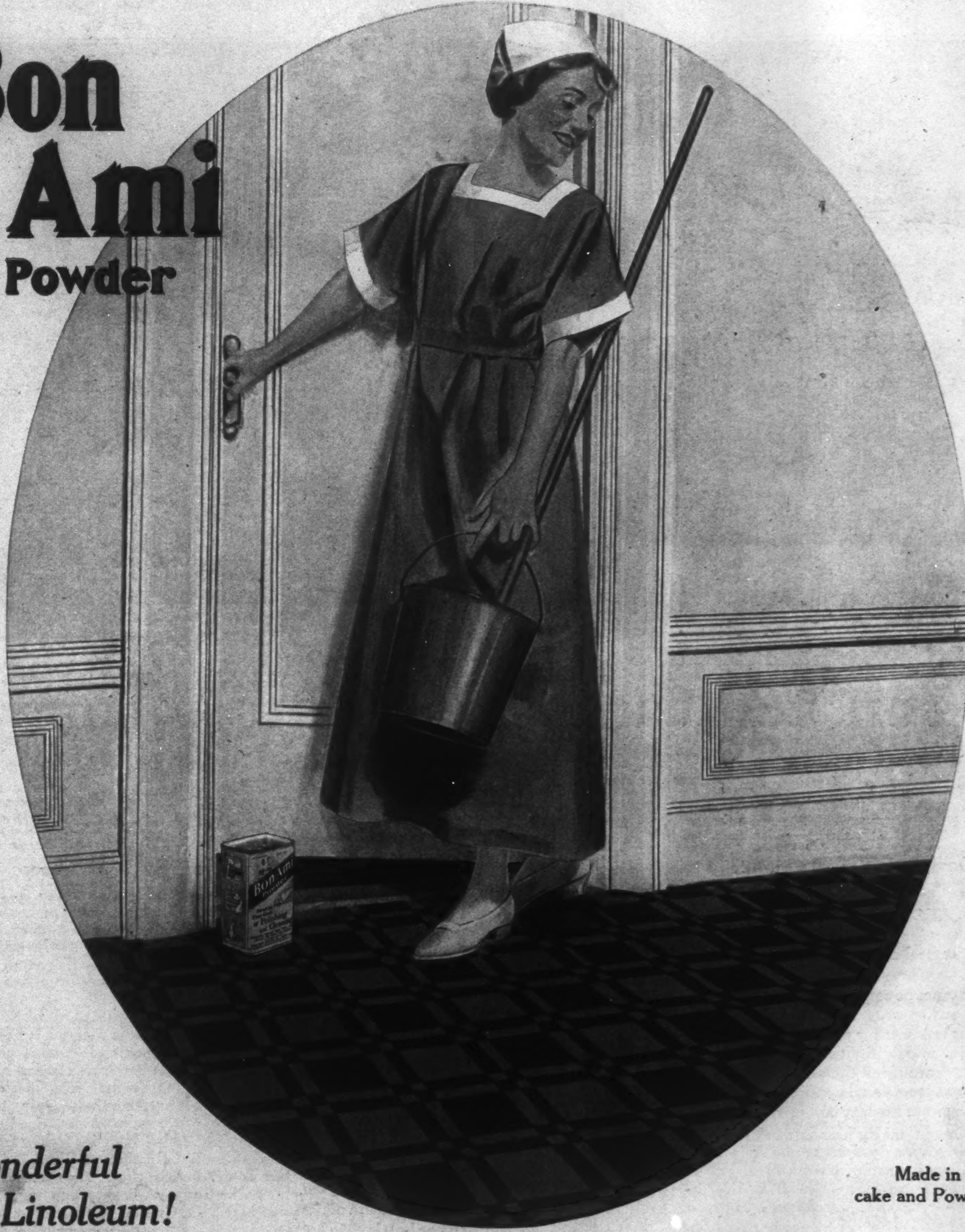
(Exit Sanborn sadly shaking his head. Hilary crosses to Mary and grasps her hand fervently)

You darling!

Curtain



Bon Ami Powder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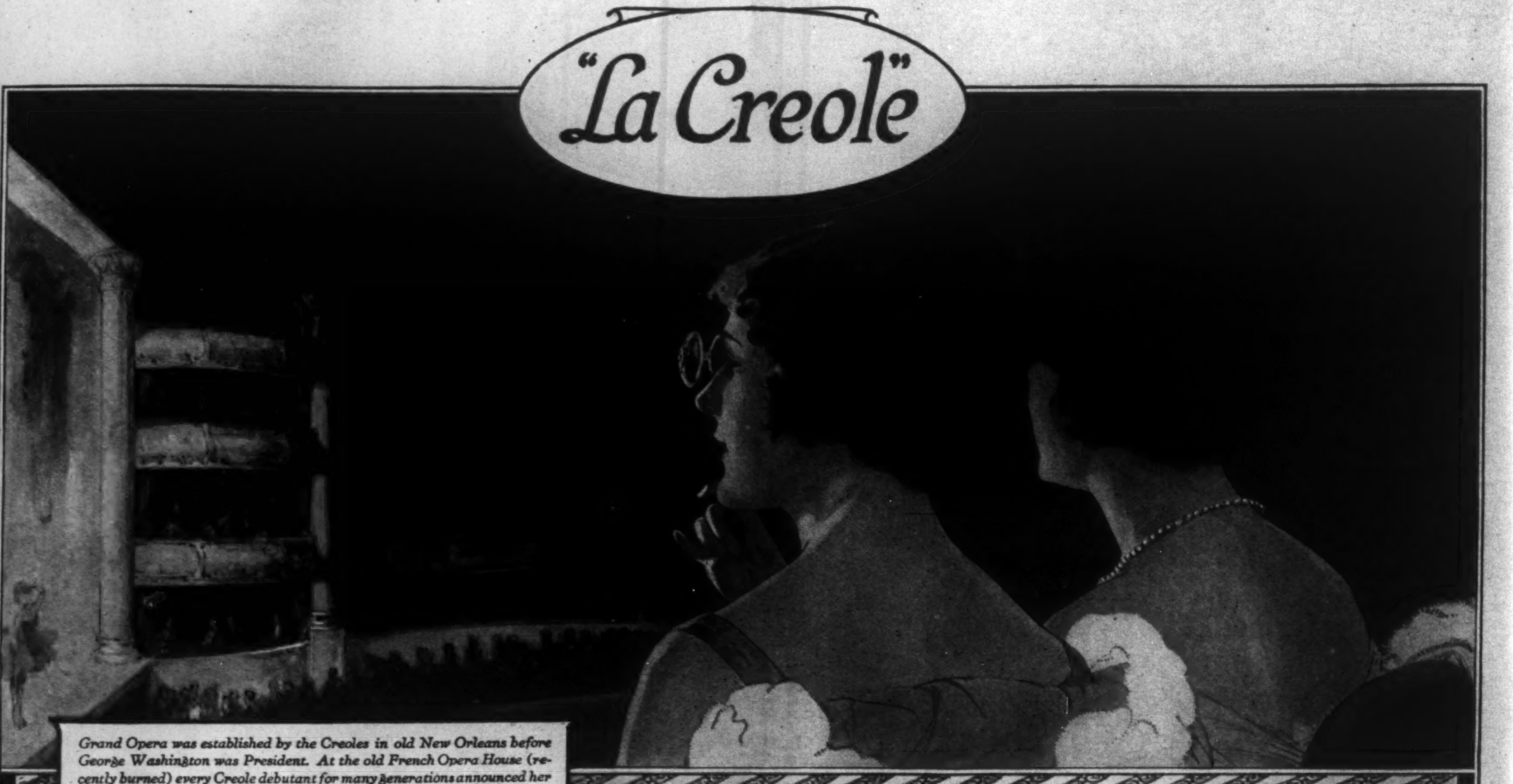

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The Birth of A New Art

[*Continued from page 23*]

the new art was about as anxious for publicity as the old realism: there was so much of the bizarre for the eye to see that you lost much of the play while looking. But I soon discovered that this was not the fault of the theory of the new art; it was one of the limitations of Reinhardt; he pandered to curiosity and showed the German overdoing of art. When the Ballet Russe came to New York, I first realized the vitality of the human figure against a highly-patterned background, where, at any moment, any gesture made by any of the dancers fits in with the flow and rhythm of line and color in the scene. And this technique, so marvelously handled by Léon Bakst, was as good for Greek themes as for Oriental or Russian. These were the first examples of the "new art" offered seriously to the American public, and we began to get an inkling as to what the scene designers were after. Many of us had gone curiously to see Granville Barker's "Midsummer Night's Dream", with his gilded fairies and his Puck wearing sandy-colored, streamy hair, instead of the conventional rabbit ears of old. And the public laughed. But why shouldn't fairies have golden faces? Imagination must have an element of consistency about it, but it abhors convention. And what I got from Barker's Shakespeare were fancy and fresh dreaminess, and the play had dew upon it. If the new art in the theatre succeeds in doing that much, it has added to the theatre something which was very nearly lost — illusion. I am weary of the McChesney cloak-rooms, the Potash offices, the Auctioneer second-hand stores, the Wallingford broker offices, the Childs' Restaurants of our stage. Yet that is what our playwrights have been giving us, — no better than newspaper reporting of the streets. But the new artist in the theatre has framed a philosophy which will demand more of the dramatist in the future. The old writer of plays under the new régime will be as impossible as the old manager, such as Klaw and Erlanger, who were at the height of their Trust Power when Frohman was the Napoleon of Broadway.

Who are these young men demanding our attention? There is scarcely any priority of position. They are all in the thirties. They have all budded forth like blooms on a branch: Robert E. Jones and Sam Hume breaking from Harvard, as one would imagine roses might rush from a hothouse overheated with dry air; Lee Simonson winning renown at Harvard for his ability to write and yet going forth as an eloquent orator about the new art. The secret of these men and their success is that they went into the theatre world at a time when there were "little theatres", noncommercial, for them to toy with. And toying, they came upon wonderful discoveries. But this was after they had been abroad.

THERE is a joke told about Jones, as an undergraduate, being hypnotized by the color designs of Valeska Suratt's costumes and scenes at Keith's, and of Gertrude Hoffman's Ballet. What was portrait painting to him after that; what even was the deadening work of instructing in the Fine Arts Department? He spent his time covering pages with what his friend, Moderwell, calls "smashing designs", putting some of his notions in sets for "shows" given by the Hasty Pudding Club and the Harvard Dramatic Club. Then, to humor himself, he got a "job" in the regular theatre; but there is silence about what he did there, except that, when he wasn't earning his salary, he was putting his dreams in colors, rushing around to Fifth Avenue shops, plunging himself in draperies steeped in dyes that appealed to him, and, on the side, reading Gordon Craig — Gordon Craig, always the god in the machine of the new scenery.

Then Jones went abroad, to Florence, where all good artists go, and if we know Jones's temperament rightly, he must have forgotten all about the musical comedies on Broadway he had wished to decorate. The summer of 1913 saw him behind the scenes in Berlin, at Reinhardt's Deutsches Theater, where the scenic artists of that institution, Stern and Orlik, patted him on the head and gave him encouragement, but no work. And all the while he was doing what is characteristic of these young men of the decoration — he set himself tasks to decorate scenes for ideal plays; he even went so far as to prepare an entire production of "The Merchant of Venice", as though some manager was going to put it on the next day. On his second visit in 1914 the War drove him home — a good thing for the new art in America,— and he began to tell the public quietly — Jones never speaks unless he has to — what a vital theatre there was across the ocean. At one of the first exhibits of stage scenery of the new kind to be seen in New York, Jones erected a little theatre to illustrate how, with the horizent wall, instead of the usual cloth cyclorama, he could paint colors with lights which would follow the feeling in such a poetic line as "a gray dawn suspiring into rose!"

IT was then that Granville Barker, coming to New York at the invitation of one of those many pseudo-Stage Societies that have trembled into and out of American theatre life, began his significant performances which eventually led to his stadium productions of Euripides. Jones did for him the significant stylistic mountings for Anatole France's "The Man who Married a Dumb Wife." And these, being fresh and original, created a good deal of talk, as home products always do. Jones's head was not turned — that is a characteristic of the man: he is interested in his work, he loves the theatre, he is not out for himself. Having been promised by his Berlin friends that he should do the scenes for the Budapesth production of Hazelton and Benrimo's "The Yellow Jacket", he set sail, but, like the King in the famous jingle, he set sail back again, not being in the Kaiser's calculations. I would say that the War saved him from mannerisms, and stamped him American, if I did not know that Jones has a philosophy of the theatre, of decoration, which transcends fads and faddisms.

In the Broadway managerial world there swam into ken the figure of a young manager who had also been imbued with the new idea of the theatre. He, too, had been abroad and had seen what unity of work behind the scenes did to a performance, and he had been inspired by the work of the German actor, Moissi. And, typical of Jones and Simonson, he had not been so carried away by the vitality of the European theatre that he dared not criticize what he saw and discard what was not to his purpose. This man was Arthur Hopkins, at present one of the rare producing managers, who can run a theatre and retain his soul. Read Hopkins's "How's Your Second Act?" a small book breathing high ideals — a strange phenomenon on Broadway; what he preaches he tries to be, — a director who, like the conductor of a vast orchestra, draws from his various instruments — decoration here, actor there, light everywhere — a breathing play, where the paint of back-drops cannot be smelt, where the staginess of the self-exploiting actor is suppressed, where the lights are more than spots, where the rich aroma of the play strikes the senses — the first point of attack for illusion — and grips the audience.

Hopkins and Jones were attracted, and joined forces. Since "The Devil's Garden" and "The Happy Ending"; since the brace of Clare Kummer farces — "Good Gracious, Annabelle" and "A Successful Calamity" — the history of the one has been the history of the other. But the arduousness of a task has never hit Jones: he is always the joyous artist in the theatre, wanting to meet difficulties, as he did meet them when he was asked to help decorate Percy Mackaye's gigantic pageant, "Caliban" — anxious for largeness and brilliancy. He designed the ballet, "Til Eulenspiegel", for Nijinsky — the world's greatest dancer — and scored; he designed "The Birthday of the Infanta" for the Chicago Opera and scored. On the side, he gave encouragement to the little theatres and the amateurs by helping them, but he never lost sight of the big theatre — which amateur groups cannot touch, but which they may ably abet if they will. Then John Barrymore rose into the front ranks as a possible great actor of the theatre — illustrative of the continual state-

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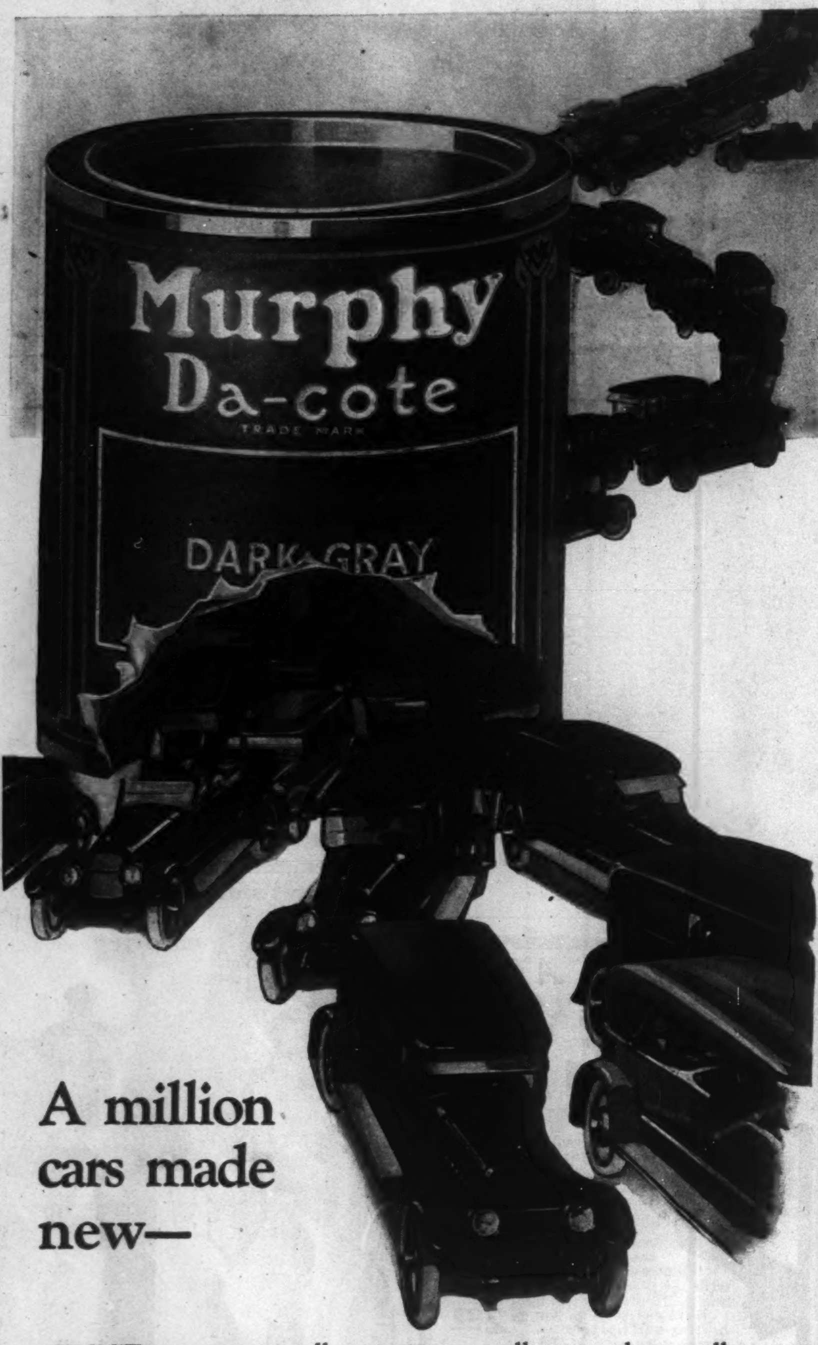

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ment that as soon as the American theatre shows life, life will rise up to help it. Hopkins and Jones and Barrymore are the new flowering of a new era. From them we got Tolstoy's "Redemption", Benelli's "The Jest", and Shakespeare's "Richard III" (the latter plaited and shirred and tucked by Edward Sheldon to fit the slim figure of Barrymore, — the only wrong touch in the production). Without going into details, the unity of scene and acting and lighting and management resulted in a blend which was distinctive.

I think Jones's garniture for "Richard III" was the strain and test put upon his theory and execution. We had been used, heretofore, to the Royal Academy picture scenes of Henry Irving and Beerbohm Tree, — copied and often murdered through slovenliness by Richard Mansfield and Forbes-Robertson and Marlowe and Sothern. Of course Jones went to England to make studies for this historical pageant. But he went with the spirit of the new theory uppermost in mind: that simplicity of detail was most necessary — that, after all, the reason why the play was written was to delineate the character of *Richard*, — his villainy, his progressive plotting; — to detract therefrom, to give the public a vast amount to look at, would keep them from following the play. Besides which, since the new theatre is finding it pretty hard to keep house in the old theatre building, unequipped with the modern contrivances of the stage, it would be necessary to invent some adaptable set, such as Sam Hume had preached at Harvard and tried out successfully at the Detroit Arts and Crafts Theatre — a set which, through variation of hangings, shifting of entrances, blotting out of unessentials with high lights and deep shadows, could be used in more than one scene. In this, Jones was successful.

In the old days of Irving, who had learned his stage scenery lesson from the first scenic innovator in the realm of historical accuracy, Charles Kean, — the production of Shakespeare meant the accumulation of a museum. I recall the description of Irving's preparations for his revival of "Macbeth." He demanded that authority be given for every costume, weapon, piece of furniture, and every nail, blade and button used. Really, one could issue a catalogue for this museum, — an expensive luxury and a doubtful factor in the health of the play. Beside this mass of accuracy — Jones's "Richard III" was a mere line drawing, washed in color. Sometimes I thought he even had too much detail, as in Barrymore's gold armor. But the whole impression was clear and beautiful, even though Hopkins, Barrymore and Jones have much to learn from this venture into the classic — Barrymore more than the others, because he has not yet the humility to reach the soul of the play before exploiting himself.

If I barely touch on Sam Hume, it is merely because, advocate though he is of the new scenery, — having studied under Gordon Craig, — and skilled practitioner of his theories, as seen when he directed the policies of the Detroit "workshop" theatre — a term so ill-used by the amateurs — he has now deserted the field of the theatre at large for the restricted field of university professor at Berkeley, California, and is director of the Greek Theatre there. I recall Hume's great asset to me, — a voice which had deep, rich possibilities when I heard it in the days Harvard's Delta Upsilon chapter presented the second part of Shakespeare's "Henry IV." The theatre which these young men of the decoration call "new" demands that there be rich voice as there be rich color; the palette of sound and the palette of emotion. I have always been interested in Hume's adaptable settings where, with a few variations and changes of hangings, the same set has been used, with complete illusion, for Philip Moeller's "Helena's Husbands", Maeterlinck's "The Intruder", and Dunsany's "The Tents of the Arabs" — showing how completely the *mood* of a piece is dependent, not on the realistic faithfulness to scene, but on the magic cloak of atmosphere — design, color, mass, light, shadow, quality of the whole. But voice is as vital as scenery. The first thing Hume did when he reached California was to offer a prize to the school children of the State for the best delivery of certain lines from Shakespeare. Good voices on the stage are as rare as nightingales: as *Richard*, Barrymore spoke with flashes of genius, otherwise he was consumed with mannerisms; as *Hamlet*, Walter Hampden showed modulated beauty, but he needs to take care of self-consciousness. Hume has established an Olympia of contests. Through him some great voices may be sent to the stage.

Let us mark that these young men of the decoration come to the theatre with sound education; they are well-grounded in other things than their art. So it is with Lee Simonson, whose potency has been kept somewhat in the background until now, because of the popular interest in Jones. Simonson is slapping public taste hard; he is accusing America of being too gray in her surroundings, of not really liking color. If he wanted a taxi in a hurry, I imagine Simonson chasing along the thoroughfare after a yellow one, though a hundred empty black and white taxis run him down. At Harvard, he became a devotee of modern French art. He judged things in terms of color and design, and the black hoods of university academics got on his nerves. He went abroad to study art — his taste whetted for paprika, his eye thirsting for the blood of color. Julian's studio in Paris didn't suit him; but Europe did much for him, feeding his active mind. He studied in Germany, he went to Italy, he painted in Brittany. He went forth an artist, he returned a decorator. The Washington Square Players took him to their bosom, and lucky for them that they did. I have read an article by Simonson, redolent with his type of mind, generous in praise of his contemporaries, but relentless about what he called the American god, Gray. That he is having fun in the theatre cannot be denied, — the fun of taking seriously but delicately the job he has to do. So happy is he that he wants other artists to come into the theatre. "Where are Jules Guérin, Maxfield Parrish, Henry McCarter?" he exclaims. And I say so, too. Surely I would rather that Parrish were dominating our stage than Josef Urban; for, after all, except for his use of architectural design — Urban was an architect when he lived abroad: it's from that angle he started as a scenic designer — he is no more rich than Parrish. And, strange to say, they have both had experience in illustrating children's books.

SUPPORTERS of the Washington Square Players will recall Simonson's decorations for Zoë Akins's "The Magical City", and for Moeller's "The Sisters of Susannah" — orange and purple and gold, with blue and black thrown in. At times, after I have seen one of Simonson's decorations, like any of these, or Norman-Bel Geddes's spring scenic dresses for Zoë Akins's "Papa", I wonder whether the new scenery is not all lettuce and tomatoes and mayonnaise sauce. But, after all, I may be suffering from the gray disease, which makes me much prefer Simonson when he curbs his decorativeness and lives up to his philosophy, which is clear-cut and healthy. Nothing better in the theatre than his pictures for John Masefield's "The Faithful", than his period furnishings for W. D. Howells's "The Rise of Silas Lapham"; than the appropriateness for St. John Ervine's "Jane Clegg"; and than his atmospheric surroundings for Rupert Hughes's sparkling but airy comedy, "The Cat-Bird." You talk with Simonson, and you get his aliveness. You talk with Jones and you see his palpitant excitement, which is more spiritual than mental. Simonson is the born evangelist of the new scenery. "The great thing about this new movement," he told me, "is that the artist has come into the theatre and found his work a vital part of the whole: it is *necessary* because it is wanted in the play, wanted by the audience as a part of the unity of the play. An artist may paint pictures, and they may be hung on the walls, but they are not *necessary* to the walls. I find that scenery is as essential a part of the structure of dramatic art as the stone figure in architecture carved to hold a portal."

After talking with men like Jones and Simonson and Hume, and the others of this gay band of decorators — who love their work whether there is money in it or not — I feel that they will eventually carry with them in enthusiasm all the other human concomitants of the theatre: manager, actor and playwright. Here is a man, Simonson, who longs to decorate, but who has control of himself. He reads the script of the Tolstoy play, "The Power of Darkness", and, in the final scene of spiritual redemption, after the orgy of murder and rape and peasant grosseries, he gives one a glimpse of the finer, healthier, bigger world outside, to which the narrow, cramped soul of the hero eagerly responds. That is the creative work of the artist: to paint a world not as he sees it but as it is seen through the eyes of the characters in the play at spiritual moments.

Simonson slaps the dull eye of the

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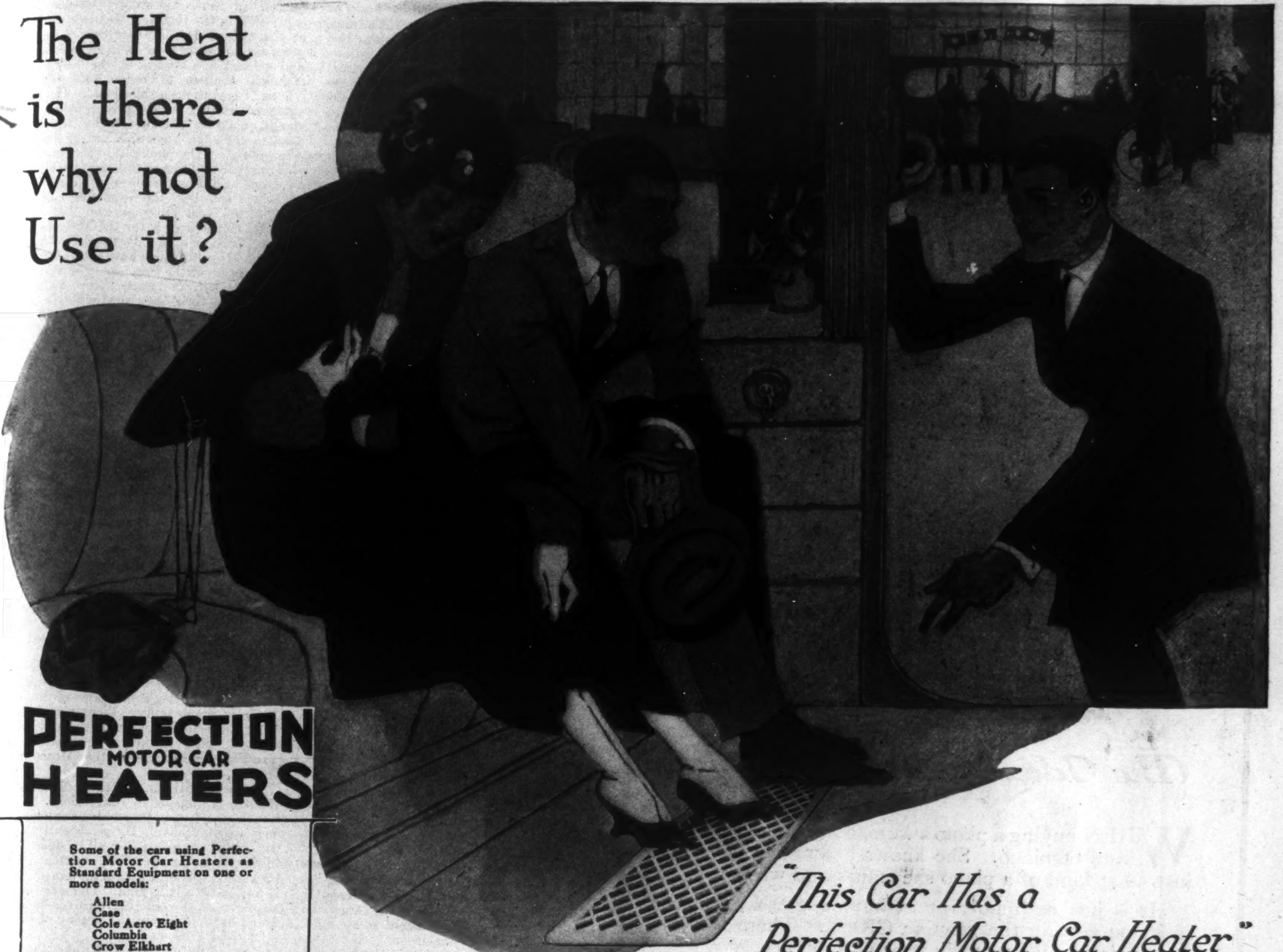

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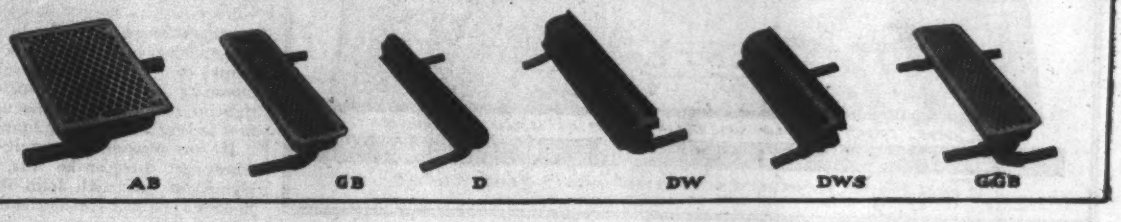

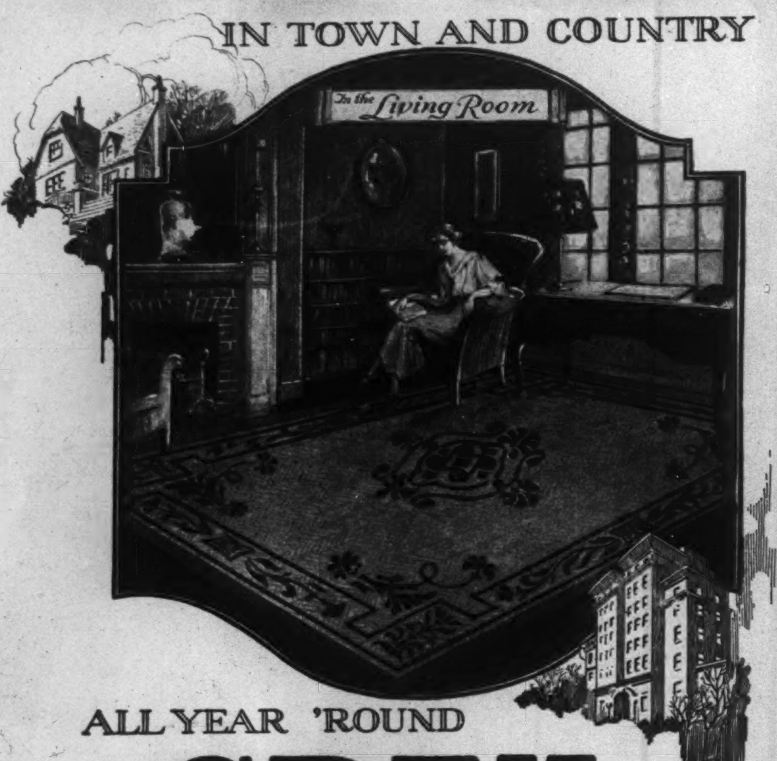

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American; he deplores the shallow brain of the American writer of the theatre. You may say, "Oh, here is another growler, like Craig." But Simonson and his fellow-decorators are right; is there much spiritual meat in the average Broadway play for the scenic artist's imagination to go on? Is the average story and struggle worth bothering about? Since the answer can only be negative, it is not out of place for prophecy: the philosophy of scenic art, if properly viewed, will undoubtedly bring about a new type of play, other than the newspaper drama which we can boast of as our native contribution to the theatre; and will make the dramatist of the near future view life as a whole, in which situation is a mere incident. Our drama at present is the drama purely of incident. How can an artist paint a scene well, if the play is not worthy, has not some theme which may be consistently followed? And even if you get these two to agree — the scene and the play — what is the use of the trouble if the actors are bad: they'll detract from the meaning and force of the scene.

You see what Simonson is getting at: a theatre where all the elements harmonize, where the director, the author, the designer, the electrician, the actor will have a social conscience, a sensitiveness to work for a common object — the soul of the play itself. "And what has made the scenic artist felt?" I asked him. "The great word, *necessity*," he exclaimed. "In architecture, figures are worked in as essentials first and as ornaments second: a blend of the two demands is the ideal. But is there any possible need for the dilapidated crew of ancients in front of the New York Public Library? If there was no photography, there would be more portrait painters. It is the necessity, the urge, the realization that he is needed, which have been the open sesame for the scenic artist."

THE Washington Square Players, passing away after a period of experimentation, fraught with good and evil, were resuscitated later as a more sound theatrical organization called The Theatre Guild. Here Rollo Peters rose to the rank of Director; and he painted during the daytime and acted at night — painted better than he acted, but I believe he did the latter so he would appreciate the feel of the actor's "job", that he might better aid it in his stage pictures. He, too, has had the Brittany background, has tasted of Parisian ateliers, and has spent some years studying in Munich. He has drunk deep of symbolism, of mood, of universalizing atmosphere. He is eager for the reform broom to sweep the American theatre. He is not as confident as his other associates that the battle of art in the theatre is won. The alacrity with which the commercial manager is taking advantage of the novelty which lies in the extreme scenic decorator's work is one of his causes of suspicion. He writes: "Such tribute as the New York stage-manager of the old school pays it is naïvely ineffectual. Overhead lighting, extensively advertised as modern — can no more bring the atmosphere of the masters, Reinhardt and Stanislavsky, to the Belasco Theatre, than it can put the authors of Forty-fourth Street in the category of Andreyeff and Schnitzler. No more does the extravagance that crowds the stage of the Winter Garden englamour, with the rich and native nakedness of Slavic genius, the nudity of the entertainment there."

Take Peters' variety in his sketches for a setting of Maeterlinck's "Aglavaine and Selysette", for Moeller's "George Sand"; take his rich Spanish color given to Benevente's "Bonds of Interest", — you get in them all a personality not as yielding as that of Jones or Simonson; and certainly not as variable as that of Norman-Bel Geddes or John Wenger. Nor, however justified Peters' foreboding about the American theatre, is he quite just to the willingness of the present commercial theatre to take advantage of the discoveries of these men of the decoration. As Walter Eaton has recently pointed out, who knows but that the new art will find permanent root in the American theatre only after creeping up the backstairs of the drama — in a species of vaudeville, where its beauty is often seen, and its appropriateness often felt in mere stunts of the stage, as in "What's in a Name", a pot pourri of "acts", where several beautiful moments are reached through a momentary rightful application of the new design, the new feeling and the new simplicity.

It was outside a moving-picture house, whose art director he was, that I had a significant talk with John Wenger who, no matter if he has Russian training, considers himself an American artist. He has had experience in the theatre. He was a student at the Odessa Imperial Art School, in the years before Bolshevism; he came to America and entered as a student at the New York National Academy of Design, and soon was "hung" at various exhibitions. He then designed settings for the Boston Opera, and finally made his entrance in the New York theatre when the Greenwich Village Theatre was opened. The luminous brilliancy of his imagination was seen in this year's exhibit of his work on Fifth Avenue — a variety of oil sketches showing the eagerness of his imagination, and his conviction that art is art whether he does it for the Metropolitan Opera production of "Petrouchka" or for the tabloid operas which have been given this spring season at the Capitol. For Wenger's belief is that he must keep painting; that he must thrill the crowd with his belief in the phantasmagoria which we call life. I am not sure whether it was his idea, this union of music and scenic-painting for vaudeville audiences, — but there is no doubt that he has succeeded. Is it not consistent to give a colorful setting to Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody", to Grieg's "Peer Gynt", to Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker Suite"? He has done it this past winter.

Referring to Wenger's catalogue for his exhibit, I find the same characteristic rampant as is to be found in the catalogue for Jones's exhibition held this spring: they are continually experimenting, constantly on the alert for the best means to catch the spirit of the thing in hand. The Capitol Theatre curtain, done by Wenger, is the epitome of what fairy tales mean to him. You get the Russian flow of color in his work, with a consistency which aims for unity of impression and not for sensation. But faith in the new scenery was again shaken this year when I witnessed the misinterpretation of Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", as done for the Wolff opera by Anisfeld. Here you were given grotesqueries, without any of the cosmic awe of Night or Death or Immortality. Wenger could have better approached the childish spirit of the piece, a spirit so ably suggested in the beautiful production at the Moscow Art Theatre.

Wenger's criticism is that in America, the Theatre is anxious to rush things to perfection and then to forget them; imagination does not stay alive. He persistently strikes the note of imagination in all he does. And, furthermore, as he has written: "The background should contain movement. Life is not static. It is fluid. The stage setting should tend toward that elusiveness in life found in the rainbow, in the play of shifting lights and shadows."

How often, if you will take the mere initial sketches of these men for their work, will you detect their essential groping for the very biggest spirit or mood in the play! If you will take the trouble to examine closely Norman-Bel Geddes's drawings for his decorations of Maeterlinck's "Pélleas et Mélisande", you will understand the essential mystery of the mystic dramatist; you are given through the eye the destiny motive of the Belgian's pale drama. In the same way his "King Lear" sketches are cosmic, elemental. His is an interpretation, rather than a literal revealing. He reached the New York stage through the middle west training at the Cleveland School of Art; then he went to the Chicago Art Institute, and finally to the studio of a Norwegian painter. After this, he traveled to Detroit, and did commercial work. But the theatre entered his blood, and his friends say that he had framed a theory long before he read Craig. He wrote a play, and in the writing put forth evidence that he was an authority on the Indian, and through this play he was finally drawn to Los Angeles, where he had theatre experience in mounting high-type plays for an exceptional stock company. He came East after that, and worked for managers, like Brady and Gest; and it was to him and to Jones that George Platt turned when he opened his Milwaukee summer stock several years ago. Geddes says: "Just a word as to my own interest in the theatre. It was not a special attraction toward scenery that drew me into it. Under a sudden impetus I wrote a four-act play, first in pantomime and then in dialogue. With the consuming desire to visualize the written conception, I concocted a crude little stage on which I slowly worked out variations of lighting, principal figure compositions, costumes and detailed properties. The effect showed me so many obstacles in adapting my own ideas to the mechanics of the present type of (*Continued on page 41*)

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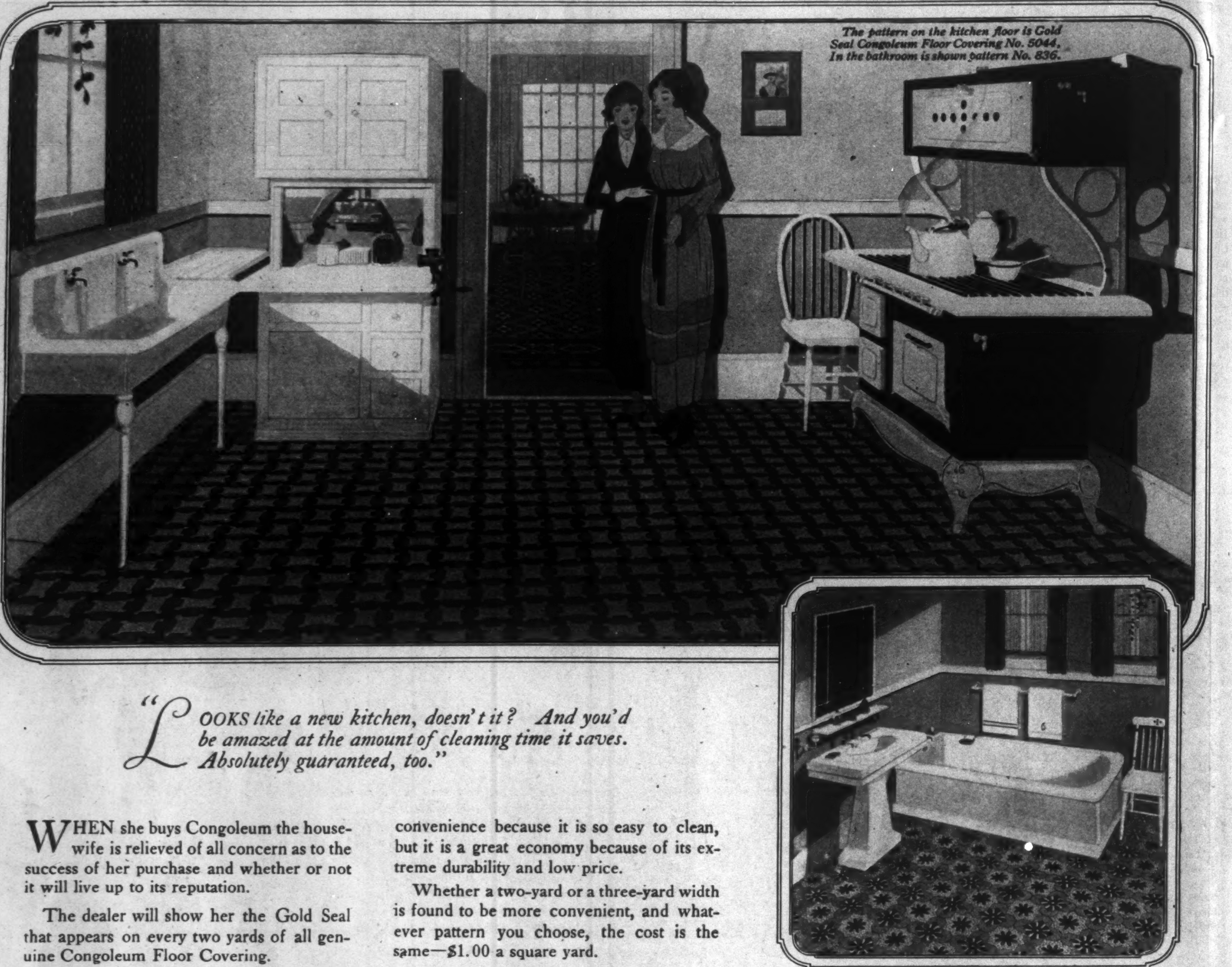
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The Birth of A New Art

Continued from page 38

stage, that my second effort went into the discovery of a new form of theatre structure, which I developed until I was ready to send the main ideas through the Patent Office."

Thus, through an architectural turn of interest, he entered the theatre as a permanent worker. And there are many others working along this architectural line, Hermann Rosse, Irving Pichel — the Patent Office will probably reveal others. These men of the decoration are as sure that the new art of the theatre will demand a new theatre as that it will necessitate a new type of stage-director who may be the scenic artist, the author, the actor, the electrician rolled into one. You can see that Geddes has a practical eye in all his work, though, if you will ask members of the working-staff of the Chicago Opera, they will call him impractical, even though wonderfully effective, in the scenes for the opera "La Nave", which because so massive could not be moved to New York during the season the Chicago Opera gave there.

It is useless to attempt further enumerating of the new school which has besieged the theatre through so many channels of attack. And I may safely give honor to the "little theatre groups" for this onslaught. It was they who offered the artist his first fling. Maxwell Armfield, Michael C. Carr, Willy Pogány, J. Blanding Sloan, C. Raymond Johnson — there is a distinct school — all dominated by the same fundamental conviction that the theatre is a place for beauty, for design, for color, for imagination, for plays with spiritual content, for poetry, for interpretation, for unity, for harmony. These are words the commercial manager will have to learn, and, even if he learns them, unless he has grasped the spirit, he will not know the true worth. I am thoroughly convinced it is through these men that the doors have been unlocked and the key forever taken from the manager who is simply out for "putting it over" any way — good, bad or indifferent.

When the director and the artist get together, it is the director who will catch the enthusiasm which is the ingratiating factor in the make-up of these artists And the fact that they can explain what they desire in terms which the manager will understand is another hope. Let the artist once meet the actor and explain design, with the actor as part of it, and you will get a type of acting which I imagine would come, in certain decorative ways, from an intelligent study of the Dalcroze system of eurythmics — which is nothing more than an intellectual exercise with physical movement.

And should the playwright ever sit down to talk with one of these scenic designers, he would understand how mean and paltry the ordinary type of play is regarded — the play that has no internal life — where water flows instead of blood, and where puppets move at the pull of a string rather than human beings at the impulse of something cosmic. Therefore, it is well to preach the doctrines of these scenic gentlemen, for the salvation of everyone in the theatre. For, at the present, the theatre is significantly in their hands, and thus far, all's well.

Peter Quayle

Continued from page 26

anxiety grated on him, and she concealed it from him.

"You will look after him?" she said to me, hastily, while I was waiting for him in the hall, one evening. "I'm glad you like him. He's a dear boy."

She was still a handsome woman, younger than her husband, but with a nervously apprehensive manner and a painful mouth. (The expression of that mouth made me sympathize with Bob's feeling toward his father.) Her time appeared to be wholly occupied with household matters and the meetings of some few boards of charitable aid. I thought her tragically commonplace.

I saw about the house only one thing that seemed characteristic of old P.Q. That was an antique framed motto in early English black-letter on his library wall. There was a legend that it had been given to him by J. P. Morgan, but I suspect that he treasured it for the sentiment as much as for the association. It read:

"A secret that is known to one —
A secret known to God alone.
A secret that is known to two —
A secret known to God knows who."

I should say it might have been engraved on P.Q 's upper lip.

He was out of town when Bob and I arrived; and when he returned, he was absorbed in office routine and board meetings and evening conferences of one sort or another. He breakfasted before we were out of bed, and he walked early to his office — with a secretary who brought him his mail and telegrams at seven. He carried a heavy walking stick because he had once been attacked on the street, and he limped from a twinge of rheumatism in the knee — on the morning that I saw him — but his carriage was otherwise erect and forceful, and the defiant poise of his head and shoulders was accentuated by the rakish angle at which he wore a soft hat slanted down on his eyebrows. Even at a distance you would know he was "a character."

We had one dinner with him — a formal family dinner given to some financiers. Among them there was a Londoner who represented a group of British investors. As we went in to the table, Bob whispered to me that this man had arrived wearing a monocle, and old P.Q. had growled at him: "I can't talk to you with that damn thing in your eye. Take it out"; and the Englishman had been so surprised that the glass had dropped from his eye-socket and he had not put it back. He looked rather bewildered throughout the meal, either because of his reception or because the lack of the monocle affected his sight.

The others had an air of suppressed amusement. P.Q. was dour and silent. It appeared that he had been to Washington, on some business about a bill in the Senate which he wished to have passed. It had been passed. The men at the table, congratulating him on his success, asked him what arguments he had used. "Arguments!" he grumbled. "They knew all the arguments. Been listening to arguments for a month. I hadn't any arguments. I just damned it through."

The others accepted the opportunity to relieve the laughter which they had been restraining. The Englishman seemed more bewildered than ever. P.Q. looked up, blinking against a puckered twinkle of the eyes. For a moment, I thought that he was going to smile. I said so, under my voice to Bob. He nodded sourly. "He's getting old," he muttered. "Losing his self-control."

His mother shook her head at him. The table was unnecessarily large, in a room so vast that the shaded candlelight did not reach the walls.

The talk at the upper end of the table ran into a discussion of the attacks that were being made by politicians and newspapers upon the owners of public utilities. I listened with a divided mind, trying to picture to myself what life must look like to the old nabob at the head of the board. A map of the city hung in his library, with his real estate holdings marked on it in red, and his street railways crawling over it in blue, and his gas-pipes wriggling through it in yellow, and patches of his docks and carbarns and gas-tanks all over it. I had been wandering around town with Bob — who was showing me the sights — and I could visualize many of these colored lines and patches in terms of buildings and constructions. How did it feel to live in a city that for more than half a century you had been erecting as you would a house? How would you feel toward the successive generations of tenants who leased the house from you, and paid you rent, and complained of exactions and inconveniences, and now suddenly began to talk as if it was, after all, *their* house to which your title was, in part, no more than "a public utility franchise"?

I judged that you would feel as contemptuously indifferent to the talk as old P.Q 's silence indicated *he* felt while he listened to the men before him. Generations of tenants had passed through his streets and houses as passengers got on and off his cars. He and the houses and the cars and the rails remained. He must feel as permanent as his properties. And as secure.

I began imagining myself in P.Q 's position, at the head of his table, owning his fortune, enjoying his security. It was more than a sense of wealth and power. I felt in the person of P.Q. that if I had wanted merely wealth, I should have speculated and bought stocks and not confined my holdings entirely to tangible assets of material construction. And if I had been ambitious for distinction and power, I should have educated myself to take my place among cultivated people, and put on a silk hat, and been undisturbed before a monocle. No. What I had needed was security — from that very first day when I landed friendless at Castle Garden, and hastened to put my five hundred dollars in the bank.

Security. Security from what?

And then I remembered Bob saying that his father had arrived in New York with something in his past that he wouldn't talk about; and I saw myself guiltily banking my five hundred, and guiltily getting to work to add to it, and silently entrenching myself in the ownership of land and houses, and confiding in no one, talking as little as possible, afraid of people, trying to intimidate them because I *was* afraid of them, and bristling like an old dog on the door-step of my personality, on my guard against any intrusion — even an affectionate intrusion — so that even my wife —

I must have been staring at old P.Q. with an expression of hypnotized clairvoyance, for when he looked down the table and saw me, he frowned and then focused on me a queer startled glare. It was a look that lasted only an instant before I came to and busied myself with my food. But during that instant I must have confronted him with the eyes of astounded speculation.

Bob had not noticed my expression, but he saw his father's. "What were you doing?" he whispered. "Making faces at him?"

I pretended that I didn't know. "I may have been," I said. "I was looking at him and thinking of something else."

He giggled. "You'll be sticking your tongue out at him next."

He told his mother that I had "made a snoot" at the old man, and he stuck to his story, snickering hysterically, in the face of her distress. It was a feeble enough joke, and his pleasure in it probably came as much from my embarrassment as from the fact that he was tickling his own desire to cheek his father.

The incident seemed insignificant at the time. It had its consequences.

That same evening something else occurred that might have interested P.Q. more than my uncomplimentary conception of his psychology — if he had known of either.

Bob had bought tickets for "a show", a musical comedy at the old Manhattan Theatre on Broadway. We arrived late, and it was not till after the end of the first act that we found the name of Angela Quayle in the cast. It caught Bob's eye, of course. And during the second act we amused ourselves trying to decide which of the chorus Angela Quayle might be. We got no clue.

There was a red-haired soprano who had a small part among the principals. "I used to know her," Bob volunteered. (Her name was Dolly something or other—Dolly Varley, let us say.) At the end of the act, he said: "I'm going to find out from her which is Angela Quayle. Wait here a minute."

The third act was well under way before he returned. And he had not only found out which was Angela Quayle; he had invited her and Dolly Varley to supper after the theatre. I felt very much the young man about town. He whispered: "I told them you were a Canadian playwright down here seeing the managers. You'll have to live up to that." It was a part that rather went to my head.

Angela Quayle proved to be a tall, dark girl, graceful and demure. She did not try to see us across the footlights, but Dolly Varley found us and smiled at Bob, and then took me in with an absent-minded scrutiny. I strove to look unconscious of my importance — and still look important. I think I failed.

We met the girls conveniently, at the foot of the dressing-room stairs, in the wings of a stripped stage; and they did not ask the names of any of the managers whom I had been seeing. They were not interested in me at all, in fact. Before the affair was ended, I understood thoroughly that a provincial dramatic author, quite unproduced, was not a prize behind the scenes — certainly not when he was in social competition with an heir to the Quayle millions.

Dolly Varley proved to be older than she had looked in her stage rôle, and both she and Angela were quietly dressed. They confessed to being hungry, and voted to go to a neighboring rathskeller for something hearty to eat. The expedition rapidly lost the air of an adventure. They behaved as sedately as any two intelligent girls who earn their own livings and are economically independent of the need of coquetry. I began to see that I had been deceived by the traditions of fiction in the matter of actresses.

And I began to see, too, that Bob had arranged the party not merely for his amusement or mine. He wanted to know

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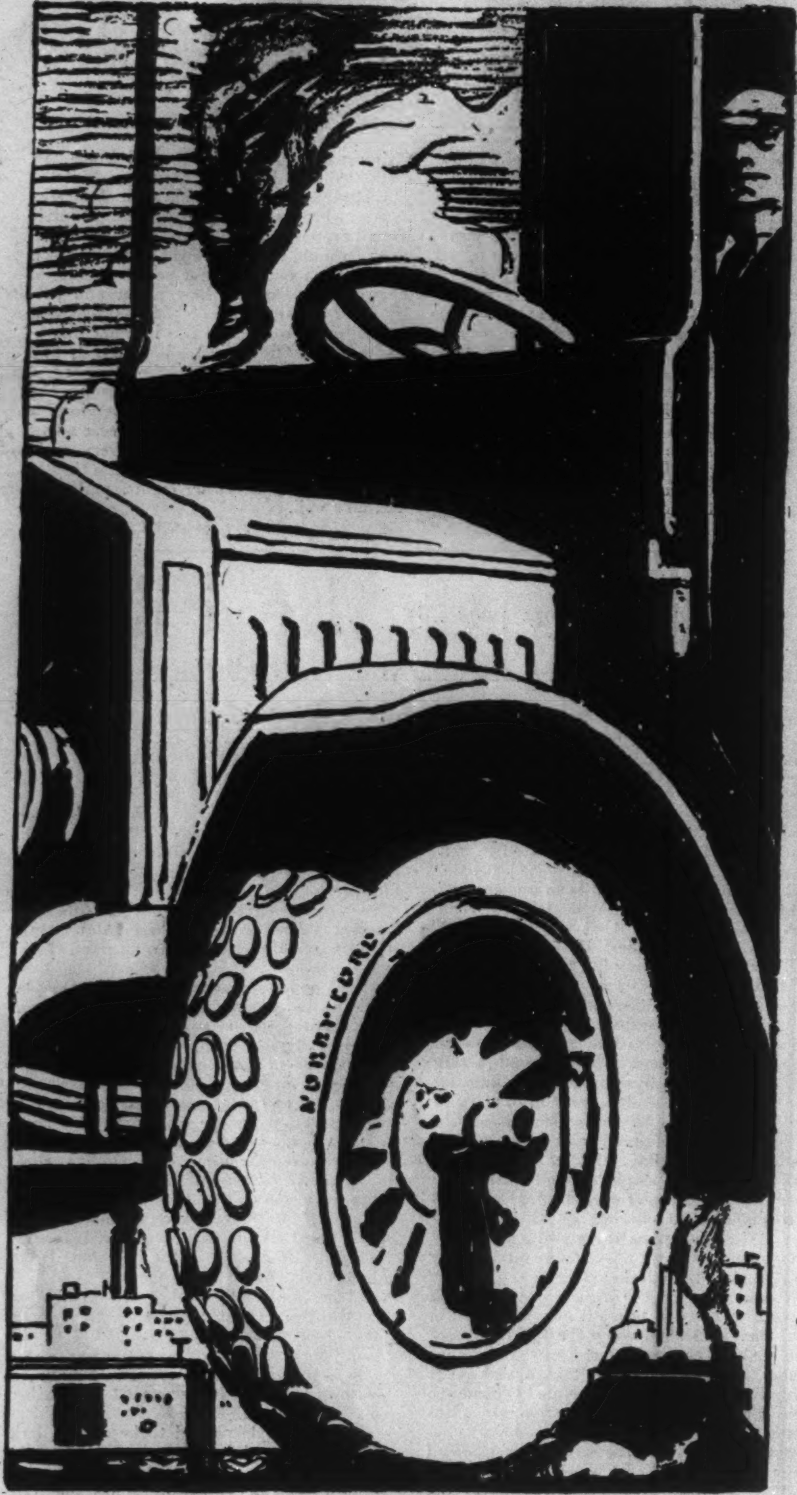

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how Angela Quayle had come by her name. Was it a stage name only?

Well, her real name was Angela Priestly, but Quayle was her mother's maiden name.

Where had they come from?

Her mother had come from England, but she had married in this country.

He began to show some excitement. "Isn't she Manx? Didn't she come from the Isle of Man?"

"Why?"

"Well," Bob said, "if she did, I'll bet you're relatives of ours."

She smiled. "It wouldn't do me any good if we *were*, would it?"

"Yes," he answered unexpectedly. "It might. Find out for me, will you? I mean it."

"Oh, very well," she said.

She made no more of it than that, and I did not hear Bob refer to the matter again; but when we had taken the girls to their addresses and were driving home together in a hansom — which was Bob's constant ideal of bachelor luxury — I asked him whether he really thought she might be a relative, and he said: "I don't know. I hope so. I like her, don't you?"

I liked her well enough.

"Rotten shame," he said. "A girl like that working in the chorus. I'll bet she's had a tough time."

I regretted he'd told her I was a playwright.

"Why?"

"Why! Because she's been as silent about it as if you'd told her — I don't know *what!*"

Bob laughed. "She was probably afraid you'd pull a manuscript out of your pocket and try to read her a first act."

It seemed to him a good joke. When he saw that I was really surly about it, he promised: "The next time I see her, I'll tell her the truth."

That incident had its consequences also.

He did not see her again during my visit, and he said nothing about her when he rejoined me in our classes at the university. If I knew that he was corresponding with her, it made so little impression on me that I have forgotten it. I was busy trying to prepare myself for the approaching doomsday of examinations. He announced suddenly that he was done with exams, with college, with the whole silly cram that was called education. I did not connect her with his decision. I supposed that it was simply the revolt of the idle rich against intellectual labor. He was more than usually restless, impatient, contemptuous and unhappy. He came to me in the library one sunny morning. "Good-bye," he said. "I'm going. I'm packed." And he said it loudly, so as to show his scorn for the regulations that required silence in the reading-room.

Several students near us turned and hissed "Ssh!" angrily. He invited them to mind their own driveling business, in a voice that was audible to the whole world. All the free spirits in the neighborhood accepted that as a challenge to an interchange of insults. An indignant hubbub arose. The desk-clerk rapped in vain for order. I hurried Bob out to the hall, through a small riot of cat-calls and hisses, to which he kept replying in spite of my attempts to hush him as he went. We were overtaken at the door by an angry attendant with a summons to the librarian's office. Bob replied that the librarian could go to bottomless perdition, as far as *he* was concerned — and walked out. It was not so simple a situation for me. I had an uncomfortable half-hour trying to clear myself somewhat without putting all the blame on Bob. I escaped with a week's suspension from the privileges of the library, and hurried off to Bob's room.

He had gone.

He wrote apologetically from the train and again when he reached New York, but I was too busy to reply, and I was also glad to have him off my mind. When the exams were over, I had problems of my own to face. In the silence that came between us, I got no hint of the events that were preparing.

THEN he wrote reminding me of our conversations about the impossibility of making a living as a writer in Canada, and inviting me to try a preliminary attack on New York from the hospitality of his rooms. "Have something important to tell you," he explained. "Very important. Need your advice." New York, however, had frightened me; and even when his mother wrote, obviously at his instigation, I shivered in reluctant refusal, and hung back.

There was another long silence. I spent part of it day-dreaming scenes in which I bluffed a Park Row editor into giving me a summer try-out in his city-room. I did not succeed in making the scenes quite credible. Bob wrote that he was in trouble and needed my aid. That settled it. I decided that I would not go; that I had troubles enough where I was. And had triumphed over temptation in this decision — and convinced myself of my essential strength of character — when Mrs. Quayle wired, "Please come. He needs you." Naturally I packed my trunk and went at once.

Bob met me in the ferry-house at Twenty-third Street. In the cab he told me that he intended to marry Angela Quayle. And while I was still in a confusion of doubtful congratulations, he announced that P. Q.'s father, who had died at sea, and Angela's grandmother, who had been abandoned on the Isle of Man, were husband and wife. And when I objected that he could hardly marry his father's niece, he said coldly: "I'm not his son. I've known it for years."

(*The conclusion of "Peter Quayle" will appear in McClure's for November.*)

The Wanderer of the Wasteland

[*Continued from page 29*]

and endurance against those of the sheep. In this way he magnified the game of hunting. His exhaustion and pain and peril he welcomed as lessons to the end that his knowledge and achievement must be in a measure what Dismukes might have respected. Failure to Adam was nothing but a spur to renewed endeavor.

The days passed into months. Summer came again. Time did not mean anything to the desert, though it worked so patiently and ceaselessly in its infinite details. The desert might have worked for eternity.

And there came a time when the Indian showed his real nature. Two years and more the old chief had taught Adam, had studied him with desert eyes. Then, in the spring, Charley Jim packed a couple of burros, and bidding Adam follow with his rifle he led the way out upon what Adam felt was a mysterious journey. The chief wound up the canyon to its source, climbed over the rugged pass down into another desert valley, and into the wild recesses of the Chuck-Wallas. He penetrated the heart of this rough range, to a canyon that had no outlet. It was a walled valley, difficult of access, with an oasis at the head, and a long meandering line of greenbrush down the middle.

Adam gathered that the Indian had brought Dismukes here. "White man gold-mad," said the chief. "No happy, little gold. Want dig all — heap hog — damn fool!"

So Charley Jim characterized Dismukes. Evidently there had been some just cause, which he did not explain, for his bringing Dismukes into this hidden canyon. And also there was some significance in his bringing Adam there. Many had been the rewards of Charley Jim and his family for saving and succoring Adam. They had lived upon meat and flour and bacon; they had been given many utensils and weapons that, from time to time, Adam had ordered from the freighting-posts.

"Indian show Eagle heap gold," said Charley Jim. In the dry sand and gravel of this wash Adam found gold. The discovery gave him a wonderful thrill. But it did not drive him mad. Adam divined in the dark impassive face of his guide something of the Indian's contempt for a white man's frenzy over gold. The Indians knew where to find gold, yet seldom did they dig it, and when they did, they took only a little to the freighting-posts with which to buy necessities. Adam wondered at this.

"Charley Jim, why you no dig heap gold?" he asked.

The Indian's slow reply embodied two reasons; one that he did not need gold, and another that if the Indians were to take

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large quantities of it to the posts they would be followed by white men, and soon the desert would no longer be home.

Adam had learned from the Mexicans at Picacho how to dry wash for gold. This was hard tedious work and not to Adam's liking. But he persisted and toiled at it long enough to get a small bagful and to know that whenever he needed gold he could, like an Indian, come there to get it. Prospecting for gold, washing for gold, anything concerning gold brought gloomily back to Adam the memory of how he had happened to come west.

It developed that this mountain-shadowed valley held something of keener interest for Adam than the glittering sands. And this was the pair of camels Dismukes had talked about. At first sight of the huge shaggy tawny hump-backed beasts of burden Adam could scarcely believe the evidence of his own eyes. The Indian showed no surprise. When Adam approached the camels they moved away, but they did not appear wild. He conceived the idea of remaining there in the valley for a while to see if it was possible to carry out the plans Dismukes had declared feasible.

HE succeeded. These great beasts had been born in captivity. The Indian found no difficulty in approaching them, and perhaps this was owing to his dark skin, like that of an Arab. Then when the camels learned that Adam meant them no harm, they evinced no more fear of him. Adam taught himself to ride them, which achievement he considered equal to packing a sheep down the mountain-side.

When the day came to leave, Adam relinquished any idea he might have had of taking the camels to the Indian encampment. Such a trip would be hard on them, and at that time, of no especial good to him. They were safe here in this lonely valley, and probably would never leave it of their own accord. If he ever found strange and urgent need of them, he would no doubt find them here years hence.

Oella had grown into a tall handsome young woman, a fact that the braves of the Coahuilla tribe were not slow to appreciate. They paid court to Oella. But she would have none of their attentions. Charley Jim was a chief who exacted obedience from his family, but, though he seemed concerned as to Oella's prospects, and favorably inclined toward several of the young braves, he did not force her against her will.

These developments worried Adam more than they did any one else. Oella had no eyes for any man but him. She seemed more reserved than when she was a young girl; still Adam sensed her preference. She had never ceased to serve him. At this time Adam, concerning himself about Oella's future, and fearful lest he unwittingly might stand in her light, undertook to talk to her about her suitors, especially one well-favored young brave who appeared honest and industrious. Adam could converse now with Oella in the language that she had taught him; and he told her what he considered best for her happiness and the duty she owed her people. What a strange, proud, inscrutable glance she gave him from her great black eyes!

"Oella will never be the wife of an Indian."

"Why — Why?" stammered Adam, amazed and aghast at her answer.

But she dropped her head and took refuge in the silence of her race. Adam did not need her spoken answer. It showed all too clearly in the sad dignity and aloofness of her bowed head. He left her and went out to be alone, distressed in mind. It must be on his account that Oella said she would never marry one of her race. He well knew how dark-skinned Mexican and Indian women conceived strange passions for white men; but there had never been anything on Oella's part to indicate such a catastrophe. He had been kind, generous, grateful. But still, on her side, as shy, silent, aloof as she had always been, there remained in mute strong evidence to sting Adam's conscience the fact that she had saved his life, nursed him back to health, and served him with singular unselfish loyalty for three years. He could never pay his debt.

Charley Jim did not abide long with his people after Oella's refusal of some of the best young men of the tribe. Once more he led his family out upon the trails, this time crossing the back-bone of San Jacinto Mountain; then traveling on to the Cottonwood Mountains, where Adam and the sons put in a hard month hunting.

No time so swiftly fleeting as days and nights out in new and strange places of the desert! Adam kept track of time by the coming and going of the white crowns of snow on the peaks.

Like coming home was it to get back to the oasis in the canyon of the Chocolate Range. Adam loved the scene of his torture. Every stone, every tree, was a familiar friend, and seemed to whisper welcome to him. Here also had passed the long, long months of mental anguish.

Best of all, out there reached the gray endless expanse of desert: and there loomed the lofty bare heights of rock which, when he scaled them, seemed to welcome him with sweet cold winds in his face.

Somewhere in the shadow of that domed and turreted peak lay the grave of his brother Guerd.

"I'll go back some day!" whispered Adam, and the spoken words seemed the birth of a long-germinating idea. Picacho haunted him. It called him. It was the place that had given the gray color and life to his destiny. And suddenly into his memory flashed an image of Margarita. Poor frail dusky-eyed girl! She had been but the instrument of his doom. Long ago he had forgiven her. But memory of her hurt.

At sunset the old chief came to Adam, sombre and grave, but with kindness tempering the seriousness of his aspect.

"White man, you are of the brood of the eagle. Your heart is the heart of an Indian. Take my daughter Oella as your wife."

Long had Adam feared this blow, and now it had fallen.

"No, chief, the white man cannot marry Oella. He has blood upon his hands — a price on his head. Some day — he might have to hang for his crime. He cannot be dishonest with the Indian girl who saved him."

Perhaps the chief had expected that reply, but his inscrutable face showed no feeling. He made one of his slow impressive gestures — a wave of his hand; and it meant that Adam was to go.

Adam dropped his head. That decree was irrevocable, and he knew it was just. While he packed for a long journey, twilight stole down upon the Indian encampment. Adam knew, when he faced Oella in the shadow of the palms, that she had been told. Was this the Indian maiden who had been so shy, so strange? No — this seemed a woman of full heaving breast, whose strong dark face grew strained, whose magnificent eyes, level and piercing, searched his soul. How blind he had been! All about her seemed eloquent of woman's love. His heart beat with quick heavy throbs.

"Oella, your father has ordered me away," said Adam. "I would marry you — cherish you as a white man cherishes his wife — but I am an outcast. I am hunted. If I made you my wife it might be to your shame."

"Stay. Oella is not afraid. We will hide in the canyons," she said.

"No. I have sinned. I have blood on my hands. But, Oella, I am not dishonorable. I will not cheat you. . . . I can only remember and love you always."

"Take me," she cried, and the soft deep-toned passionate voice shook Adam's heart. She would share his wanderings.

"Good-bye, Oella," he said, huskily. And he strode north to drive his burro out into the lonely melancholy desert night.

THE second meeting between Adam and Dismukes occurred at Tecopah, a mining camp in the Mojave Desert.

The Great American Desert comprises more than one-fifth of the southwestern United States, a vast arid country bound on the west by the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Mountains, on the south by Mexico, and on the north by a rugged line extending from Salt Lake clear round and down to the mouth of the Pecos River.

In California the southern part of this immense wasteland was called the Colorado Desert, because its boundary was the great mysterious desert river; and in the northern part the Mojave Desert extended as far as Death Valley, that most barren and ghastly place known to men.

Adam had wandered up across the Mojave to Tecopah, which desert-camp at that time was in its heyday of toil and rage and blood and gold. The mining-camp lay in a picturesque valley. It resembled a Mexican *pueblo* in its adobe huts so squat and square, with their flat roofs and vacant eye-like windows. The big smelter stood down in the creek bottom. A lack of regularity in the construction of this camp was one feature of its picturesqueness. It did not have any streets. Some buildings were up on the benches and others below; and they all

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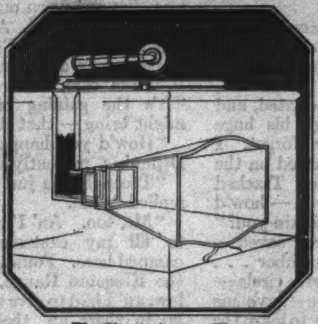

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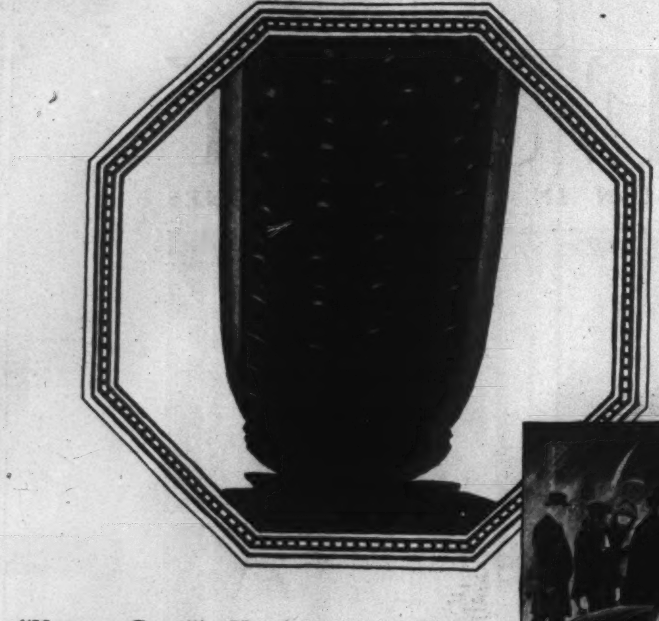

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looked as if they had just happened to be there, and as if they knew that the life and glory of Tecopah would not endure.

It was in March that Adam arrived at Tecopah to halt on a grassy bench at the outskirts of the camp.

The tell-tale ears of Adam's burros advised him of the approach of some one; and he looked up from his camp tasks to find a familiar figure approaching him. He rubbed his eyes. Was that strange figure the same one so vividly limned on his memory? Squat, huge, grotesque, the man coming toward him was Dismukes! His patched garb, his old slouch hat, his boots yellow with clay and alkali, appeared the same he had worn on the memorable day Adam's eyes had unclosed to see them. How wonderfully Adam remembered!

Dismukes drove his burros up to the edge of the bench, evidently having in mind the camp-site Adam occupied. When he espied Adam he hesitated and, gruffly calling to the burros, he turned away.

"Hello, Dismukes," called Adam. "Come on. Plenty of room to camp here."

The prospector halted stolidly and slowly turned back.

"You've got the best of me," said Dismukes, shaking hands. He did not seem a day older, but perhaps there was a little more gray in the scant beard.

"Look close. See if you can recognize a man you befriended once," returned Adam.

The moment was fraught with keen pain and a melancholy assurance of the changes time had made. Strong emotion of gladness, too, was stirring deep in him. This was the man who had saved him and who had put into his mind the inspiration and passion to conquer the desert.

Dismukes was perplexed, and a little ashamed. His piercing gaze was that of one who had befriended many men, and could not remember. He shook his head.

"Stranger, I give it up. I don't know you. I never saw you in my life. If I had seen such a man as you — I'd never forget."

He spoke with absolute conviction, and his glance and his words seemed a compliment to the magnificent stature of this stranger who claimed he should remember.

"Wansfell," said Adam, his voice full.

Dismukes stared. His expression changed, but it was not with recognition.

"Wansfell! Wansfell!" he ejaculated. "I know that name . . Hell, yes, I've heard of you all over the Mojave! . . I'm sure glad to meet you. My kind of a man, from what I hear! . . . But say, you're wrong about me — I never met you before — I never befriended you."

The poignancy of that meeting for Adam reached a climax in the absolute failure of Dismukes to recognize him. Last and certain proof of change! The desert years had transformed Adam Larey, the youth, into the man, Wansfell. For the first moment in all that time did Adam feel an absolute sense of safety. He would never be recognized.

"Dismukes, how near are you to getting all your five hundred thousand?" queried Adam, with a smile.

"By Gad! how'd you know about that?" exclaimed Dismukes.

"You told me."

"SAY, Wansfell! Am I drunk or are you a mind-reader?" demanded the prospector, bewildered. "Comin' along here I was thinkin' about that five hundred thousand. But I never told any one — except a boy once — an' he's dead."

"How about your white-faced burro Jinny — the one that used to steal things out of your pack?" asked Adam, slowly.

"Jinny! Jinny!" ejaculated Dismukes, with a start. His great ox eyes dilated, and something of shock ran through his huge frame. "That burro I never forgot. I gave her away to a boy who starved on the desert. She came back to me. Tracked me to Yuma . An' you — you — how'd you know Jinny? . . . Man, who are you?"

"Dismukes, I was the boy you saved — down under the Chocolates. Remember . . . it was Jinny saw me wandering in a circle — mad with thirst. You saved me — gave me Jinny and a pack — told me how to learn the desert — sent me to the Indians . . . Dismukes, I was that boy. I am now — Wansfell."

The prospector seemed to expand with the increased strain of his gaze higher and closer into Adam's eyes, until the instant of recognition, when he was shot through and through with a strange radiance.

"By God, I know you now!" he boomed, and locked his horny hands on Adam, in a gladness that was beyond the moment, and had to do, perhaps, with a far past faith in things. "I thought you died on the desert. Jinny's comin' back seemed proof of that . . . But you lived! You — that boy, tall as a mesquite plant — with eyes of agony . . . I never forgot . . . An' now you're Wansfell!"

"Yes, my friend. Life is strange on the desert," replied Adam. "And now unpack your burros. Make camp with me here. We'll eat and talk together."

A sunset rare on the Mojave, glowed over the simple camp tasks of these men who, in their wanderings, had met again.

While they ate their frugal repast they talked, each gradually growing used to a situation that broke the desert habit of silence. There was an unconscious deference in each man toward the other — Wansfell seeing in Dismukes the savior of his life and a teacher who had inspired him to scale the heights of human toil and strife — Dismukes finding in Wansfell a development of his idea, the divine spirit of man rising above the great primal beasts of the desert, self-preservation and ferocity.

"Wansfell, have you kept track of time?" asked Dismukes, reflectively.

"No. Days and weeks glide into years — that's all I can keep track of," replied Adam.

"I NEVER could, either. What is time on the desert? Nothin'. It must be years since I met you first down there in the Colorado. Let's see. Three times I went to Yuma — once to Riverside — an' twice to San Diego. Six trips inside. That's all I've made to bank money since I met you. Six years. But say, I missed a year or so."

"Dismukes, I've seen the snows white on the peaks eight times. Eight years, my friend, since Jinny cocked her ears that day, and saved me!"

"Eight years!" echoed Dismukes, and wagged his huge shaggy head. "Wansfell, you're a young man though I see gray over your temples. And you can't have any more fear because of that — that crime you confessed to me. Lord, man, no one would ever know you as that boy!"

"No fear that way any more. But fear of myself, Dismukes. If I went back to the haunts of men I would forget."

"Ah, yes, yes!" sighed Dismukes. "I understand. I wonder how it'll be with me when my hour comes to leave the desert."

"Will that be long?"

"You can never tell. I might strike it rich to-morrow. Always I dream I'm goin' to. It's the dream that keeps a prospector nailed to the lonely wastes."

Indeed this strange man was a dreamer of dreams. Adam understood him now, all except that obsession for just so much gold. It seemed the only flaw in a great character.

"Dismukes, you had a third of your stake when we met years ago. How much now?"

"More than half, Wansfell, safe in banks, an' some hid away," came the answer, rolling and strong.

"A quarter of a million! My friend, it is enough. Take it and go — fulfill your cherished dream. See the world. Travel and live. You have more than enough . . . And Dismukes, you're not young any more. Go before it's too late."

Adam had spoken with deep feeling. He divined a far future tragedy here — he felt the shadow of that precious and perhaps unattainable gold.

"I've thought of that. Many times when I was sick an' worn out I've tempted myself with what you said. An' there were hours of hell . . . But no. I'll never do that. It's the same now as if I had no money at all."

"Take care, Dismukes," warned Adam. "It's the gaining of gold — not what it might bring — that drives you."

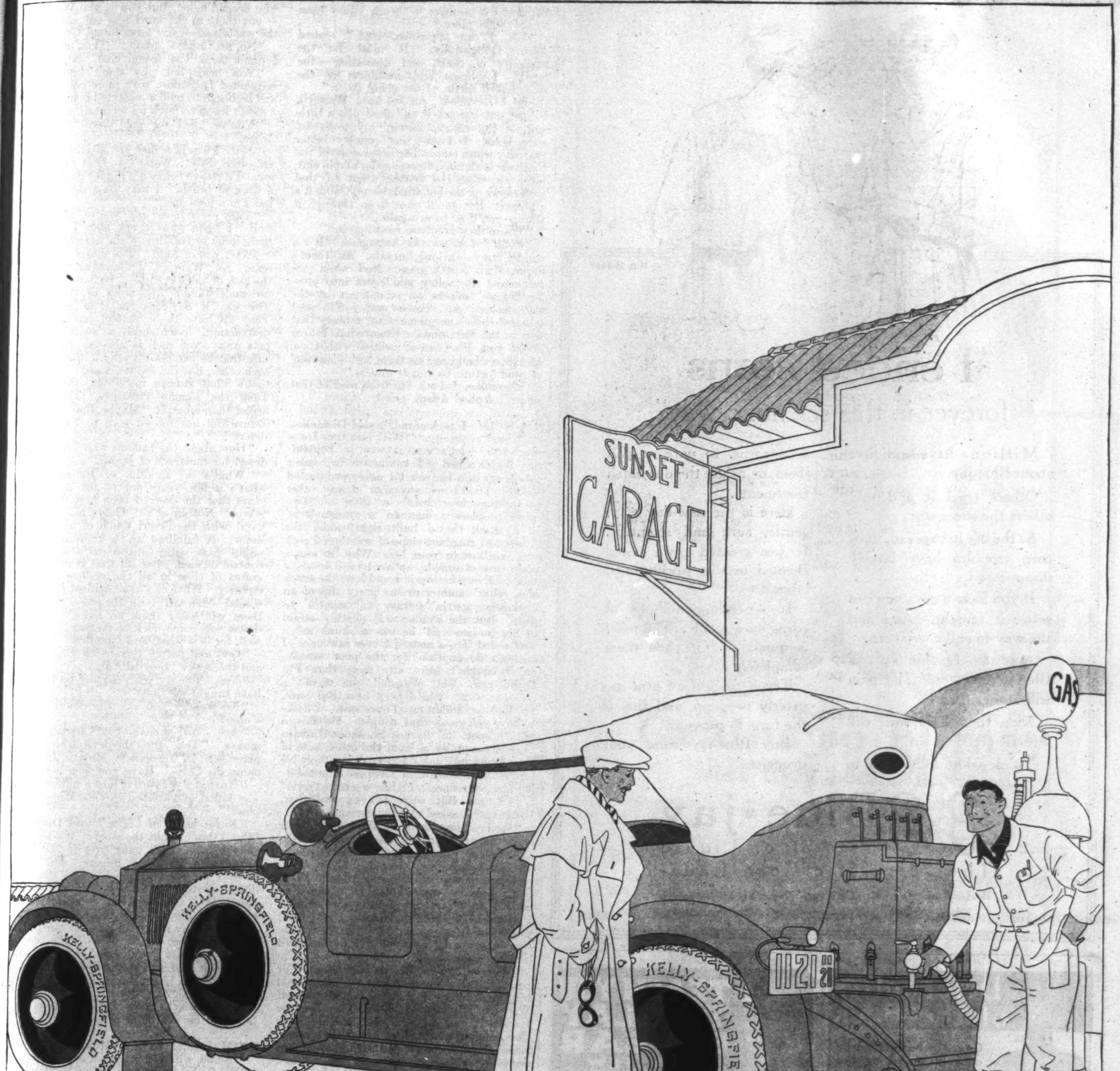
"How'd you happen along here?" queried Dismukes, presently.

"Tecopah was just a water-hole for me," replied Adam.

"Me, too. An' I'm sure sayin' that I like to fill my canteens here. Last year I camped here. Found some gold trace up on the Kingston Range, but my supplies ran low, an' I had to give up. My plan now is to go in there, an' then on to the Funeral Mountains. They're full of mineral. But a dry hard poison country for a prospector. Do you know that country?"

"I've been on this side of the range."

"Bad enough, but the *other* side of the Funerals is Death Valley. That gash in summer is a blasting roarin' hell. None but madmen ever tackle Death Valley in July, in the middle of the day. I've seen the mercury go to 140 degrees. But strange to say, Wansfell, the fascination of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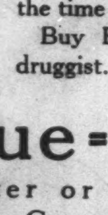

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the desert is stronger in Death Valley than at any other place."

"Yes, I can appreciate that," replied Adam thoughtfully. "It must be the sublimity of death and desolation — the terrible loneliness and awfulness of the stark naked earth. I am going there."

"So I reckoned. An' see here, Wansfell, I'll get out my pencil an' draw you a little map of the valley, showin' my trails an' water-holes. I know that country better than any white man. The lower slope of the Funerals is all clay, borax, soda, alkali, salt, nitre, an' when the weather's hot an' that stuff blows on the hot winds — my God, it's a horror! But you'll want to go through it all, an' you'll go back again."

"Where do you advise me to go in?"

"Well, I'd follow the Amargosa. It's a windin' stream an' long, but safe. An' there's fire-wood an' a little grass. Now when you get across the valley you'll run into prospectors an' miners an' wanderers at the water-holes. An' like as not you'll meet some of the claim-jumpers an' robbers that live in the Paramints. From what I hear about you, I reckon a meetin' with them would be a bad hour for them, an' somethin' of good fortune to honest miners."

"Dismukes, I don't run from men of that stripe," replied Adam, grimly.

"AHUH! I reckon not," said Dismukes, just as grimly. "Well, last time I was over here — let's see, it was in September, hotter'n hell — I run across two queer people up in a canyon I'd never prospected before. Didn't see any sign of any other prospectors ever bein' in there . . Two queer people — a man an' a woman livin' in a shack they'd built right under the damnedest roughest slope of weathered rock you ever saw in your life. Why, it was a plain case of suicide, an' so I tried to show them. Every hour you could hear the crack of a rollin' boulder or the graty slip of an avalanche, gettin' uneasy an' wantin' to slide. But the woman was deathly afraid of her husband an' he was a skunk an' a wolf rolled into a man, if I ever saw one. I couldn't do anythin' for the poor woman, an' I couldn't learn any more than I'm tellin' you. But, Wansfell, she wasn't a common sort. She'd been beautiful once. She had the saddest face I ever saw. I'd like to have you go see that couple. He chose a hidden spot, an' he has Shoshone Indians pack his supplies in from the other side of the Paramints. A queer deal, horrible for that poor woman, an' I've been haunted by her face ever since. I'd like you to go there."

"I'll go. But why do you say that, Dismukes?" asked Adam, curiously.

"Well — you ought to know what your name means to desert men," replied Dismukes, constrainedly, and he looked down at the camp-fire.

"No, I never heard," said Adam. "I've lived almost always alone. Of course I've had to go to freighting-posts and camps. I've worked in gold diggings. I've guided wagon-trains across the Mojave. Naturally I've been among men. But I never heard that my name meant anything."

"Wansfell! I've heard your name for years. Strange how I never remembered it. I remember *now* that you called yourself Wansfell. But I paid no heed then because I knew it was not your real name. Since then, of late years, I've heard that name. Some of your doings, Wansfell, have made camp-fire stories — the kind we wonder about an' ask each other if they're true. Your doings, Wansfell, have been wondered at, but never doubted — an' they're what have made dishonest men of the desert fear you. I — I — see here, Wansfell, you can't take offense at me. I was your friend — I hope I can be still."

"No offense, friend Dismukes," replied Adam, strangely affected. Here was news that forced him to think of himself as a man somehow related to and responsible to his kind. He had gone to and fro over the desert, and many adventures had befallen him. How good to learn that strange men spoke his name with wonder and respect!

"Wansfell, you see — you're somethin' of the man I might have been," said Dismukes, hesitatingly, yet encouraged.

"Oh, no, Dismukes," protested Adam. "You are a prospector, honest and industrious, and wealthy now, almost ready to enjoy the fruits of your long labors. Your life has a great object. . . . But I — I am only a wanderer of the wasteland."

"Aye, an' therein lies your greatness!" boomed the prospector. "I am a selfish pig — a digger in the dirt for gold. My passion has made me pass by men, an' women, too, who needed help. But you — you Wansfell — out there in the loneliness an' silence of the wasteland — you have found God!"

"No, no," replied Adam. "You're wrong. I don't think I've found God. Not yet!"

"You have but you don't know it," responded Dismukes, with more composure, and he began to refill a neglected pipe. "Well, I didn't mean to fetch up such talk as that."

"You've tried for gold here?" queried Adam.

"No. I was here first just after the strike, an' often since. Water's all that ever drew me. I'd starve before I'd dig for gold among a pack of beasts. I may be a desert wolf, but I'm a lone one."

"They're coyotes and you're the gray wolf. I liken most every man I meet to some beast or creature of the desert."

"Aye, you're right. The desert stamps a man. An' Wansfell, it's stamped you with the look of a desert eagle. Well, well, there's no understandin' the work of the desert. The way it develops the livin' creatures! They all have to be perfect machines for destruction. Each seems so swift that he gets away, yet each is also so fierce an' sure that he catches his prey. They live on each other, but the species doesn't die out — that's what stumps me about the desert. Take the human creatures. They grow fiercer than animals. Maybe that's because nature did not intend man to live on the desert."

"How about the Indians who lived on the desert for hundreds of years?" asked Adam.

"What's a handful of Indians? An' what's a few years out of the millions of years that the desert's been here, just as it is now? Nothin' at all! Only a man who has lived with the desert much of his life can know. A hundred an' a thousand years might pass with fruitfulness still in the control of men. But all that is only a few grains of time in all the endless sands of eternity. What can avail against the desert winds? Men will die an' the places that knew them will know them no more. An' the desert will come back to its own. That is well, for it is what God intended."

"God and nature then, with you, are one and the same?" queried Adam.

"Yes. Twenty years sleepin' on the sand have taught me that."

"No wonder you say the desert stamps a man!"

"Aye! An' woman, too!" answered Dismukes. "Take this she-devil who runs a place here in Tecopah — Mojave Jo is the name she bears. Have you seen her?"

"No, but I've heard of how a miner, Clark, was killed and robbed in this Mojave Jo's place."

"Never heard of Clark," said Dismukes. "But I don't doubt the story. It's common enough. There's a gang over in the Paramints who lives on miners. An' as for Mojave Jo, she's as much worse than any dirty coyote of a man I ever met on the desert as a Gila monster is worse than a butterfly. She's been prospector, miner, everythin' any man ever was out here. Half the time she wears pants. She curses, drinks, gambles — an' fight! — why, I saw her knock a Mexican senseless with her fist. She's big as a horse, strong as a bull, ugly as sin. A she-devil, Wansfell, without sex — a monstrosity! She's got only one eye, but that one is a flame of hell."

"I'M curious to see Mojave Jo," said Adam, with something of a grim disgust.

"Well, I'd be curious to see you see her," declared Dismukes. "An' speakin' of this one-eyed harridan reminds me of a man I met last trip across the Salton flats, down on the Colorado. Met him at Walters — a post on the stage-line from Yuma to Bannin'. He had only one eye, too. There was a terrible scar where his eye — the right one — had been. He was one of these Texans who're lookin' for a man. He sort of scraped acquaintance with me — a foxy fellow, on the scent. There seems to be possibilities of a railroad openin' up that part of the desert. An' this fellow quizzed me about water-holes. Well, he had an awful face. He would make a good side-partner for Mojave Jo. He'd been a sheriff in Texas, some one said, an' later at Ehrenberg. Hell on hangin' men! . . . Of course I never asked him how he lost his eye. But he told me. The deformity had affected his mind. He was always lookin' for the fellow who'd knocked out his eye. To kill him!"

"Do you — recall his — name?" asked Adam, his voice halting. The past seemed as yesterday.

"Never was much on rememberin' names," responded Dismukes, scratching his shaggy head. "Let's see — why, yes, he called himself Collis — Collishaw. That's it — Collishaw. But as a man he struck me [as easy to remember, just like Mojave Jo . . . Well, friend Wansfell, I've had enough talkin' to do me for a spell. I'm goin' to bed."

While Adam sat beside the fire, pondering with slow amaze over what he had heard, Dismukes prepared for his night's rest.

Adam felt tempted to pack and move on to a quiet and lonely place off in the desert, where he could think without annoyance. It had been the blow Adam had dealt — the savage fling of his gun in Collishaw's face that had destroyed an eye and caused a hideous disfigurement. And the Texan, with that fatality characteristic of his kind, was ever on the lookout for the man who had ruined his eyesight. Perhaps that was only one reason for his thirst for revenge. Guerd! Had Collishaw not sworn to hang Adam? "You'll swing for this!" he had yelled in his cold ringing voice of passion. And so Adam lived over again the old agony.

"We'll meet some day," soliloquized Adam. "But he would never recognize me."

The comfort of that fact did not long abide in Adam's troubled mind. He would recognize Collishaw. And that seemed to hold something fatalistic and inevitable. "When I meet Collishaw I'll tell him who I am — and I'll kill him!" That fierce whisper was the desert voice in Adam — the desert spirit.

He rolled in his blankets and stretched his long body to the composure of rest. Sleep did not drop with soft swiftness upon his eyes, as it had upon those of Dismukes. He had walked far, but he was not tired. And for long he lay awake, listening to the deep breathing of his companion, and the howl of the coyotes, and the sounds of Tecopah, so unnatural in the quiet of the desert.

The long night wore on with the heavens star-fired by its golden train, and the sounds at last yielding to the desert silence.

When Adam awoke he saw that Dismukes had breakfast steaming on the fire.

"I'm on my way to-day," announced the prospector. "What'll you do?"

"Well, I'll hang around Tecopah as long as I can stand it," replied Adam.

"Humph! That won't be long, unless you got in mind somethin' like you did at the Donner Placers down in Providence Mountains."

"Friend, what do you know about that?" queried Adam.

"Nothin'. I only heard about it . . . Wansfell, do you pan any gold?"

"When I happen to run across it," replied Adam, "but that isn't often."

"Do you work?"

"Yes, I've worked a good deal, taking it altogether. In the mines, on the river at Needles, driving mule-teams and guiding wagon-trains. Never got paid much, though."

"How do you live?" asked Dismukes, evidently curious.

"Oh, I fare well enough to keep flesh on my bones."

"You've got flesh — or I reckon it's muscle. Wansfell, you're the best built man I ever saw on the desert. Most men dry up an' blow away . . . Will you let me give you — lend you some money?"

"Money! So that's why you're so curious?" responded Adam. "Thanks, my friend. I don't need money. I had some, you know, when you ran across me down in the Chocolates. I used about a thousand dollars while I lived with the Coahuilla Indians. And I've got nine thousand left."

"SAY, you don't pack all that money along with you?"

"Yes. Where else would I keep it?"

"Wansfell, some of these robbers will murder you."

"Not if I see them first. My friend, don't be concerned. Surely, I don't look sick."

"Humph! Well, just the same, I advise you to be careful. I've been held up an' robbed three times."

"Didn't you make a fight for your gold?" asked Adam.

"No chance. I was waylaid — had to throw up my hands . . . They tell me you are swift with a gun, Wansfell?"

"Dismukes, you seem to have heard much about me. Yes, I am pretty swift with a gun."

"But you didn't throw a gun on Baldy McKue," said Dismukes, with a dark flare from his rolling eyes.

"No — I did not," replied Adam.

"You killed McKue with your bare hands," flashed Dismukes. A red stain appeared to come up under his leathery skin. "Will you tell me about that?"

"I'd rather not, Dismukes. There are *some* things I forget. Killing McKue meant no more to me than kicking a coyote-bitten skunk out of camp."

"Well, it meant a good deal to me," replied Dismukes. "McKue did me dirt. He jumped claims of mine down here near Soda Sink. An' he threatened to kill me — swore the claims were his — drove me off. Wansfell, I befriended you once. An' if you did that to McKue you've squared accounts. I — I wanted to talk to you about this last night, but somehow I couldn't. Is it true?"

"Yes."

"What'd you kill him for?"

"Because he'd have killed me."

"Didn't you look him up on purpose to kill him?"

"No. I meant to accuse him before the crowd — make him an outcast from decent men . . . A year before that time I went to Goffs. Some one took me into an old tent where a woman lay dying. She denounced McKue — she blamed him that she lay there — about to die. She did die and I buried her. Then I kept an eye open for McKue."

"I WONDERED — I wondered," said Dismukes. "It struck me deep. Lord knows fights are common out here. An' death — why, on the desert every way you turn you see death. But the way this was told me struck deep. It was what I'd like to have done myself. Wansfell, think of the wonderful meetin's of men on the desert — an', aye, meetin' of men with women, too! They happen different out here. Think of the first time we met! An' this time! — Wansfell, we'll meet again."

"Dismukes, the desert is vast. Sometimes you will not meet a man in months of travel — and not in years will you meet a woman. But when you do meet them life seems intensified. The desert magnifies."

"Wansfell, I want you to go across into Death Valley," declared Dismukes. "That woman in the shack! Her eyes haunt me. Somethin' terrible wrong! — That man who keeps her there — if he's not crazy, he's worse than a gorilla. For a gorilla kills a woman quick. . . . By God, Wansfell, I'd give you all the gold I've got to see you handle this man like you handled McKue!"

"*Quien sabe?*" replied Adam. "Draw that map of your trails in Death Valley. I've got a little book here, and a pencil."

It was singular to see the gold digger labor with his great stumpy calloused fingers. He took long to draw a few lines, and make a few marks, and write a few names in the little book. But when he came to talk of distance and direction, of trails and springs, of flat valley and mountain range — then how swift and fluent he was!

It seemed settled then that Adam and Dismukes were to meet in some vague place at some vague time.

While Dismukes strode out to drive in his burros, Adam did the camp chores. In a short time his companion appeared with the burros trotting ahead of him. Adam helped him pack.

"Wansfell, may we meet again," said Dismukes, as they shook hands. After striding a few yards down the rocky bench he turned, his dark face shining in the sun. "Look out for Mojave Jo!"

Adam was left to his own devices. He walked down to the creek bottom where the smelter was in operation. He was offered work. He said he would consider it. But unless there turned out to be some definite object to keep him in Tecopah, Adam would not have bartered his freedom to the dust-clouded mill for all the gold it mined.

He went to the store to make purchases for his camp outfit. It appeared to be a congregating place for idlers and other men with the stamp of a gold diggings upon them. Then he walked across the creek bottom to the house some miner had pointed out to him as the place where Mojave Jo held forth.

It was a large adobe structure, low and flat-topped, with crumbling walls. Adam had to bend to enter. The room was large, dirt-floored, and full of men. They lounged at a bar of planking, or played games around crude tables. Mexicans, Indians, miners, gamblers, dark-faced, shifty-eyed, they presented an evil-looking crew. The place was squalid and damp. When Adam entered the room most of the occupants glanced up and stared. These were coyotes on the scent. Adam caught a glimpse of the dark face of a hideously ugly woman with only one eye. He looked away. That one glimpse had sent a jerk through his frame, a kind of shock accompanied by heat of blood.

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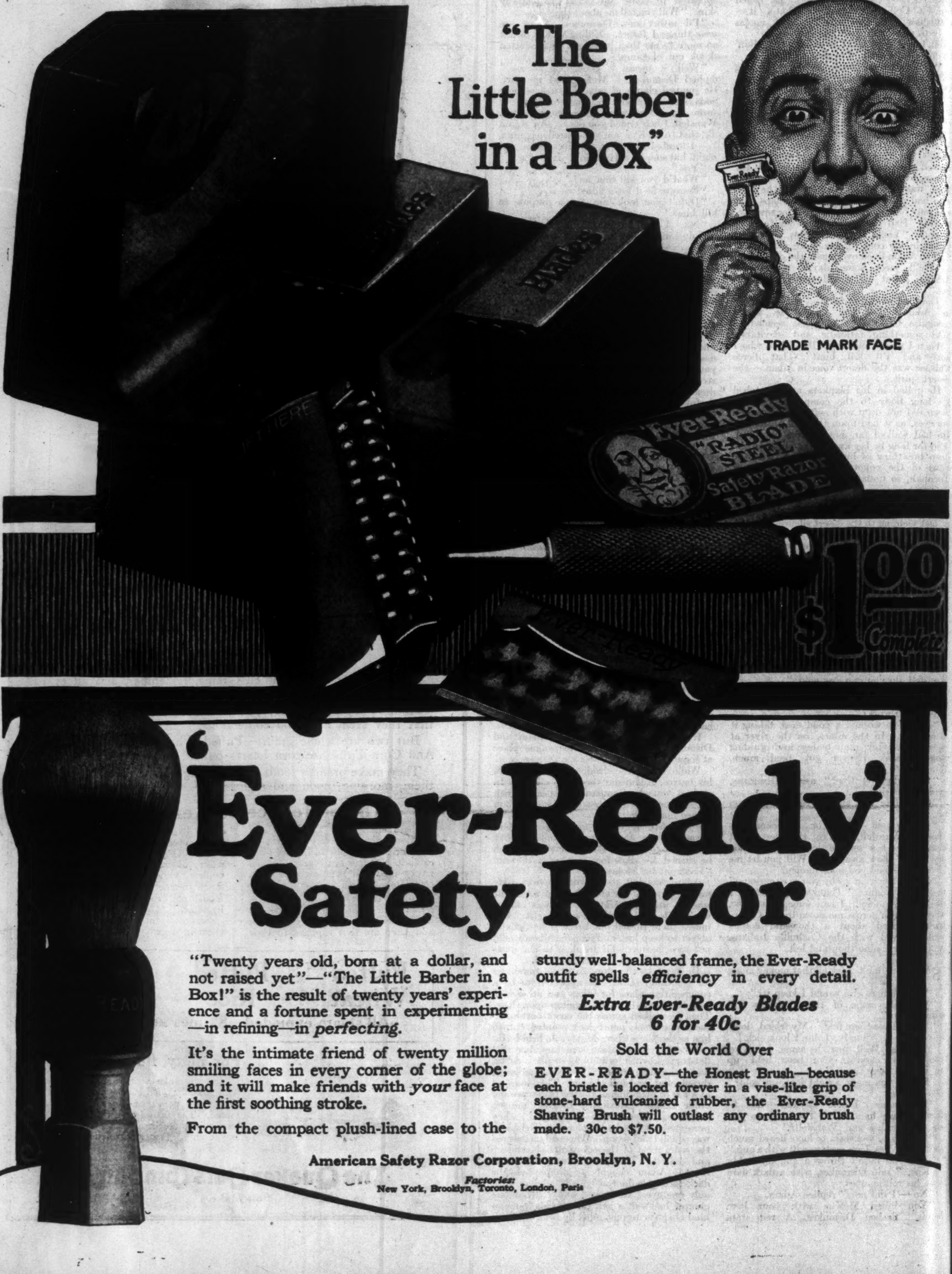

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"B'gorra, look ut thot giant of a mon!" exclaimed some one, manifestly Irish.

Adam veered his glance to see a red, sun-dried and bristly-bearded face that seemed to unlock another door in his memory. He crossed over nearer to where this little weazened Irishman sat at a table. Half-drunk, bleary-eyed, burnt out by rum and desert sun, years older, there sat the loquacious Regan of Picacho days. It did not seem strange to meet him. The words of Dismukes had presaged events for Adam.

"Howdy, Regan!" said Adam, offering his hand.

"I'll be dommed!" ejaculated Regan, with a puzzled grin, as he shook hands. "Me big frind, where'n hell did Oi iver see yez?"

"Don't you remember me? Wansfell."

The Irishman had no real recollection of Adam or the name. "Wonsfell! Sure an' I rimimber yez now. Ut was in ole England we met. An' thot's a long time ago. . . . Let's hev a dhrink." And he began to search in his ragged clothes for a coin that manifestly was not there.

"I don't drink any more, thanks."

"Huh! Don't dhrink any more? Ut's a dom foine idee," said Regan, and he grasped Adam's coat sleeve to lead him away from the table. "Bend down, yez giant-killer!" And as Adam complied Regan whispered in his ear, "Frind, I'm clean busted. I made a stake an' was doin' foine. But I got to dhrinkin' an' gamblin' here. An' they robbed me — frind — they robbed me. I've been layin' round to git even with this hell-cat. . . . Frind, will yez grub-stake me?"

"Yes, Regan. Come with me over to my camp," replied Adam.

Just then a rude hand caught Adam's arm.

"Stranger, if ye're goin' to grub-stake yer pardner, ye kin pay his debts first."

As the rude hand had clutched with the grip of a man, so the voice was loud, husky, masculine. But it appeared to be a woman Adam saw — the owner of that ugly face back of the bar — Mojave Jo. Ugly was too beautiful a word to apply to the visage upturned to Adam's. First he stared into a big red eye that seemed a window of hell. Where her other eye should have been showed a hideous hole. It was a broad swarthy visage, greasy and repulsive, with folds of fat down the cheeks and terrible lines of rage and baseness, a huge mouth bristling with coarse hair and yellow protruding teeth. The figure was tall, heavy, raw-boned, garbed in a man's flannel shirt and a woman's skirt. She wore a man's belt, containing a gun.

"Are you a woman or a man?" queried Adam, with slow cool deliberation.

A loud gasp escaped her and she seemed stupefied with amaze. Purple beads and patches thickened upon her face. With gathering might, with clumsy movement, she swung her arm, aiming a blow at Adam. But like a flash his hand caught her wrist and clutched it. His grip was one that bent bones.

"Aaagggrrr!" The sound issuing from her distended lips was neither yell nor scream nor bawl. But it was an expression of pain to which no man had ever given vent. Adam studied her convulsed visage as he might have a writhing tarantula. Her record stood out upon her features. As he released her wrist she fumbled with numb and strengthless hand at the gun she wore. But she could not grip it. Pain seemed to merge into bewilderment and then her coarse lips spread, apparently thick with curses.

"Mojave Jo, don't try to draw on me," called Adam, with a loud voice that stilled the murmuring watchers. . . . "Don't open your mouth to curse me!"

"Who're you?" she panted, hoarsely.

"I'm the wrong man for you, Mojave Jo."

Her broad breast heaved.

"Who's thet man?" she demanded. The fierceness which had seemed like the physical rising of hair, ears, bristles, subsided with the fading purple patches.

"Wansfell!" some miner called out.

"Wansfell!" she echoed.

"Jo, it's him who did fer Baldy McKue," spoke up the miner.

"Wansfell, did you jest drop in or hev you a bone to pick with Mojave Jo?" she demanded in awakening aggressiveness.

Adam gazed at the woman in loathing. She represented to him the malignant growth of the desert — a human being upon whom the wild and the raw elements had grafted a simian nature. He sensed the fear in her, instinctive recognition of a natural foe. He took a giant stride and towered over her, suddenly menacing.

"You had something to do with the murder of Clark," he shouted, piercingly.

A fleeting instant her mind showed naked through that one terrible eye! Adam read her guilt.

"No, I didn't. Haw! Haw! So thet's why Mister Wansfell called on Mojave Jo? . . . See hyar, you long-jawed, hawk-faced — you — ! I had nothin' to do with the killin' of thet miner Clark. He was drunk an' some greaser or road-agent bumped him on the head when I was asleep. . . . Do ye hear me — You —— !"

Adam thundered a command. And that, with the quivering spread of his great hand thrust out, enjoined silence. The leaping instincts in him just barely kept in abeyance in consideration of her sex. If she represented the hard beastliness of the desert, he likewise represented a violence and ruthlessness not long to be controlled. Justice seemed to be the reins of his instincts and if he yielded to them he would teach this sexless wretch a terrible lesson. But he did not yield.

"Come, Regan," he said to the gaping Irishman, "let's go to my camp."

[*To be continued*]

The Ladies and Joe O'Brien

[*Continued from page 13*]

"He ain't boosted sales much," commented Arnstein. Then quickly, "What do *you* think of him, Florrie?"

"Certainly Tom didn't exaggerate his grin," said the tactful Florrie.

"You're very observing," said O'Neill. "Did you notice the freckles on the back of his neck?"

"I couldn't, Tom. He had his face turned to me all the time."

"Oh, he did, eh?" O'Neill commented. "Well, he'd better keep his face turned to those women out there and leave you out of it."

"Married two years and still jealous," laughed Arnstein.

"Cynic and philanderer," sneered O'Neill humorously. Then, "It ain't that, Arny, but I brought young O'Brien here to concentrate on our customers and I don't want Florrie divertin' him."

"Notice any difference in sales in the millinery yet, Tom?" said Arnstein at the end of the second day.

"Keep your shirt on, Arny. They're just gettin' acquainted."

The ladies of Big Falls did come to O'Neill & Arnstein's to see Joe O'Brien as the senior partner had predicted, and they all fell under the spell of Joe's wonderful grin and his genial ways. And they all came again just to see Joe O'Brien and, for an excuse, most of them bought hats. This accounts for the fact that on the third day business began to look up surprisingly in the millinery department of O'Neill & Arnstein's.

Came along the evening of the fourth day of the advent of Joe O'Brien. A little bewhiskered and bespectacled man entered the private office of the firm and laid a paper on the senior's desk. "Report of the sales of the millinery department for to-day, Mr. O'Neill, as you instructed. Figures for yesterday opposite."

The little man retired. O'Neill scanned the figures and tossed the paper across to Arnstein. "There, look at that, you doubting Arny."

"By jinks," said Arnstein after a moment.

"That tells the story," said O'Neill.

"By jinks," Arnstein commented again.

O'Neill's private office was located so as to command a view of the main entrance and show-windows of the Wilton & Clark emporium. From his desk-chair the senior could observe what was going on over at his rival's. Two things O'Neill did observe with great satisfaction. The one was that presently it became quite as much a fad for the ladies of Big Falls to drop in to have a talk with Joe O'Brien and look at the hats as it had been to drop in on one

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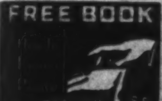

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another for a five o'clock cup of tea; the other thing O'Neill observed was the gradual dwindling of the crowd that had habitually hung around the show-windows of his competitor, and the diversion of the same in the direction of O'Neill & Arnstein's.

"Bless my eyes, Arny," exclaimed O'Neill the morning of the eighth day after the advent of Joe O'Brien, "if that ain't Mrs. Stutz, the wife of our Big Falls bad man, coming this way. I never expected to see her again, after that time I made Ike pay up. Strange things do happen in this little old world."

"Third time this week, Tom," said Arnstein.

O'Neill observed his partner. "Beginning to wake up and take notice, eh, Arny?"

"Who could help it with a woman like her beginning to buy."

O'Neill chuckled as he glanced down the street. "Aha, Wilton, me laddie buck! You will bring a trick artist from Chicago to dress your windows! Well, my little scheme is worth two of yours, as perhaps you may know by now."

FOR a time there was glorious sailing for Joe O'Brien, athlete, man's man in New York—man milliner in Big Falls. But presently storm clouds began to gather, clouds no bigger than your hand, at first, said clouds appearing to rise from somewhere in the neighborhood of Wilton & Clark's store—which was quite natural. For old Bill Wilton, having been duly apprized of the coming of Joe O'Brien and divining O'Neill's purpose in bringing him to Big Falls, took not only a keen personal interest but a keen mercantile interest in results. Old Bill, like O'Neill—but with very different feelings—noted the diversion of trade from his own shop to that of his competitor. He sent for his general manager.

"You must get after that window-dresser of ours, Blake."

"He's changed the window twice, sir."

"Oh, he has, eh? Well, let him unchange it. Let him re-change it, and then change it again. Let him keep on changing it. Let him stay in the window in broad daylight so that people can see him doing his work. They love to see something moving. There's where O'Brien's beating us. He's in action—grinning like a Cheshire cat all the time, but in action. A mere show-window can't buck up against a proposition like that and get away with it. Let your artist put on kilts and dance in the window, if he can't do anything else. We want action, movement." Old Bill paused, then: "Now, mark me, Blake. You tell that darned little wasp of yours that he's got to make good. That's what I'm paying him for—paying him more money than he ever got before in his life. You tell him if he——"

"I get you, Mr. Wilton."

And the "darned little wasp", with the near-set eyes, realized only too well that he was getting more money than he ever got in his life, and he determined to keep on getting it, willy-nilly. Desperately he sought to stem the tide that was setting full in the direction of O'Neill & Arnstein's under the magnetic lure of Joe O'Brien. But his most ingenious devices failed dismally. Now the wasp was not a true artist. He was only a money-getter. He had no sporting blood in him. So he resolved, if he couldn't beat O'Brien along the lines of artistic competition, he'd beat him by the next convenient means that came to hand. And here's the way he figured it out: O'Neill was banking on Joe O'Brien's personality alone, and personality alone is about as flimsy a thing to bank on as would be a diet of moonshine to a prize fighter. And the fact that the remarkable personality of the young New Yorker was employed to lure dollars from the pockets of women made his position peculiarly vulnerable. So the trick artist evolved a scheme for the dethronement of the man whose popularity meant his own downfall. It was simple enough. He would start the wheels of rumor.

The progress of the wheels of rumor that the wasp set in motion was indicated three days later. "Who is this Joe O'Brien, O'Neill brought on from New York?" said Billings to White as they passed the emporium.

"Why? Have *you* heard anything about him?"

For answer, Billings shrugged his shoulders. "I don't see why O'Neill brought that kind of a feller here."

"Just what do you mean by 'that kind'?"

"The New York kind. Fellers that make love to other fellers' wives."

"You mean young Menken, Billings?"

"What did *you* hear, Charley?"

"Nothing. Only he's getting wild about the way his wife is acting."

"I don't blame him," said Billings. "I heard she was there most every day."

"Arnstein's a friend of yours, Jim. Why don't you put him wise to what folks are sayin'?"

"Why don't you?"

"You've got daughters and I haven't."

"I ain't afraid. Besides, this feller makes a specialty of married women. You never can tell where lightnin'll strike, with a live wire from New York in a community."

That evening Charley White had a heart-to-heart talk with Arnstein at the Country Club, as a result of which Arnstein had a heart-to-heart talk with O'Neill in the private office the first thing in the morning.

"Say, Tom, have you heard anything about O'Brien?"

Arnstein's tone meant, "Have you heard anything *wrong* about O'Brien?" O'Neill removed his glasses and scowled at his partner. "Just what do you mean?"

"It's getting around that he's a philandering proposition—a devil with the women."

O'Neill snickered. "You bet your life he's a devil with the women. That's why I got him. Is *that* all?"

"That's all right, Tom, but it seems he ain't satisfied with sellin' 'em hats. He meets 'em after hours."

"What do we care about his love affairs so long as he attends to business? We ain't dry nursin' Joe O'Brien, and look here, Arny,"—O'Neill accentuated with his great forefinger—"we ain't dry nursin' the women of this town either." The senior savagely bit the end from a cigar and spat it on the floor, a non-committal way of expressing disgust. "Who told you?"

"It's been hinted from two or three sources."

"Give me one."

"Charley White says young Menken's getting very ugly—jealous—because his wife comes here every day to see O'Brien."

"Oh, rats! I know her. She's just like a young chicken—chases anything that moves. 'Taint jealousy with Menken. He's a tightwad. Afraid she'll spend a little money." O'Neill paused, then, "Who else told you?"

"Jim Kingsley's getting sore."

O'Neill's jaw dropped. "Gettin' sore, Arny? Why, he inherited that grouch from his grandfather."

"That's all right, Tom. But twice that lady has been seen going out in the evening alone lately and shortly after, on both occasions, O'Brien was seen going the same general direction, not far away either."

"Yes, and so were other people seen going in that same general direction and not far away either. Not guilty! Give me another."

"Sam Henkley's girl has been noticed hanging around Mrs. Tweedie's in the evening."

"Ha," laughed O'Neill. "Ha, ha. Guilty! We'll have Joe hanged at the next corner."

"Also it's reported that certain young girls have discovered where O'Brien goes to the pictures and haunt the place."

"THAT movie man ought to give him a rake-off, Arny."

Arnstein threw his hands apart protestingly. "What's the use of talking, Tom? You only make fun."

O'Neill patted his partner on the shoulder. "Of course I make fun of such rot as that, Arny. What amazes me is that you don't catch on. Don't you see there's method in all this talk?" O'Neill dug his forefinger into Arnstein's shoulder to emphasize. "It's put out with a purpose."

"Put out by whom?"

"I have my suspicions. Somebody is feeling the gaff." Then, argumentatively, "Else why should they concentrate on our man? Even if it were true, he isn't the only philanderin' proposition in this town. And, Arny, there's one great big item that outweighs all those others. O'Brien is sellin' hats."

"Even so, Tom, we're here to stay, and we can't afford to antagonize these people here. It ain't like a store in a big city. We know these folks individually."

O'Neill turned to some papers on his desk. "Oh, rats, Arny! We're merchants, not reformers. If a man can't keep his women folks, let him lose 'em. Besides—" The door opened, interrupting. "Why, hello, Florrie. Glad to see you. Here, have a chair."

"Yes, we're both glad to see you, Florrie," said Arnstein, making a mental note that Mrs. O'Brien had lately become a frequent visitor at the emporium.

"Oh, don't bother about a chair, Tom.

I'm going to run right along. I just dropped in to see you a minute."

And Arnstein studied the figures on the paper in front of him. "A half-hour for Joe — a minute for Tom," he mused, "and Tom pays the freight!"

Three days later Arnstein laid a letter on O'Neill's desk. "That was marked 'personal' and it wasn't signed."

O'Neill read:

> "Mr. Arnstein:
>
> If you don't want a killin' in your place you'd better sack that man milliner of yours. Ike Stutz has heard of the affair between that scoundrel and his wife — Stutz's wife — and he's on his way now from New Mexico to shoot up your place."

At last O'Neill was impressed. "When did you get this, Arny?"

"Late yesterday afternoon."

"Why didn't you show it to me?"

"Because you said all those stories I told you were hot air. You laughed at 'em. Thought I'd verify this one. I made it a point to meet Mrs. Stutz last evening as she was coming out of the restaurant where she gets her dinner and I asked her just casually when she expected Ike. She said she hadn't expected him for three months but she got a telegram from Ike's prospectin' partner, Bracken, that Ike was on the way. She couldn't account for it. Now, Tom, why should Bracken wire except as a warning?"

O'Neill affected indifference. "Perhaps Stutz was in a hurry and asked Bracken to wire. Come in," O'Neill shouted. And Joe O'Brien, who'd tapped at the door, entered. "Well, my boy, what is it?"

"Here's a letter I got this morning, Mr. O'Neill."

And O'Neill read aloud;

> "Miss Josie O'Brien:
>
> You male vamp, it's about time you stopped your mischief makin' among our women folks. A word of warnin'. Ike Stutz, the worst bad man in this country, is on the way from New Mexico to shoot up this place because of your affair with his wife. You better make tracks quick."

"Well," said O'Neill, turning to Joe, "what about it?"

"Nothing so far as I'm concerned, Mr. O'Neill. I only wanted you to know what was going on."

Joe's coolness irritated the apprehensive Arnstein. "My boy, do you realize what kind of a man this Ike Stutz is?"

"I've heard."

"And you say it doesn't concern you?"

"It isn't my business, Mr. Arnstein, it's yours and Mr. O'Neill's. If Stutz comes here and shoots the place up, that's your affair. So far as I'm concerned, I can take care of myself." Joe grinned. "There's always a handy counter to dodge behind, you know. But he might shoot out your chandeliers and scare the women and muss things up in the store and make a scandal."

Joe's calmness reassured O'Neill. "That's all right, my boy. But I know this fellow Stutz. You can't trust him. He's a treacherous cuss, and I'm giving you a friendly hint when I say you'd better arm yourself."

"My fists are the only arms I want, Mr. O'Neill, and I promise you one thing, Stutz can't pick a quarrel with me and assassinate me in self-defense."

O'Neill turned to his desk in a way that implied dismissal. "Very good, Joe. We'll think it over." When Joe had gone, O'Neill picked up the telephone. "10 Main." Presently: "Hello, chief. Say, chief, I wish you'd send Callahan over here. No. Nothin' particular. Just a social chat. You know. Thanks, old boy. So long."

When Callahan appeared a few minutes later, O'Neill handed him a weed. "Look at those two letters, Will," he said.

Callahan read the letters as suggested and laid them on the desk. "You want me to hang around, Tom?"

O'Neill nodded.

"You couldn't catch Stutz outside and lock him up, could you, Will?" said Arnstein.

"Not on such evidence as that." Callahan touched the letters to indicate. "Best I can do is to hang around."

"We're in your hands, Will," said O'Neill. "But don't let a soul out there know."

"I get you, Tom," said Callahan.

Joe O'Brien's habitual grin was not so marked during the afternoon. His thoughts were divided between selling hats and a certain Overland Limited that was somewhere en route between Santa Fé and Big Falls. Whenever aforesaid Limited entered his mind, the grin left his face automatically. Joe O'Brien was a fearless man. But he knew the value of caution. The athletic exercises he had always taken such pride in, in New York, had been neglected during his brief sojourn with the ladies in Big Falls. But that night, under the stimulus of impending danger, he resumed the exercises with a resolution and energy that promised to make up for the time he had lost. He had no punching-bag, but pillows stuffed in a corner on top of a high-backed chair served his purpose. He practised side-stepping and advancing and retreating and some wonderfully quick and heavy punches. And he lay on the floor, face down and with rigid body, and raised and lowered himself by sheer muscular force. Then he would make a rush at the pillow and land with his right on the spot that would have been the point of Stutz's jaw if Stutz's jaw had been on that particular spot. Joe was resolved that Stutz should not provoke him by insult alone to a physical attack, but in case the bad man should see red and should attempt to draw anyhow, Joe calculated that he could get to the point of that gentleman's jaw before he could whip a gun from his hip, and he was grimly confident that once he landed a wallop, Mr. Stutz would have no notion of drawing for some time to come.

Whoever sent the Stutz letters to Arnstein and O'Brien must have "leaked", for the news seeped gradually through the consciousness of Big Falls that their bad man was approaching at the rate of forty miles an hour, for no other purpose than to shoot up the place that harbored the scoundrel who had compromised his fair lady's name.

The Stutz-O'Brien scandal gave old Bill Wilton a most unlooked-for opportunity. He made it a point to meet O'Neill at the Country Club, where, for some time past, he had made a point of avoiding him. "Tom," said he, "it's about time you and I had an understanding about this Joe O'Brien show-window business."

"I thought we had a pretty good understanding already, Bill."

"Look here, Tom, I can keep up this cut-throat game as long as you can."

O'Neill flushed. "Don't you call it a cut-throat game on my part, Bill Wilton. You started it. Everything was running smooth and friendly till you sprung that show-window artist on me. That was the cut-throat part of it."

Wilton knocked the ashes from his cigar and remarked with a well-acted indifference that didn't fool O'Neill for a minute, "Oh, well, I can keep it up, if that's your game."

"*My* game," cried O'Neill. "Don't you put it on me, Bill Wilton!"

"It doesn't matter whose game it is, Tom. You know I'm a strong player, don't you?"

O'Neill nodded.

"VERY good. For the sake of the community, I'm willing to call it quits. You know the trouble that's brewing."

"A mere whisper here and a hint there."

"That's the way a snowslide starts, Tom — a flake at the top, half-way down an avalanche."

"That red-headed snowflake has brought me an avalanche of customers, Bill."

Wilton grunted. "Look here, Tom, let's get down to cases. Suppose'n Ike Stutz shoots up your place on account of O'Brien and his wife. That'll start talk goin'. A lot of women'll be involved. Now, Tom, to avoid a scandal like that in Big Falls, I'm willin' to call the thing off. You send O'Brien away and I'll sack my window-dresser."

O'Neill regarded Wilton for some moments. "So, Bill Wilton, you'd like to have me send this man away just at the top of his popularity. Sure, I'm disappointed in you, Bill. I thought I knew you better. You used to be a good fighter, the best ever, and there was fair competition. But now that I've beaten you at the cut-throat game that you started, you come to me with your tail between your legs and want to compromise. You come in the name of local patriotism. Your patriotism is local, Bill, it's damned local. Now, I serve warnin' on you. Ike Stutz can come to Big Falls and attempt to shoot up my place if he thinks he can get away with it. But I'm goin' to keep up this cut-throat game of yours — not only that, but I'm goin' to play it to the limit." O'Neill paused, then, "I've had this on my chest for some time, Bill Wilton, and I thank you for the opportunity for gettin' it off."

Wilton got up, lighted a fresh cigar, then turned deliberately. "You're right, Tom

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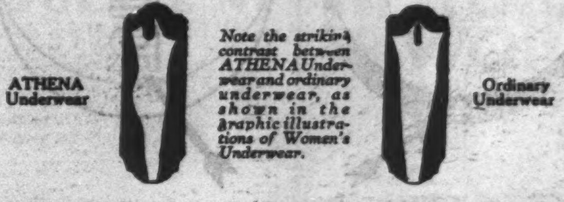

Note the striking contrast between ATHENA Underwear and ordinary underwear, as shown in the graphic illustrations of Women's Underwear.

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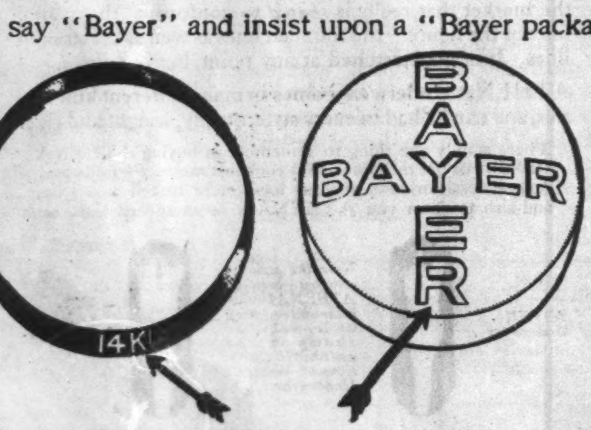
Always say "Bayer" and insist upon a "Bayer package"



The "Bayer Cross" on Aspirin tablets has the same meaning as 14 Karat on gold. Both mean Genuine!

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O'Neill. I *am* a good fighter and I'll tell you this and it's my last word. You may go plumb to hell."

Even as old Bill Wilton made the aforesaid cordial consignment of his rival to the place where the blizzards do not come from, the Overland Limited pulled in at the station at Big Falls and Ike Stutz alighted. Although Stutz was met by two serious-looking men, put in a taxi, and whisked away to his home and did not appear upon the streets of Big Falls again that night, the news of his arrival spread like a prairie fire.

It was half-past eleven on the morning of the day after O'Neill had scornfully turned down the overtures of old Bill Wilton at the Country Club that the notorious encounter between Ike Stutz, miner and bad man in general, of New Mexico and Big Falls, and Joe O'Brien, man milliner of New York, took place. The millinery department of O'Neill & Arnstein's was thronged as usual. It was noticed that there were a good many men customers on this particular day, and the interest they took in things millinery was remarkable. Callahan was on the job.

It was eleven-thirty by the clock, when a bulky presence, booted and spurred and properly sombreroed, entered the emporium of O'Neill & Arnstein and made direct for the millinery department. Once there, Stutz paused, looked all around, then, sighting the object of his visit in the distance, swaggered down the aisle like a challenging Goliath to where Joe O'Brien stood at the rear, alone, graceful, alert, a youthful David. Everybody was alert, keen. Even the saleswomen — nerves tense — stood back and away, leaving the two figures isolated. To the left, behind the almost invisible slit between two curtains, was the blue steel muzzle of an automatic in the hands of a thin-faced man who could plump a bullet into any part of a person's anatomy he chose.

The huge bulk proceeded until within three feet of O'Brien, and halted. "You're Joe O'Brien, eh?" roared Stutz gutturally.

"I am," said Joe, "what can I do for you?"

O'Neill never was prouder of his protégé, for that moment Joe grinned. "By gad, do you see that, Arny?" he whispered. "Do you see that?"

For a moment, Stutz, the terrible, stood scowling. An awful moment. And the barrel of the automatic covering him from behind the curtains was as steady as if it had been bolted to a tripod. Joe's eyes never left Stutz's hands. Should the bad man make the slightest provocative movement the catlike right of the man milliner would reach the point of his jaw like an electric flash. For a long moment grin met scowl, then scowl faded and grin met grin.

"Shake," bellowed Stutz, thrusting out a huge paw.

"Delighted," said Joe.

The awful moment had passed.

For fifteen minutes the pair talked in an undertone. The saleswomen and the customers made a pretense of resuming business and the male contingent suddenly lost all interest in affairs millinery and departed. But the blue steel muzzle of the automatic was never lowered for an instant. For Callahan knew his man.

NO sooner had the great bulk of Stutz left the millinery than Joe O'Brien made straight for the private office, where he knew his employers would be eagerly waiting for him. He knocked, entered, closed the door, and stood there, grinning.

"Well?" said O'Neill. "Well?"

Still Joe grinned.

"Well?" said Arnstein. "Go on."

"Gentlemen," said Joe, "the whole thing's a farce and we're some of the dubs that fell for it."

"What?" shouted O'Neill, scowling incredulously. "What?"

"Stutz didn't come here to shoot up the place at all. He came here to congratulate me for selling Mrs. Stutz hats that made her look like somebody."

O'Neill, open-mouthed, was inarticulate.

"But what's he here for, Joe? What's he doin' in Big Falls?" Arnstein protested.

"He came here to sell stock in a mine he's got out there somewhere." Joe chuckled. "As a mark of appreciation he let me in on the ground floor. I got a hundred shares — for three dollars."

"But how do you account — ?" Arnstein protested.

Joe broke in. "Some mischief-maker got hold of the fact that Stutz had started and turned the thing to his own purpose."

O'Neill turned and nodded significantly. "What did I tell you, Arny?"

"But here's something for your own information," Joe went on. "Stutz told me that," he lowered his voice, "he's a holy terror everywhere except in his own house. There it's the wife that wears the breeches. She bullies him and she nags him until he's afraid to go home. But this time he found her a different woman. She was so happy about the new hats I'd sold her that gave some style to her and made the women here turn and look at her that she was good-natured to him. He told me that's why he stayed home last night. That's all I have to report, gentlemen."

"Can you beat it, Arny?" was O'Neill's only comment. Then with warmth in his voice: "Joe, my boy, I'm very glad it turned out as it did, nothing worse."

"You're no more pleased than I am, Mr. O'Neill."

O'Neill toyed with his glasses for a moment, then threw himself back in his chair and flung his feet on his desk. "Golly," he chuckled, "by golly."

"What's the matter, Tom?" said Arnstein.

"The funniest thing I ever heard of, Arny."

"Came near being a tragedy, Tom."

"NO, it didn't, either. Arny, it's the funniest thing. Now listen. We're the goats — we're a lot of white-livered galoots. We all got scared because some mischief-maker shot off his mouth too much and we went and staged a drama — yes, we staged a near-tragedy. And what did we bring out? A farce. Think of it, everybody on the *qui vive*, nerves tense and all the rest of it, and Callahan in there behind the curtains — and all those men coming here with their wives to buy hats just to see the fracas — a whole scene set. And the only one that wasn't conscious of what was goin' on was Stutz himself — the main guy in it. Ain't that the funniest thing you ever heard of?"

"It is funny, Tom, when you come to think of it," said Arnstein reflectively.

When the door closed on Joe O'Brien, O'Neill turned on his partner with the purpose of rubbing it in a bit, the only reward of the victorious on most occasions. "Arny, you *will* believe every Tom, Dick and Harry in preference to me?"

"I'm very glad you were right, Tom."

"Ain't I always right?" The pendulum was swinging the other way with O'Neill. He was an adept at hiding depression, at simulating courage in the darkest moments just to stimulate others. But he had small restraint of his exultation when things went his way. "Arny," he went on, "I knew just what would happen," — which was false, for O'Neill had been greatly worried. "It's come out just as I said, hasn't it?"

"Yes, Tom, it has."

O'Neill leaned across the desk. "Now I'm going to tell you something else that's going to happen. Your little rumor-mongers had prepared for the downfall of Joe O'Brien. Then everybody would have kicked him. But now that he's won out, they'll make him the most popular man in Big Falls."

"I guess you're right, Tom."

"Of course, I'm right. Wasn't I right before?"

Arnstein bowed meekly.

"Well, I'll tell you what I'm going to do now an' I hope you won't oppose me in it — because I'm goin' to do it anyhow. I'd be a darned poor merchant if I didn't take advantage of this wave of popularity. I'm going to boom the young feller some more."

"Just how, Tom?"

"I ain't worked out the details yet. Leave it to me."

Arnstein threw his hands apart with a gesture of complete capitulation.

A vast majority of Big Falls people — meaning the minority of intelligence of the place — had reasoned that if Joe O'Brien were guilty of one thing rumor had fixed on him, he was guilty of everything the same old character-blighting miscreant had laid at his door. Now, the same vast majority reasoned that if Joe O'Brien were innocent in the Stutz matter, he was innocent of everything. And so, as O'Neill had said, Joe O'Brien's vindication was complete. And no man is so popular as when just vindicated.

Still, O'Brien was not happy The ordeal of scandal through which he had passed had been an eye-opener. He knew himself to be innocent of wrong-doing. But he realized that that fact did not make him invulnerable to successful attack. He had never felt quite happy capitalizing his personality, using it alone to attract women and influence them to spend money. It wasn't Joe's idea of real manhood. And he had suffered it for no other reason than to make good in the eyes of Minnie. But now he realized that this personality game, played the way O'Neill had played it, with him, Joe O'Brien, as a pawn, was apt to create unlooked-for complications. Absolution by Ike Stutz had wiped Joe's slate clean of all embarrassments but one — Florrie O'Neill.

Joe had been flattered by Florrie's first attentions. She was the wife of a big merchant, his employer. He regarded her as a benefactress. But Joe had presently come to realize that the pretty lady's attentions were personal. There was no mistaking the purpose of her frequent visits to the millinery department, nor the look in her eyes when she talked to him. Joe resented being courted, particularly in public. But he was human and Florrie was the boss's wife. Enough said. It was because of Florrie O'Neill that Joe O'Brien was not happy at the highest pinnacle of his popularity.

Within a week O'Neill had worked out his scheme for the further exploitation of the personality of Joe O'Brien. He first called at the office of the most expert photographer of Big Falls. "Matthews," said he, "I am going to get you to make a 'flash' for me late to-morrow afternoon. I want to catch the crowd in the millinery department. Don't let on to anybody, because I want to give these Big Falls people the surprise of their lives when they open their Sunday papers. They'll protest, of course, but every woman that's caught in the picture'll be sendin' the papers to her friends. Catch on?"

"Good publicity idea, Tom."

"I want particularly to get a good picture of Joe O'Brien and his wonderful grin. He's a modest sort of a cuss. If he knew you were doin' it he'd pose and his grin would look forced, sheepish. They'd all pose and they'd all be facin' the camera instead of the hats, which I want 'em to be admirin'."

"I understand, Tom."

Later, in explaining the idea of the flashlight to Arnstein and young O'Brien, O'Neill said, "I didn't tell you he was goin' to do it, Joe, because," he chuckled, "I wanted to catch you when you were just naturally grinnin' your damnedest at some woman."

"Good idea," said Joe. But the color left his face. "When is it comin' out, Mr. O'Neill?"

"Sunday."

It was a troubled week for Joe O'Brien. The only relief he got was the hope that when the picture should appear, it might be blurred or that many persons at the moment of the flash might have turned their backs to the camera or that the faces might be so small that no one would know them. At daybreak Sunday morning Joe sought to gain relief by knowing the worst and he went out and bought a paper, the first one sold that day in Big Falls. He turned page after page with trembling fingers. But there was no picture there. "Sure, the Lord is merciful to sinners," he murmured. He halted. A new agony had attacked him. Why? Why had the picture been suppressed?

THERE was only one person in Big Falls who knew why the picture didn't appear as per schedule and that person was Tom O'Neill. It wasn't that the picture was blurred or that many persons had turned their backs to the camera that the picture was suppressed. It was because two faces stood out very conspicuously, unmistakably — the smiling, lovable face of Joe O'Brien, and the fascinated face of one Florrie O'Neill in startling juxtaposition.

Tom O'Neill was a big merchant, a most unscrupulous personality exploiter. But for all that, he was very human. And, being human, he was very much in love. And, being very much in love, he was jealous. The juxtaposition of the conspicuous faces in the picture shocked Tom O'Neill, and after the first shock he began to reflect. He reflected that he'd failed to realize that Florrie's visits were becoming very frequent. But what shocked him most was the fact that on the afternoon of the flashlight Florrie had not come to the private office at all. That fact troubled O'Neill more than all the others. For a long time O'Neill sat in his swivel chair and scowled and pondered.

"Why didn't you print your picture, Tom?" said Arnstein, the following Monday.

"It didn't come out just as I'd expected, Arny," said O'Neill simply.

"Going to try it again?"

"No," said O'Neill deliberately. "I don't care to do any more of that freak advertisin', as you call it, Arny. Besides I may have other plans for O'Brien now."

What said plans were, was indicated that same evening at the Country Club. O'Neill made a point of meeting old Bill Wilton — in a most casual way. "A word with you, Bill. Have a weed."

Wilton regarded O'Neill with suspicion. He was glad of the overture, but wouldn't show it. "Well, Tom," he growled.

And O'Neill began. "I come to you, Bill, on the crest of the wave of my man O'Brien's success and my own profit. I don't come to you when I think you're in a hole like you came to me when Stutz was supposed to be threatenin' the place an' you thought I'd do anything rather than have it shot up."

WILTON frowned a bit, but he didn't retort, for Wilton loved money and sales had been dwindling.

"But all things aside," O'Neill went on, "you and I have always been friends an' we ought to pass the rest of our days in peace an' amity, and not be sparrin' to get the better of each other for the sake of a few dollars. There's plenty of business in Big Falls for both of us, so why not bury the hatchet, as you proposed the other day?"

He paused.

"Well," old Bill growled. "Well?"

O'Neill expanded his chest magnanimously.

"I'm willin' to do the generous thing. I'll sack O'Brien and send him away if you'll let that trick artist of yours go."

Old Bill chewed his cigar.

"Well," he drawled presently, "I don't mind if I do, Tom." He lifted his forefinger. 'But remember, it ain't 'cause you're bluffin' me. It's because I want to be friends again."

"Well," O'Neill mused as he went home. "I *do* like to be friends with old Bill Wilton. But as long as I was goin' to let Joe go anyhow, it was a good bargain I made with him."

When Joe O'Brien received a summons to the private office next morning he knew what it was for.

"Come in," said O'Neill, when the young man knocked.

The senior partner was there alone, which Joe dreaded. But his voice was pleasant, which was a relief to Joe. "What the deuce?" he thought.

"Joe," said O'Neill cheerfully, "you've been a great success here in Big Falls, — simply great. You've more than justified my faith in you. I'm going to double your salary, my boy."

"By jingo," thought Joe, "I wonder if it's Florrie's influence."

"An' I'm goin' to double the field of your activity."

"Well, Mr. O'Neill — I — " Joe stammered. "I want to thank you."

"Don't thank me. Thank your personality, my lad," — with a smile that Joe didn't know whether to interpret as cordial or cynical. "I'm going to send you down to our store in Millbrook Junction. I want you to take over all the departments that cater exclusively to the women—the millinery and the lingerie and the manicuring."

Joe swallowed hard. Not even for Minnie's sake would he submit to this ignominy. But Joe's longheadedness pulled him out of the dilemma. It flashed across him why O'Neill wanted to send him away. He'd seen that picture. He was jealous. It was on Florrie's account that the merchant was about to sentence him to a life-term among hats and bonnets and lingerie, waists and cosmetics and perfumes. "I'm sorry, Mr. O'Neill, but I don't care for the job."

"Eh?" said O'Neill, "Eh?"

Joe grinned. "A man with the remarkable personality you say I have, Mr. O'Neill, should never hide it under a bushel in a manicure parlor for the rest of his days."

"Great Scot, boy. What *do* you want?"

Joe thought of Minnie and of old man Squires, then, deliberately: "Mr. O'Neill, make me general manager of your store down there in Millbrook Junction and I'll go. And I promise you one thing, Mr. O'Neill, if my personality is what you think it is, I'll have the men coming to the store as well as the women."

"I see," said O'Neill. "I see." He lighted a fresh cigar, while Joe watched and waited. Presently the senior partner turned and faced the young man, smiling. "I'll take a chance on you, Joe. Get ready to start at once."

Joe O'Brien pondered much as he packed his bag that afternoon. And that night the great drivers of the engine that was hauling Joe O'Brien's train from Big Falls to Millbrook Junction sang sonorously: "Personality plus, O'Brien — personality plus. Personality plus, O'Brien — personality plus." And as Joe's thoughts touched upon the women of Big Falls and women in general, the little wheels under the trucks clicked out: "Let 'em alone, Joe — let 'em alone. Let 'em alone, Joe — let 'em alone."

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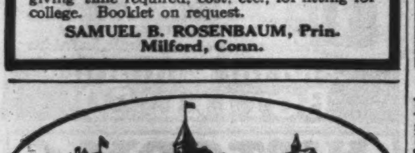

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From Four to Eleven---Three!

[*Continued from page 21*]

was young and he would never be otherwise.

"I feel that way myself to-day," said he.

Perhaps she should have frozen him but how can one freeze anybody with spring in the air?

The taxi slipped out of the Mews, crossed Washington Square and, passing through the Arch, sped up the Avenue. The sidewalks coursed with the human tide, sleek powerful motors purred by. The furs of winter were still in evidence, but the windows of shops and the tops of the crowded buses bloomed with the flowers of spring millinery and panes high above the street caught the golden shafts of the westering sun.

As they struck through to the Drive the sun was setting, clouds flamed and a glorious rosy haze enveloped even the grim gray battleships. Lights began to prick the shadowy dusk. The beauty of the daily miracle caught Sheila by the throat; though she sat with her tan gloved hands folded in her lap, outwardly demure, she was athrill. Her mercurial spirits had soared, a sense of adventure filled her.

"I'll put my nose in the sweet new grass and love it," she thought, exultantly.

The thought of Robert Treat Ames came to her. "I'd like," she mused, "to see him with his nose in the grass!"

The picture made her laugh. Her driver turned.

"DID you speak?" he asked.

"I just smiled aloud," she retorted, using her father's old phrase. And then, on impulse, she added, "Did you ever put your nose right down into the grass and love it — in the spring?"

"Many a time," said he, with his quick boyish smile.

She warmed to him. "That," she flashed, "must be because you're Irish."

"How," he retorted, "did you guess it?"

Another car swung into the Drive. He swerved with breath-taking suddenness to avoid a collision.

"The way you drive," she remarked. "Wild Irish."

The street lamps flashed by, one after another. The tangle of traffic and the murmur of the city were dropping behind them, though the lights of many motors pierced the deepening dusk. Harlem slipped past and the taxi soared up the Heights. He was letting his car out, with an eye to the road. She studied the outline of his head; she liked the shape of it and the way his ears followed it — Robert Treat Ames's rather stuck out.

The car swooped down a long hill, night closed in definitely. The broad highway ran on, through village and town. On they sped until, of a sudden, he came to a stop.

"Lilacs!" he announced. "Smell them?"

She sniffed the air delightedly. "I do — I do! Where are they?" Following the wave of his hand to where the windows of a little house sent shafts of light adventuring, she exclaimed, "Oh I see them. But I want some for myself."

He sprang out of the car. "Leave it to me, miss," said he.

The sense of adventure gripped her anew. Robert Treat Ames would have expostulated, explaining with patient reasonableness that the lilacs were private property. At the utmost, yielding to her whim, he would have conquered his natural repugnance for such intrusion and approaching the front door, asked, hat in hand, for permission to purchase what she desired.

Not so the wild Irishman who drove her. He paused for nobody's permission. A dog barked peremptorily, and briefly she felt a delicious apprehension.

"Now I wouldn't do that if I were you," she heard him murmur softly, and miraculously the dog ceased his challenge and, coming nearer, sniffed about the raider's leg, as one who examines credentials.

Evidently these were satisfactory, for he stood still while his neck was scratched and his head patted. Then the raider returned laden with purple fragrance. She buried her face in it, then looked up.

"Thank you," she said. And added mischievously, "But they aren't white. Didn't I say" —innocently—"they must be white?"

Robert Treat Ames would have assured her otherwise, as one reasons with a child. *He*, however, had the wit to match her mood.

"You didn't," said he. "And I wondered at it. We'll find them yet."

The motor thrummed, gears slipped in. The taxi shot ahead once more. The ribbon of road unreeled before them, mile upon mile, until they came to a broad meadow, with an evening star hung low in the sky over it. He turned to her:

"If you want the chance to smell the grass ——" he suggested.

She sprang out of the car.

"Stand where you are," he said quickly. "Don't turn around. Have you silver in your pocket?"

"You talk like a highwayman," she retorted, with never a thought that he was but a taxi-driver. "Will a check-book do?"

"No," said he, and pressed a cool round coin into her hand. "Now look over your right shoulder."

She obeyed, and her wonder changed to delight. "The new moon!" she exclaimed.

"The same and good luck to you," said he.

She opened her gloved fingers and glanced at the coin he had put there. "But this is yours," she protested. "And the luck that goes with it ——"

"I'll give them both to you."

Because she was Irish and the only daughter of Brian Athlone who had been a poet and never thought twice, or for that matter, once if he could help it, she only laughed.

"Ballydare, Kilkelly, Inistrahull, Kerry and Terry ——" he murmured.

"Is that an incantation?" she demanded.

"The sound of your laughter reminds me of all the sweet names Ireland is famous for," he said, solemnly. "It has the lilt of them in it."

She laughed again and he offered her a hand over the rough stone wall into the meadow. She did not think that strange, the night had become enchanted.

"Oh," she exclaimed, rapturously, and dropping down without thought of her frock, she caught the clean smell of creation. "It's delicious, try it."

"I will that," said he, and came down beside her. Still kneeling, but with head up, she watched him.

"You can smell the green in it!" said he, finally.

She smiled and sprang up. "The white lilacs!" she reminded him.

"The night is still young," he retorted.

As they crossed the stone wall a piercing whistle shattered the silence.

"Now that," said he, whimsically, "might be a train. And again it might be that somebody has caught a leprechawn and is holding it fast, until he wins his heart's desire from it. What do you think?"

"It *must* be a leprechawn."

"I wish I might find a leprechawn ——"

"It would be an easy way of getting a new taxi-cab, or perhaps two ——"

"THE man that would wish for material things which work would bring, instead of his heart's desire, which all the work in the world might not, would be daft," said he.

He held the taxi-door open for her. But she, after the veriest fraction of a second of hesitation, surrendered to impulse.

"I've always wanted to ride outside," she declared. "Do you mind?"

"The leprechawn must have whispered in your ear!" he exclaimed, and started the car.

She glanced at her watch. It was after eight.

"Something did whisper that I'm hungry," she observed.

"The twist of the road will bring us to an Inn," he informed her. "Only the management insists that every lady have an escort —— "

"Perhaps the leprechawn will find me one," she retorted, gaily. Before he could answer, a long, low building, with light streaming from many windows and many motors ranged about it, came into view. "Why, there it is!" she exclaimed.

"S-shh," said he, "The leprechawn is trying to say something to me ——"

"What is it?" she demanded, after a pause.

"He's that foolish I fear to repeat it ——"

"Oh," said she easily, "Of course you're hungry, too. We'll get a little table for two in the corner ——"

"Behind the palms, where nobody will notice if I do eat with my knife," he murmured.

"It isn't you I'm thinking of, but me," she denied, indignantly. "I've only this little blue frock on and I must look a fright with the wind ——"

The Inn was aglow, from windows open to the soft spring air came the heady concatenation of jazz. Sheila, passing into the ladies' room, gave herself a swift glance in the long mirror, and was uplifted. The blue frock, though plain, was of a smartness that fills women with dreams such as Freude knows nothing of, the fine white frill at her throat was exquisite. And the little hat, with its scarlet feather, was a justifiable extravagance after all.

She was lovely, and the Saints forgive her, she knew it and reveled in the knowledge.

When she returned to the lobby, he was waiting for her. He had shed his driver's coat, and his gray tweeds became him admirably; he wore them with an easy assurance, a distinction almost, that won her approval.

"The Lord," she thought, "sure loves the Irish."

THE head-waiter approached, obsequious, yet shrewdly appraising.

"Two," said Sheila's escort, easily. And as they were led across the room, through tables laden with flowers and costly foods, he murmured to Sheila, "You see I didn't need to ask for a table behind the palms. He's a man of rare intuition."

The little table they were placed at suited her, however. She drew off her gloves and, as their waiter circled about preparing for service, she glanced across the great room, a complex glow of colors with sheer luxury as its motif. The waiter proffered a menu.

"You order," she said, carelessly, to her companion. "Something simple — and a salad."

When he had finished he glanced up at her and found her smiling.

"I was thinking," she explained, "of the dinner I was to give to-night. A dinner for eight at seven — and here I am."

"And the guests?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "They'll blame it on the poor old artistic temperament. I'm an artist, you see — or at least a painter of sorts."

He had a keen way of looking at one with a quick Irish frown and an equally quick Irish smile. The latter flashed now.

"Does it often affect you this way?" he asked.

She laughed. "Seldom. But to-day I've been struggling to illustrate a story — a perfectly preposterous story ——"

It occurred to her that he might not be interested. "But perhaps you don't care for fiction," she suggested.

"I prefer the movies myself," said he.

"Of two evils perhaps they're the lesser," she commented and let her eyes wander again.

"What was the matter with the story?" he asked.

Her eyes came back to him. "Why — it's supposed to be a love story. At four o'clock a man sees a girl for the first time, at eleven he ——"

She had been about to say "kisses her," but for some reason difficult to analyze, it having to do with his expression, she paused. And the waiter intervened, appearing with a mixed grill which he displayed to them.

"Shall I serve it, sir?" he asked.

Sheila's escort nodded, without taking his eyes from her. "Once — or several times?" he asked, politely.

Sheila was dashed for a moment, but recovered herself. "Oh, several times, I suppose," she retorted — a lady who will dine with a taxi-driver, she thought, cannot cling too closely to the conventionalities.

He smiled. "They lost no time."

"I should say not," she commented. Then, filled with fresh scorn for the story, she exclaimed: "Can you imagine a girl who hardly knows a man ——"

"It has been done," he broke in, *too* solemnly.

She frowned. "In fiction, perhaps," she conceded, impatiently. "But in real life she would at least wait ——"

"Until she'd looked him up?" he suggested helpfully. And then, warned by the flash in her eye, he added, hastily, "I suppose Juliet wasn't nice. Shakespeare should have been ashamed of himself for writing such rot ——"

"You are simply arguing for the sake of arguing ——"

"It's always an Irishman's besetting sin," he admitted, with a disarming smile.

She relented a little. "You need not tell me that — my father was one," she assured him. Then: "But seriously ——"

He became very serious. "I'll answer your question by asking another. If a man has searched all his life for one girl, won't he know her when he sees her, in the flash of an eye? Need he take his pulse and his temperature and wait to find out who she is and where she comes from?"

The waiter intervened, slipping their plates in front of them.

"Then you really don't think it's preposterous?" she said, surprised.

"I think it quite possible," said he, looking straight at her.

She dropped her eyes.

"Soon," she thought, "I shall have to be sitting on him."

There was no hint of that in her eyes, however, when she raised them to him presently. He met her glance and once again she was struck by a curious likeness to her father. Not so much in his looks as in the quirk of his mouth and the expression of his eyes.

She dropped her analysis, conscious of his expectancy.

"You are like — your brother," she remarked, a little confused.

"We're twins," said he, promptly.

She smiled. "You must have been a hard pair to bring up. I pity your poor mother ——"

"She died," said he, the whimsicality dropping from his voice, "when I — when we were three. And the state took us ——"

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she said, with instant sympathy. "It — it must have been awful."

"It was," said he simply. Then, with a return of whimsicality, he added, "The music is starting, would it be proper for the best the leprechawn could do at short notice to ask if you cared to dance?"

If the thought that anybody might criticize her for dancing with him had come to her it would have been enough to make her assent anyway. As it was her heart was tender with what he had told her.

"Oh, I'd love to," she said, impulsively.

They threaded their way across the crowded café. At the edge of the dancing space she surrendered herself to his arms. The music grew faster and faster; it became magic. She glanced up and met his gaze.

"Isn't it wonderful — the music!" she murmured.

He smiled. "I've heard tell," he observed, "of a colleen in the old country who danced so divinely that the Little Folk were green with envy."

Her quick smile matched his. "My father," she retorted, "used to tell of a gossoon who was that supple he could tap the back of his neck with his heel."

The music stopped, abruptly, with crashing resonance. Then, urged on by the frantic applause, the grinning players started anew. Sheila danced on through that and several other encores, to what she thought was the end. But as she returned to her table, the music burst forth again. In the quick glance that he gave her there was that which would quicken the pulse of any woman. And like any woman she hung an instant between the joy of giving him what he — and she herself — wanted, and the subtler joy of keeping him wanting. Then she shook her head.

"Let's wait until the next," she said.

HE acquiesced at once. But his disappointment was so evident that she could not but feel a quick, instinctive and wholly feminine elation, as she picked up her fork and moved it toward her salad.

It never reached its destination. At that instant she saw Robert Treat Ames. He stood in the doorway, his eye traversing the café. Beside him was a shorter, solider individual, not in evening clothes, who was also inspecting the diners.

"Heavenly days!" she murmured. "A plainclothes man from headquarters!"

Evidently Robert Treat Ames, having read her note, had, like a thoroughly modern knight, at once notified the police. The possibility of that had never occurred to her.

The palm which hid her gave her respite from his searching gaze, but she suspected it would be brief. He would discover her and there would be explanations, which would go lamely instead of merrily with three men and heaven knows how many diners as an audience. And Robert Treat Ames would be courteously, but deplorably, hard to convince that it was but a jest.

"But I don't understand," he would say. "Your note ——"

The trouble with him was that he never *did* understand her. Why, oh why, had she written that note!

The head-waiter appeared at Robert's elbow and spoke to him. As Robert turned, Sheila rose breathlessly.

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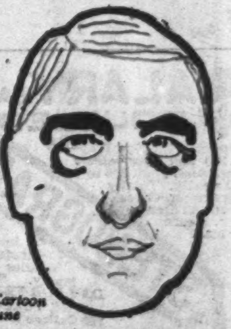

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"I — I want to dance after all," she announced, and almost ran across the floor.

He pursued her, caught her in his arms and swung her on to the floor. She glanced at the door. Robert was gazing now toward the table she had just quitted.

"Listen!" she broke out, desperately. "I want to get out some way unseen — some way except through the lobby."

Robert Treat Ames would have asked why, but *he*, with never a sign of surprise, swiftly studied their situation.

"The stairs," he submitted, "might offer a solution."

She glanced at them. "But *they* go up," she protested.

"It's a law of physics that whatever goes up must come down. Shall we try?"

The look she gave him was such as Robert had never received. But then Robert was handicapped by the lack of even a drop of Irish blood.

"Let's!" she exclaimed.

The stairs led up to a long hall, fortunately deserted. At the end of this was a window, half-open. He led the way toward this, thrust his head out and made a brief survey.

"An ancient trellis — and a clinging vine," he announced blithely. "I don't know the botanical name of the latter, but I've heard it referred to as second-story workers' delight. It's a chance ——"

"Hurry!" she begged. "Somebody is coming!"

He stepped nimbly out. As she made ready to follow she heard a crash, followed by a thoroughly masculine imprecation.

"This," he commented, "may be a bed of roses in a month or so. But just now it — isn't! The trellis broke — You'll have to jump half-way ——"

She jumped — he caught her in his arms and briefly she felt their swift sure strength. The night air was cool, after the warmth of the café, but Sheila's cheeks burned as he released her.

"Why — your hat — and your coat!" she cried. "I forgot —— "

"I left them in the car," he reassured her.

Not far from their taxi was another, with engine still pulsing, though the driver had stepped out and was gazing toward the Inn. As Sheila's car started he turned.

"Hi!" he cried, startled.

"Sorry," murmured Sheila's driver, "but I'm in a hurry."

The car leaped forward, picked up speed, sped down the drive, turned into the main highway on two wheels. As it gathered fresh momentum, Sheila exclaimed:

"The check! You didn't pay it ——"

"You seemed in a hurry," he reminded her. "So I thought we'd better pay it some other time."

SHE bit her lip. Then: "I should have faced it out," she confessed. "But he had a plainclothes man with him."

It did not occur to her that this might sound anything but reassuring to one who had no idea of what had happened. Anyway, he bore it with superb insouciance, meeting her troubled glance smilingly.

"I spotted him," he admitted. "And he'll be on our trail in no time, as sure as my name is Brian Boru ——"

"Brian Boru!" exclaimed Sheila, startled out of her perturbation. "Why, that is the name of the man who wrote the story ——"

"It's a good name for any man," he retorted, easily. "And a particularly fine name for a man that's in a tight place, like old Brian himself often was. But perhaps you'd tell me what they are after you for, so I'll be able to think what they'll do next."

"After me for?" repeated Sheila. And then her sense of humor reasserted itself.

"Oh, it's not *me* they're after — but you!"

The car swerved a little. "You startled me," he confessed. "I've done many things in my time, but never yet anything that the law wanted me for. If you happen to know the charge ——"

The rush of the wind against her face, the sense of flight, were exhilarating. Sheila became herself again.

"Kidnapping, I think," said she, demurely.

"Kidnapping? Kidnapping whom?"

"Me," more demurely still.

He gave her a swift glance. "Let them come on then," said he. "If the will is as bad as the deed, I'm guilty."

The color that flooded her cheeks was not all due to the speed with which they were traveling.

"If they think it's kidnapping they'll expect me to cross the river into Jersey," he went on. "But I'll fool them."

He put on his brakes so abruptly that Sheila pitched forward.

"Sorry," he apologized. "But there's a little road that looks intriguing."

He backed up, so that the car might make the turn, and, entering the road, drove a few hundred feet and turned off his lights.

"I'll wait here and see what happens," he explained.

"Are — are you sure they won't see us?"

"Never a chance. They'll be so sure of what they would do if they were I that they'll never think that I, being myself, might do something else."

"*You* seem so sure that I wonder if it is the first time you've fled the law," she retorted. "Just how long *have* you been a taxi-driver," she demanded, deliberately.

"To-day is my first offense," he confessed.

"And before that?"

"WHEN I left the Home I sold newspapers. Then I was a messenger boy and after that I worked in a logging-camp before stoking on a crack liner. Then I took a turn at the Tropics, coming north when I was twenty and doing a bit of newspaper reporting ——"

"Is there anything you haven't done?" she demanded.

"If I thought so I'd do it."

The roar of a hard-driven motor broke in on them.

"Listen!" she exclaimed. "That must be they ——"

Even as she spoke the pursuing car flashed by the end of the road. She watched its red tail-light disappear in the night.

"An awful waste of gasoline," said he, "but it's theirs, not ours."

He bent and turned on his lights and started the engine.

"Where are you going?" she asked, quickly.

"Have you lost your wish for white lilacs — and an apple-tree in bloom?"

She smiled and shook her head.

"Then we'll go on until we find them."

She snuggled down into her seat, curiously content. He let the car slip along at a leisurely twenty miles, while the poignant beauty of the night wove a spell of magic silence about them. The moon had gone to bed long since as new little moons must. The sky was black velvet, powdered with diamond dust. The simplest, homeliest things were metamorphosed by the fragrant dusk. Silos, domineering drowsy farmyards, had the majesty of medieval watch-towers.

The miles behind them grew. Presently she roused herself to glance at her watch and exclaimed when she found it was after ten.

"I'm afraid I'll be bankrupted," she said.

He looked at her. He had not put on his cap, the wind had rumpled his hair, and he looked more beguilingly boyish than ever.

"I'll not ask for more than you can give," he assured her.

"But suppose it's not enough."

"You have so much to give," he said, cryptically.

She gave him a quick glance, there being nothing which intrigues and thrills a woman like a sentence that may mean anything, or nothing.

"Is the man trying to make love to me?" she thought.

He had turned his eyes back to the road, however, and his profile revealed nothing, save its clean-cut masculine charm.

"I wonder," she observed, "how he found me there."

He turned his eyes to her again. "*I* wonder why he should be looking."

"Oh — he was to be my guest of honor to-night. He is nice but from Boston and terribly conventional ——"

"I've met his kind."

She smiled. "And I left a note saying that I was being taken somewhere, just where I did not know and to please come to my rescue."

"Is the truth not in you?"

"There are times when I have an almost masculine dislike for it. And I never thought he'd really do anything ——"

"Did you take him for an Egyptian mummy?" he demanded, and again in his voice there was that which quickened her, though she laughed.

"The man who shouted at us," he went on, "is the owner of this car. I hired it from him for the evening and asked him about some good place to eat, on the chance you might ask. I imagine he told him ——"

"But your brother said *you* had a taxi ——"

"My brother is as bad a liar as myself."

"He looked nice — and honest."

"Everybody mentions the resemblance between us. There are moments when I myself can't tell us apart ——"

"Oh, I knew all the time it was *you* that brought the chops," she assured him. Then, quickly: "Where are you going?"

He had turned off the main highway into a road that ran up a hill. At the top was a little house, with a single light in the window.

"Can't you smell the apple blossoms?" he asked. "And there are white lilacs beside the porch."

He stopped and gave her a hand. She descended and looked around. In the distance was the city, its glow dimming the lower stars, but it's stridencies hushed. She turned to the little house, dimly white and quaint with the charm of old architecture.

"I could love a house like that!" she said. "With open fireplaces and a sleeping-porch. And a white-haired old woman with the green of youth still in her heart to mother you as if you were her own ——"

"*How* did you know?" she asked.

"The apple-trees," said he, "are to the left there."

The soft breeze showered them with petals. She caught them in her hands and drank in their fragrance. He marked her quick after-taken breath and saw her eyes darken.

"*You,*" she accused, "are the Brian Boru who wrote that story. You are, aren't you?"

"What time is it now?" he evaded.

She looked at her wrist watch. "One minute to eleven."

"I wrote the story," he confessed, impetuously. "And I stand by it. Love that must have its blue-prints and be built day by day seems to me no love at all. I wrote the story as my heart hoped I might manage it myself, when my time came."

A clock in the village began to strike, with slow imperturbability, as though time was nothing to worry about after all.

"Why should I not know you the instant I set eyes on you?" he demanded, vehemently. "I've been looking for you all my life, the world over. When I came to your studio to-day I had a letter of introduction to you. But it would have hurt me to use it, to be a stranger to you for even an instant."

The clock in the village ceased striking, but he did not realize it.

"To have you read my letter and say 'Oh, yes — Mr. Boru' to-day, and to take tea with you to-morrow, and walk with you the next day, would be slow torture. I wanted something different, better than that!"

He paused and breathed deeply.

"It's mad I am, I suppose," he said, and then, with a wistfulness as poignant as his vehemence had been, he added, "But oh, if you could be a little mad, too!"

NEVER had she been wooed like this. Love had not touched her, even fleetingly. There were those who said, bitterly, that she had no heart because she would not deliver it to them. And at times she had wondered if perhaps they were not right. Yet he — and spring and the night — had set plangent, unsuspected chords to vibrating within her. But when she spoke it was to deny them:

"Do — do you think any woman can be won without wooing?"

In spite of herself her voice was a little uncertain and tremulous. But he heard only the words. He gazed at her for a long moment, before he spoke. And then the life seemed gone from him.

"I expected too much," he said. And after a pause added, hesitantly. "Would — would you care to see the house?"

She gave him an uncomprehending glance.

"It's mine," he explained. "I've been maneuvering to get you here all this evening. The old woman with white hair and the green of youth in her heart is there ——"

He broke off, as if he had no real hope of this either. And again she was stirred by his likeness to her father. She remembered his glorious enthusiasms and dark despairs and her mother, with her arms about his neck, lifting him out of the last.

"Oh," she cried, impulsively, and without thought of how it might sound. "If I were a wild Irishman and wanted a kiss that bad I'd take it without asking for it."

He caught her in his arms and held her fast, while he kissed her. She struggled violently for an instant and then — the city, her studio in the Mews, Robert Treat Ames, plunging along through the night in his fruitless quest of her, were as a dream that has gone. The whole world seemed shrunk miraculously to within the spread of the apple-tree which showered them softly with petals.

When he half released her, however, she broke away, and tucked stray wisps of hair in under her hat, with seeming composure.

"It was at least two minutes after eleven anyway," she said, mischievously, though her voice sounded as if she had been running. "And, oh, Brian Boru, you'll have to be courting me all the rest of your life to make up for the time you've skipped!"

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The Etherial World

[*Continued from page 11*]

All J. Arthur Hill's books are good. So are those by Sir William Barrett. But these seldom touch on conditions of the next life.

Let me briefly summarize or give a general impression of what those on the other side tell us when they attempt to describe the state or condition in which they are: — Just as they feel so much themselves, so also they find the circumstances and conditions in many respects similar. They speak of trees and flowers and animals: they also, strangely enough, speak of houses and clothes and many other apparently terrestrial details; — so much so, that one view which can be taken of their condition is that they are really still in touch with earth but are seeing it from some other aspect, as if they had etherial instead of material sense organs, and as if the etheric aspect of familiar objects was the one they were able to apprehend. To them it is we and our belongings that seem filmy and unsubstantial. It is we who are the ghosts or the dreamers. They feel, in a world of solid reality, free from some of the restrictions and disabilities which they encountered while still hampered by the flesh.

I will just interpolate here what I have already dealt with and must further expand elsewhere, —that the ether is to me much more substantial than matter, which is only a gossamer-like structure in it, ("The Ether of Space," Harper & Bros.) and that its properties are freed from many of the imperfections which we associate with matter, such as friction, imperfect elasticity, dissipation of energy. It is the one continuous perfect substance, in what may still be called the material universe. The poetic adjective "ethereal" does not suggest any of these properties; that is why I spell it with an "i" when I mean the real and not the imaginary thing.

Those who have recently gone over to the other side are much impressed with conditions similar to those of earth, and it is they who are most voluble in describing what they see and in maintaining frequent intercourse with friends on earth. As they gain more experience they become aware of many differences and correct their first impressions.

As time goes on, and those left behind rejoin them, their touch with earth grows weaker, and they gradually rise to higher states of being, of which at present the description is but meagre, save in the writings of Swedenborg and other mystics, the value of whose testimony I do not pretend to estimate.

Those in higher states may come sometimes to console, or to inform or, as in recent times, to take part in the world struggle; but they do this from high motives and in a missionary spirit; nor does there ever come a time, nor can such a height be attained that a call for personal service may not be heard and attended to. Personal aspiration and appeals from those in distress ascend through all the grades of being, and are sure of sympathetic reception; while, in an emergency, a world call to painful duty and lowly service may be responded to, even by the Highest.

THOSE who mainly communicate with us, in what may be called a material way, are not usually those in very high grades of being, — these employ agents, assistants, and messengers, as a rule, — we generally hear from those more like ourselves and more closely in touch with earth. But these can glean information from others in rather higher grades sometimes, and it is thus that they are occasionally able to give aid or warning. It would even appear, from the facts, that some more or less distinct anticipation of the future can thus be gained through a larger outlook and clearer understanding of the present. The possibility and scope of real prediction is shrouded in uncertainty; there seems no reason to postulate any kind of fatalism, or to doubt the essential reality of free-will; and yet it would appear that a clear apprehension of people's characters, and some acquaintance with modes of influencing their behavior, may enable inferences to be drawn and consequences anticipated not wholly unlike those with which we are familiar in Science. For therein we are able to predict not only in the region of the inorganic and mechanical — as most conspicuously we can in Astronomy — but to some extent to anticipate also in connection with the actions to be expected of the animate creation; who, nevertheless, are all the time free to choose, if they care to take the trouble or if intelligent enough to realize the fact; and who, at any rate, are not mechanically coerced.

Without entering upon any difficult problems, however, and returning to the consideration of elementary details of communication, the well-known objection presents itself, — how can we be or feel anything like the same person without our bodies? How can we operate, or think, or even exist, without our brains? Even if it is not nonsense to imagine a discarnate existence for human beings, how absurd to suppose that people in that condition are able to describe their appearance, powers and conditions as in the least degree akin to ours!

VERY well, let us consider a few rather obvious truths, and make a survey of the manner in which we perceive and interpret the Universe, and of the methods whereby we communicate with each other, here and now. Some of this I will deal with in a separate article, but some general though elementary considerations as to the relation between body and mind may be helpful; and we may also give some thought to what might not unreasonably be expected, if for a moment the hypothesis were granted of the future existence or survival of our minds apart from our present bodies.

For we must remember, or be willing to admit, that "discarnate" does not necessarily signify "disembodied." "Flesh" need not be the only material of which a body can be made. If the evidence points in that direction we may have to discover that a "body" sufficient for the needs of the spirit can be composed of something else, say of ether — which is a real and most important entity, only strange to us because we have no sense-organ for its direct apprehension. It would be strange if so universal a medium had no psychic significance, and had never been utilized by any form of life or mind, as matter has been so obviously and copiously utilized. Bodies made of ether would be intangible and inaccessible to us, here and now, and yet to themselves would be quite real and substantial.

Consider then the function of a body, as we know it; — our bodies are instruments whereby we manifest ourselves to each other, whereby we gain sensory information, and whereby, also, we are able to act upon the matter of this planet. They clearly have an animal ancestry, and our sense-organs as well as our nerves and muscles are possessed by us in common with all the higher forms of animal life; indeed it is remarkable how low in the scale the eye and the ear descend. They are found in animals of quite low grade. Thus all our direct sensations, and all our possible movements, are shared with the great bulk of animate existence. Physically and so far as mere sensations are concerned, the animals can apprehend all that we apprehend, and what is within our bodily power is within theirs. We plan and devise more than they do; our constructions depend upon the use of the same materials and very similar instruments. The animals' sense-organs, and those of savages, are at least as good as ours: yet our knowledge of the Universe is not only larger, but, I must assume, different in kind. And our buildings, our pictures, our statues, and our machinery are extraordinarily superior. Yet they can move matter, and so can we; and that is the limit of even our executive powers. They can receive aerial and etherial vibrations, and we can do no more. In seeing and hearing and finding our way across unknown country, a dog or a bird is conspicuously able to beat us.

Wherein then lies the difference? Clearly in the dominating mind, the guiding and interpreting soul. Our interpretation of the Universe, like our interpretation of a picture, depends not on our mere sensations, but on the use we make of them, — depends not on the body but on the essential self. All this shows that our impression of the external world is a function of ourselves, it is not the direct outcome of our sensations — else would all races of men and animals have made similar deductions. What sort of idea of the Universe is possessed by an intelligent animal it is difficult to imagine, but it is clear that neither works of art, nor the starry heavens, nor a thousand and one things full of vivid interest to us, appeal to it in the slightest degree. A savage sees the stars, and may use them as landmarks and signs, but of the extent and grandeur of the Universe, he can have no idea. A dog hears an oratorio, or sees a picture, but both are meaningless. Some human beings may be in little better state; and none of us can appreciate a poem in an unknown tongue.

Sound and Light, auditory impressions and images on the retina, are far from exhausting or even beginning the interpretation of things; they give us the crude material, they act as detents to start our imagination, but all our conceptions and interpretations depend on ourselves. So also the kind of movements we make, — the sounds we utter, and the writing we perform, — are all guided and controlled by the indwelling spirit, the animating and informing principle. It is this which interprets physical impressions; it is this which conceives the meaning and responds in an intelligent way.

Now comes the point I wish to emphasize. Suppose we were translated to a different order of things, retaining our capacities, I think it likely that what we should notice first would be similarities, things something like those to which we were accustomed. Our first impression would be of likeness. Whatever was essentially different we should not at first be able to interpret at all; consequently it would make no impression on us; we should overlook the unintelligible parts and fasten on that which was familiar. Our accustomed interpretative faculty would dominate the situation, and only gradually would it enlarge its scope to take an intelligent interest in entirely new and unaccustomed features. That is what I think likely to happen. I picture a yokel taken through a laboratory or a telegraph cable station; he could notice and remember nothing, but would feel a vague discomfort of utter strangeness. Let there be included something homely — a football say, or a cat, or a glass of beer; would it not be welcomed? And when he got home would not something of this sort stand out in his memory and be the only thing reported? For the rest he could only say (in his own words) that they transcended his powers of description.

His experience is perhaps rather like our own in this strange medley of a world, even here and now; we notice a few things, we ignore the majority; our capacity is not great enough to take in the fulness and richness of existence. Scientific men call the faculty of selective attention, when cultivated and utilized to any conspicuous extent, "abstraction": and very useful and necessary such a faculty of concentrated attention is. We are bound to eliminate a great deal in order to achieve anything: our senses must be protected from confusion We must use our senses and not be deceived by them; we depend on them for the raw material of knowledge; yet this world is probably not at all like our impression of it.

The constellation or cosmos of atoms which constitutes any given piece of matter, and which, by effort, can be contemplated in the mind's eye, would surely convey a totally different impression to the mind of any one capable of apprehending its details by direct sensation. The porosities and interstices of solid matter might be conspicuous to people with other sense-organs; and the, to us, subtle and elusive ether might, to them, seem the most fundamental and substantial of realities: — as in truth I think it is.

YET suppose our material senses were exchanged for etherial senses, I wish to suggest that it does not follow that our view of physical existence would at first greatly differ. What we call "matter" can be regarded as a modification of ether; much scientific work in this direction has been done, and important suggestions have been made. (Notably a great mathematical work entitled "Aether and Matter," by Sir Joseph Larmor, Lucasian Professor in the University of Cambridge. The whole subject is immense and has been treated by physicists and mathematicians.) Assume the truth of the hypothesis, for the moment, that matter is but modified ether. Then I say that whether we apprehend the modified or the unmodified portion, directly, need make only the difference between the positive and the negative of a photographic plate. An etherial sense-organ might give us the modifications of ether in one way, a material sense-organ gives them to us in another way, but so long as the ether is really modified wherever matter is, it need make no great difference which aspect we perceive.

Of course we do not really now apprehend, directly, anything about modified ether: that idea is a scientific inference or guess; nor do we apprehend, as such, the vibrations which luminous or illuminated bodies emit; we perceive nothing at all like that, any more than when we listen to a concert we analyze the variations in air-pressure, which is all that we directly receive. What we see is a Thing, *totus teres atque rotundus;* it is a later step to inquire into the mechanism whereby we obtain that impression. Then we learn that our sense impressions are very unlike the physical stimulus which causes them, and further that the object itself may be regarded from a point of view which makes it very different from our impression of it. The interpretation depends on our human faculties; and, given the survival of those faculties, the concomitant survival of their manner of interpretation is probable enough. That is what I postulate, — *Survival of interpretative faculty, and hence, similarity of interpretation.*

So it is also with our constructive ability. If a bird cannot grow a feather or make a nest, it can grow or make nothing. Put a bird into any surroundings amenable to life, and it will begin feather-growing and nest-building. So with us: we have grown these bodies, out of matter supplied as food. How we do it we know not, the power is quite unconscious; the shape into which we build the particles must depend upon ourselves, our essential selves, and must in some way be appropriate to and represent that self—as a horse is appropriate to its identity, or an oak to its. The same chemical atoms may be made to serve many purposes, the structure depends not on the atoms, but on the guiding entity which puts them together.

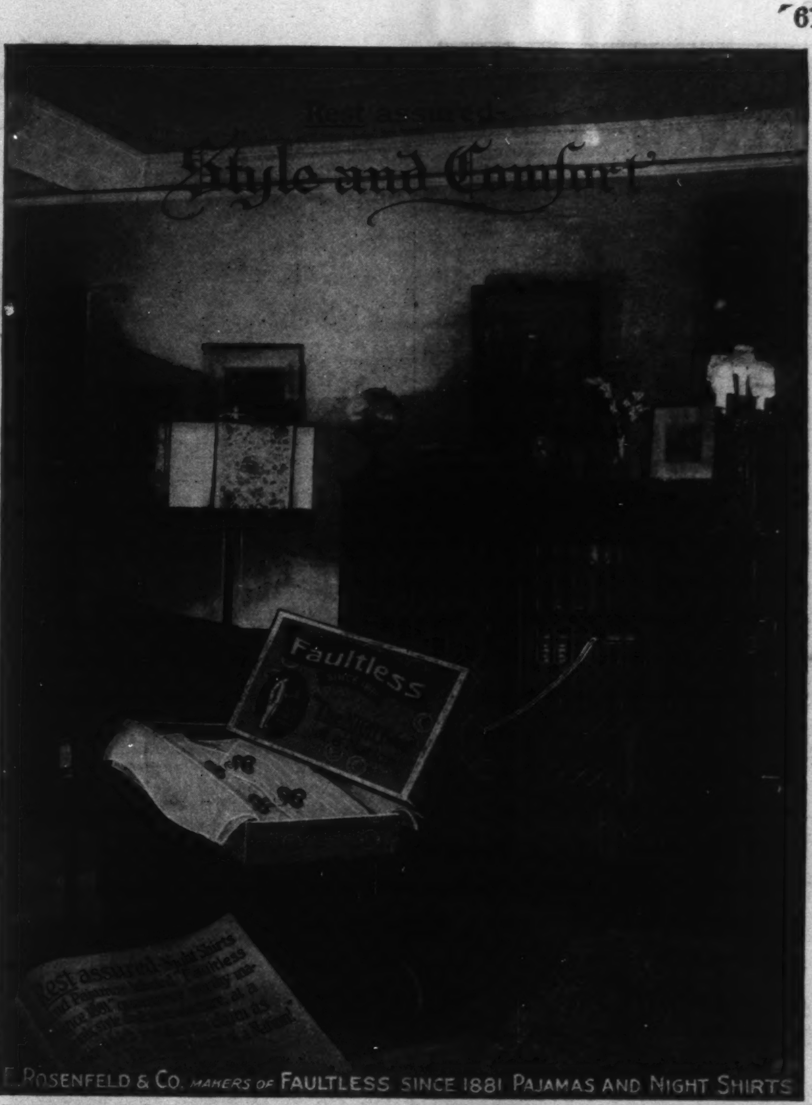
SO IF our personality persists, it is probable that its constructive ability, both conscious and unconscious, will persist, too; and the shapes in which it manifests itself will not be very different — not, at least, if any sort of reasonable material is available for the purpose. The drawings or mouldings of a child or savage try to imitate familiar things. If we retain or reappear in any shape at all, it is likely to be a familiar shape. I postulate, therefore, similarity of constructions — both of the conscious and unconscious variety.

And if we try to describe our surroundings, it is the accustomed element in them that we shall first perceive. It will indeed be unlikely that we can effectively describe anything else. To expect a newcomer to London to describe a Cabinet meeting or the Stock Exchange, or experiments in the Royal Institution Laboratory, would be unreasonable; yet these things go on. He could describe the shops and the vehicles, the parks and the river, but a multitude of things he would only gradually, if ever, learn. Those who knew much would realize the meagerness, though at the same time the genuine truthfulness, of the information. To imagine that the theme is exhausted by a novitiate's description is either childish or perverse.

Perversity of more than one kind is indeed frequently encountered by those who study and try to expound the subject in its present unorthodox and discredited stage. We are not the first, nor shall we be the last, to run the gauntlet of prejudice and well-intentioned animosity. We have also to contend against the still more depressing folly of fanatics who rush in fearlessly and unload cargoes of irresponsible gush. So the contest must continue for a time.

It is rather like the War in that respect, — it would not be well for the strain to be over too soon or too easily. The struggle will enable more solid progress to be made, and more in the long run to be achieved, than could be the result of a facile and inconclusive peace. So long as fighting is fair and above-board, we have nothing to complain of. It might, for all we know, be detrimental if information about another state of being were gained too rapidly. All the same, the facts are so; continued existence is a reality, and those who know the facts are bound to testify, undeterred by every sort of deserved and undeserved obloquy. Indeed we can confess that a fellow feeling makes many of us more or less sympathize with the attitude of puzzlement, and rather contemptuous hostility, with which some of our statements are bound to be received by those workers in Science who deal with the material side of things alone. Until the Ether is properly incorporated into the domain of physics, that puzzlement will continue.

[*The second article of this interesting series by Sir Oliver Lodge will appear in November McClure's.*]



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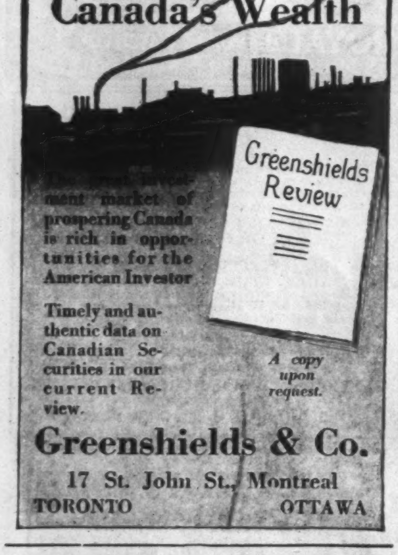

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When to Sell

by Paul Tomlinson

ADVICE is usually one of the cheapest things in the world. Also one of the most plentiful. Advice about stocks and bonds especially is easy to get; everybody with the slightest knowledge of securities and the least interest in the security markets seems willing to give advice about the proper thing to do in order to make a lot of money. Such people can always find listeners, for the prospect of easy money is something which always appeals to human beings, and probably always will appeal to them.

Did you ever stop to think that advice of this sort has a monotonous sameness about it? Its form is almost always about as follows: "Buy Imperial Blue Sky. I hear it is due for a big rise soon." This sounds good and we begin to figure out in our minds how much money we can scrape together to put into this fine stock; then we may go still further and figure out on the edge of a newspaper just how much profit we are going to get from the one hundred and twenty shares we plan to purchase. The following day some other friend will urge us to buy something else. Circulars come to us every morning, describing the merits of some stock or bond or short-term note which the circular and its accompanying letter tell us is a splendid investment, and its purchase is highly recommended. Bond houses and brokerage houses send out letters advising the purchase of selected securities. Wherever we turn it seems as if some one were trying to sell us something. All of which is perfectly legitimate, of course, and there can be no criticism of investment recommendations given in good faith. It is well to remember, however, that the prudent and wise investor always demands something more than a friend's "say so" before he is convinced that a purchase is a proper one.

What we are getting at, however, is that it is extremely easy to obtain advice about what to buy. What is very difficult indeed to get is sound advice about when to sell after you have bought. Of the two operations selling is scarcely less important, and may be even more so. Time and again in these columns we have insisted upon the importance of buying only those securities for which there is a ready market, which possess the elements of marketability, which can be sold. This quality is essential to a good investment, and the purchaser is extremely foolish who does not satisfy himself on this point before he buys. Letters come to the financial department continually from people who have put their good money into some highly recommended security, and then, suspecting that perhaps they have made a mistake, write in to find out where they can sell it and get back their money. When a stock or bond is not listed on any of the exchanges it is usually pretty difficult to say. If it was purchased from a company or an individual dealing in "investments," try to sell it back. If you can't do it your case is quite hopeless, unless you are lucky. It cannot be said too often that it does not pay to buy without also considering the possibility of selling.

If it is assumed that there is a market for your investment then the question comes up, "When to take advantage of it?" Suppose you have a profit; should you sell and take it? Suppose your investment shows a loss; should you hold on in hope that it will advance in price later on, or should you sell and take your loss? These are important questions which must be decided by every man who owns securities.

The first question is comparatively easy to answer. If you have a profit you can scarcely make a mistake if you take it. People too often hold on expecting to get a still higher price; sometimes they are right, but sometimes they are wrong and instead of getting more they often are obliged to take less. It is a maxim of Wall Street that you can never "go broke by taking a profit." Don't try to get it all yourself, but "let the next fellow have some too." Another saying of Wall Street that is frequently quoted is that, "the bulls sometimes make money, the bears sometimes make money, but the hogs never do." In other words, the man who tries to buy or sell at the most favorable price every time is almost certain to lose out entirely. He tries to be too shrewd, and it does not pay. Be satisfied with a reasonable profit and in the long run you will be much better off than if you tried to "hog" all the profit there is.

THE second question, whether or not to sell when your investment shows a loss, is a difficult one. Everything depends upon circumstances and each case is almost sure to be different. This is the time to consult your banker. If you ask him he can advise you about selling, and being in a position to secure the facts his advice is to be followed. You must ask him, however, for unless you do it is not likely that he is acquainted with your investments, and therefore can hardly be expected to offer advice unsolicited. He can recommend purchases to you endlessly, for he knows that you can always save money for investments, but unless he has sold you those that you hold he does not know whether you have any you ought to sell or not.

At the present time many people, most people in fact, own securities which have declined in price since they were purchased. Naturally there is considerable anxiety on the part of the owners regarding what they ought to do about it. It is impossible to lay down any general rule, because, as stated above, practically every case is different. One thing, however, which should reassure the owner of depreciated investments is that at the present time lower price does not necessarily indicate lesser worth. Money is on a different basis now than it was a few years ago. Higher yields are the general rule; stocks and bonds which formerly yielded four and a half or five per cent. now return five and a half or six. Securities formerly yielding five and a half or six per cent. return six and a half or seven under present conditions. In order to yield more, a security must sell for less. For instance, it is obvious that a six per cent. bond selling at eighty yields more than the same bond selling at one hundred. So it is that because money is on a changed basis to-day security prices have been readjusted in order to conform to the new basis. They may be as safe as they ever were. The outstanding example, of course, is Liberty Bonds. Certainly Liberty Bonds are as safe as they ever were, they are still the safest and best investment in the world, and there is no reason on earth why a man owning them should be the least bit worried about his interest and principal, and give any consideration at all to selling them. Suppose he did pay par for them; he is getting as much interest now as he expected to get, his investment is as good as it ever was, and he can forget the prices at which they are now quoted. The same thing applies to many other high-grade securities; they have gone down because of changed conditions, not because there is anything intrinsically wrong with them. When this is the case it would plainly be folly to sell and incur a loss which is not real, but exists only on paper, and which will eventually be wiped out when conditions change.

Many times it is not so easy to say what to do. It may be that conditions within the company whose security you own are responsible for its decline. In such a case the point on which to be satisfied is whether these conditions will eventually right themselves or not. If the indications are favorable, probably it would be wise to hold on. But if things promise to get worse it is likely that the wise thing to do is sell as quickly as possible, and pocket your loss. No one likes to lose money, but it is better to take a loss if by so doing you save yourself a larger one later on. It is very easy indeed to hold on too long.

If you decide it is wise to sell and incur a loss, perhaps your banker can suggest some other security into which you can put the proceeds of your sale. Oftentimes it is possible to make most advantageous "swaps," but before trying it, it is well to consult with your banker. It is not probable that you are in a position to know about this, but he is. His business by its very nature keeps him in touch with the security markets, and the information needed to keep a man posted on

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Eighth Edition

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Just the Right People

[*Continued from page 18*]

Wrexham-Smith is thirty-two, merely! What you take for age is—suffering . . ." she dropped a significant octave and Rosita said humbly (for Rosita)—"I didn't know. . . ."

"Ah, how should you!" crooned Mrs. van Dyne . . . "you lovely elfish thing! One hates even to speak of it before you—Gallipoli—an old wound—Belloy-en-Santerre—it was there, you know, that Alan Seeger fell—the poet . . ." she inferred, with a catch in her breath and the ghost of a sigh, a noble *camaraderie* between dead poet and living Englishman.

Teddy cleared his throat:

"Was—was Captain Wrexham-Smith wounded at Belloy-en-Santerre?"

"Shell-shock," said Mrs. van Dyne gently. "Even now, sometimes—and he has been drifting around the world for almost a year, trying to—to get back to himself—even now, he feels it. I have seen him turn gray—between phrases almost . . . go giddy and faint . . . fall to shivering uncontrollably—"

A kind of projected horror tinged the moonlight . . . there was unintelligible menace in the ceaseless whisper rising from the pool.

"Rotten shame!" said Teddy.

Rosita shuddered and leaned nearer to those tender fingers.

"Dear me! I'm glad the War is over," sighed Mrs. Zachary abstractedly.

There was the incongruous sound of a motor, in the road beyond the garden.

"I fancy that is he," suggested Mrs. van Dyne softly. "Don't let him know, you dear people, that I have been talking of him . . . he is, like all really nice Englishmen, absurdly modest."

THEY waited in a little hush of expectation for the approaching hero of Gallipoli and Belloy-en-Santerre, who came, presently, limping a little, between the clumps of heliotrope and begonia, and mounted the steps, a quiet figure enough, in an uncommonly well-fitting dinner-jacket. He carried his hat in one hand and the moonlight glinted on the almost silvery fairness of his straight hair, parted well to one side and brushed back from an interestingly proportioned forehead. His smile was constrained but somehow likable.

Teddy got up and went to meet him.

"Ah, *mon ami!*" said Mrs. van Dyne, without moving.

Rosita considered swiftly the possible ungracefulness of a scramble to her feet and remained as she was. The eyes of Captain Wrexham-Smith rested upon her with perhaps a trifle of reticent surprise . . . she looked very young and engagingly innocent cuddling there against the blue and purple draperies of her guest. Mrs. Zachary played propriety for a dutiful ten minutes more, and withdrew.

She had three new books waiting on the table in her bedroom and the thirst of a mental toper to satisfy.

Remained in the moonlit quiet of the *lanai*, an enchanted Rosita, an outrageously good-looking Teddy, toying with his small mustache, a Beautiful Lady looking cryptically into the eyes of a characteristically embarrassed yet unperturbed Britisher—and Romance.

Romance, beyond a doubt was there!

It perched upon the shoulder of the captain and cried "Gallipoli!" It cooed in the contralto small-talk of Mrs. van Dyne. It curled the tips of Teddy's fingers, when he observed the velvet sweetness of Rosita's uplifted cheek—and it beat in Rosita's breast like an adorable new kind of drum. . . . That was a night!

They talked of love and wars—of wonders by land and sea—and they talked, at least one of them did, like creatures in the most thrilling sort of books. The Captain was laconic, monosyllabic, very nearly, but with a gift of biting realism when he chose . . . . and occasionally he glanced at Rosita with a kind of conjecture in his look. Once, when Mrs. van Dyne bent suddenly and dropped an indulgent kiss upon the demureness of Rosita's hair, he shared his glance between Rosita and Mrs. van Dyne herself.

They spoke of Paris, Vienna, London, Shanghai—mostly, that is, Mrs. van Dyne spoke—it was good as a play . . . "and Montreal? What's Montreal like?" asked Rosita breathlessly.

"Montreal," said Mrs. van Dyne—"ah, my very dear!—Montreal's like any other place—if one knows *just* the right people—it's wonderful! But very quiet. I like that about it. I've been there every year—the last seven or eight—for at least a time. One has one's own little set . . . the men hunt a good deal . . . the women play bridge from morning to night. I adore it. It's heaven—only—knowing *just* the right people! Without them, it might be rather dreadful. . . . I don't know."

It was amazing how delicately and yet how unanswerably she made her stand upon the fundamental necessity of knowing just the right people. . . . Rosita flung Teddy a triumphant little look. It was one of their favorite arguments in which Rosita was usually for and Teddy against.

Teddy, like most of his sex, was a democrat at heart,—having nothing to risk by it. Caste is as hard for a man to lose as an anchor tattooed upon the human breast.

After a while Captain Wrexham-Smith got carefully to his feet—it seemed as if the Gallipolean wound might have been in the leg . . . and said good night.

"Very good of you to have me," he said stiffly to Rosita. "I'm so fed up with that beastly hotel . . . charming evening. . . ."

It was then that Teddy cast a noble die. . . .

"Come up and stay for the week-end," offered Teddy recklessly—"be glad to have you. My uncle's away on his honeymoon—Rosita and I are here with Mrs. Zachary till they get back—might as well have a little house-party . . . what do you say, Rosita?"

Rosita said, yes, of course, thrilled to her pink finger-tips. She went over and slipped her hand through Teddy's arm to show how much she approved of him. Mrs. van Dyne followed and laid a lingering pressure on Teddy's deliciously sensitive shoulder.

"You dear boy!" she murmured. "It's simply too sweet of you! Algie, you sha'n't refuse these children. We will have an idyllic week-end—I feel sixteen at the thought of it!"

She didn't look sixteen. She looked a very lovely thirty—if not more—with an allure in her perfectly inflected voice that apparently Algie, scowling oddly at her through the shadows, was quite unable to resist.

"Why—charmed, I'm sure . . ." he said at last. He seemed queerly reluctant, "no end good of you!"

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They made very definite arrangements for Friday afternoon; it was then Wednesday; and the Captain eventually departed.

"I think," cried Mrs. van Dyne, just as he reached the topmost step, "that I shall walk down to the gate with you — ah, may I, Rosita? Such a moon — and such a garden — I've never seen heliotrope like this, except on the Riviera — it makes me ridiculously happy —— "

"Let's all —" began Teddy cheerfully but Rosita pinched his arm:

"Poor fish!" she whispered fiercely, then aloud: "— of course walk down to the gate, Mrs. van Dyne — it *is* rather a nice garden."

So Mrs. van Dyne walked down to the gate. The sound of their pleasantly modulated voices came fainter and fainter, then, presently, not at all.

Teddy stood by the railing looking down into the pool and Rosita leaned companionably against his shoulder.

"Aren't they too perfect?" she said. "Don't you feel as if you were living in a book — or a Barrymore play or something? When I think of my home-town — of the number of flivvers parked along Main Street — of all the clerks back there that I know by their first names — it simply does not seem fair that some people should be born abroad and others not — now does it?"

Teddy said rather huffily that the little old United States was good enough for him but admitted the possession of distinct class by Mrs. van Dyne and Captain Wrexham-Smith.

"Think Aunt Celia'll mind — about our week-end?" he inquired after a bit, with a tardily awakening sense of responsibility.

Aunt Celia was Mrs. Zachary.

"Not unless she's a perfect crab," Rosita reassured him.

They stood for a little longer, talking in snatches. It became obvious that Mrs. van Dyne had not turned back at once from seeing Captain Wrexham-Smith to the gate, must, in fact, be lingering somewhere.

"Isn't she absolutely wonderful?" demanded Rosita. "Isn't she the most aristocratic thing you ever saw? And, oh, Teddy — I can feel that that woman has suffered. She doesn't say much about it, but — I'll bet her husband is a pill — there's a look in her eyes when she speaks of him, sort of noble, you know, resigned and all that."

"She seems to get some pretty decent duds out of him, and jewels and things," Teddy defended half-heartedly.

"Well — if she's got to have *him*, she might as well have all he can give her, too, mightn't she?"

"Sure — ! I'll bet she has to pry it loose, at that!"

"You can see how she has suffered," agreed Rosita again. She yawned all at once quite frankly.

"I'm sleepy, Teddy — come on — let's go! It might look better not to be standing around with our mouths open, waiting to gape at her sorrow — when she comes in. . . ."

THEY left the door wide and went up the stairs swinging hands . . . in the upper hall they parted:

"You tell Aunt Celia about the week-end, won't you, Rosita?"

"Tell her yourself . . . she isn't going to eat us."

"If I tell will you back me up?"

"Hah! — getting cold feet, are you?"

"You know darn well, I'm not."

"All right, you tell her first thing in the morning, then — so she knows it before I come down-stairs — tell her you've asked 'em already — she can't very well lie down on us, then. . . ."

"Rosita, you've got some bean," averred Teddy solemnly. He saw her to her door, shook hands with her and left her. The moment contained no trace of humor for either of them.

Rosita, in one of her sister's negligées, with her soft hair loose upon her shoulders, was sitting beside the lamp in the rose-and-gray bedroom when Mrs. van Dyne came up the stairs, perhaps some fifteen minutes later. Hearing footsteps, Rosita closed Balzac upon a nonchalant forefinger and waited. The negligée, which Katharine had found a bit theatric and rarely wore, became the imbiber of Gallic degeneracy rather well. It was a filmy thing of the shade known as poison green; Rosita's eyes above its languorous folds were the eyes of a kitten, knowledgeable as to color and shape, but filled with an appalling innocence of intention.

Mrs. van Dyne, seeing that the room harbored a guest, paused on the threshold and swiftly put a hand to her hair, which seemed ever so slightly disturbed from its dinner-time perfection . . . the gesture might, to a sordid soul, have suggested something concerning the length of sojourns at garden gates, under Hawaiian moons, and in the midst of Rivieran heliotropes.

Rosita merely thrilled at the white loveliness of that uplifted arm.

"I waited to say good night," she said, — "and to see if you wanted anything . . . before you went to bed. . . . "

Mrs. van Dyne crossed the room with the gliding grace of a panther, to Rosita's critical mind. She ruffled the mouse-colored hair with one delicate hand and sighed.

"It's perfect — " she said — "just perfect — to come in and find you cuddled up beneath the lamp like this. . . . "

Rosita had not thought to cuddle, she had thought to crouch, but what matter?

"With a fairy-tale in your lap," continued the throaty murmur — "it is a fairy-tale, isn't it?"

"Fairy-tale?" echoed Rosita languidly — "my dear — it's Balzac!"

BENEATH the hands of a skilful player the tune slid imperceptibly into another key.

"It's too amazing," said Mrs. van Dyne, "it really is — you look like such a child — and yet you have the heart of a woman! — Tell me, little Rosita — where did you get it all? Your knowledge of the world — the way you handle men — your cool delicious poise! Have you lived much alone?"

"Unfortunately not," said Rosita grimly.

"Ah, you too have felt it — the need to express oneself — and the hands, the stupidly affectionate hands, that hold one back. . . ."

It was incredible, her delicacy of intuition. . . .

"If you had grown up with Kath'rine," said Rosita intensely, "you couldn't have put it better! I am just crazy to be myself — but do I get a chance? I do not! She's a good woman, but —— "

"You — my very dear," said Mrs. van Dyne softly — "will 'dree your weird' — Kath'rine or no Kath'rine — I can see that, oh, so clearly! I'm psychic, you know — or hadn't I ever told you?"

"I think you are everything in the world that's wonderful," said Rosita.

"Your saying so is very sweet to me," returned her guest with an impulsive little gesture. . . . "God knows, I need — " she wrung her hands together suddenly. . . . "Rosita — I can trust you — I know I can! Tell me — what am I to do about him?"

"Your husband?" asked Rosita, achieving a very creditable throatiness herself. The lady had sunk down upon the floor beside Rosita's chair and rested her head against the poison-green knees. She lifted, now, a veiled look of disturbance, the look of an ant who, carrying home a savory crumb, finds all at once across the road an old shoe or something of the sort; "My husband," she said; "ah, very dear — how good you are! — no — not my husband — Algie Wrexham-Smith! What am I to do? I want your clear-eyed help —— "

"Can't he come for the week-end, after all?" Rosita inquired distressfully.

She saw at once herself that the matter lay deeper than that, nearer to the emotions — "You mean," she corrected eagerly, "that he —— "

"For a long time I have seen it coming," said Mrs. van Dyne — "and I have been torn to pieces between my duty to my husband — you know what that means to me, Rosita? — and my feeling for this poor wounded boy — I can't make him suffer — life has been hard enough for him as it is — I can't break his heart. . . . "

Romance filled the rose-and-gray bedroom to suffocation.

"You mean," almost whispered Rosita — "that he — cares?"

"He has made it very hard for me," said Mrs. van Dyne simply. She got up and walked to the window, stood there a royal figure drooping eloquently against outer darkness. "I hope you'll never know, my very dear — " she said with a sob in her throat, "the ache that I am knowing tonight —— "

Temperament is, of course, notoriously selfish.

"He must go — it's more than flesh and blood can stand — " went on the unsteady voice. "I shall keep my promise to a man who looks on me as something merely to sit at the head of his table and wear his pearls about my neck — I have given my word and I shall keep it — but Algie must go. . . ."

"He sha'n't come on Friday at all, if it is too hard for you?" cried Rosita protectingly. She went to Mrs. van Dyne and slipped an

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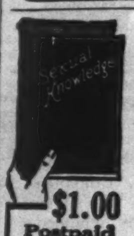

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adoring arm about her. There was a shade of startled recovery in the lady's reply to this generous offer. . . . "Ah — I want him to come — ! One's only human — one would like a memory to carry through the years! But it shall be good-bye!"

"Then we'll make it an absolutely perfect party — for you to remember . . . " promised Rosita. "Isn't it lucky this house is so romantic — I'll keep Teddy out of your way — that means I'll have to — well — hint to him, you know — you won't mind? Mrs. Zachary is so wild about books and things, she barely knows we're here. You shall have a beautiful two days — to remember all your life. I think you're wonderful! To be so true — of course, your husband is your husband — but even he couldn't object to this — just a memory — and then good-bye!"

"And I shall owe it to you, little Rosita!"

"I will help you to be strong!" said Rosita, fairly lifted out of herself by a dramatic appreciation of the situation.

Mrs. van Dyne smiled wearily. Noticeably she left the offer where it lay.

"I am a cruel, thoughtless creature," she said after a moment, — "I have let you lose your beauty sleep, for me — I have kept you up like this —— "

An odd little convulsion distorted the perfect features, the facial gesture sometimes referred to as swallowing a yawn.

"My very dear — " sighed Mrs. van Dyne — "I must let you go — it isn't right!"

Rosita found herself presently outside the door and on her way to bed with a sense of warm exquisite partings . . . she recalled vaguely that she had gone into the room in the first place to see if her house-guest would care for an apple or anything of the sort before retiring; but you cannot offer an apple to a woman who is making up her mind to be true to a stupid husband and say good-bye to an interesting young man forever . . . it simply isn't done . . . by one with any social sense.

Rosita had never dreamed that Romance and she would walk so close together.

She decided once more before dropping off to sleep, that it was like living in a book — or a Barrymore play.

In which she was not far wrong. Mrs. van Dyne had set a charming stage and now took the center of it with absolute naturalness. Whatever faint misgivings Mrs. Zachary might have felt as to the wisdom of the idyllic week-end vanished into smoke before the wistful sweetness of Mrs. van Dyne's gratitude for "a bit of home, again." The story of Captain Wrexham-Smith — Scene 1, Gallipoli — Scene 2, Belloy-en-Santerre — figured conspicuously at the breakfast table. . . .

"There is so little one can do for them — the men who went into that hell for us — so pitifully little!" sighed the lady at a crucial moment.

It seemed after that almost a breach of patriotism — an affront to our late distinguished Allies — to even lift an eyebrow over the party. Mrs. Zachary sank back into her fictional feather-bed and allowed the situation to look after itself.

She had, in any case, by reason of long and unbridled novel-reading, blurred and confused her personal values so that, no more than Teddy or Rosita, did she find anything extraordinary in what was happening.

"Nato will look after things to eat," she said vaguely.

Nato did, with the meticulous enjoyment of guest-feeding, that belongs in especial to her race.

That initial dinner, Friday night — Captain Wrexham-Smith arrived about an hour before it, looking rather tired and haggard, but amazingly right as to clothes and luggage — was a triumph in its way. Rosita had "dressed" for it — so had Mrs. van Dyne — so, in a brand-new dinner-jacket, had Teddy — only, Mrs. Zachary, with an amazing stubbornness, clung to her frumpish gray crêpe. She hated any personal trouble — beyond mere cleanliness.

There were candles on the table, and a bowl of flame-colored lilies, from the hill behind the house. Rosita's cheeks burned and her long green eyes had the jade-like depth of sea-water under the moon. Every little while she looked at Teddy and broke into a triumphant little smile. At which Teddy would wag a wise dark head and fling her back an irrepressible grin. Romance stretched between them like a fine thin silver wire, along which their two souls balanced and capered and swayed. Captain Wrexham-Smith, perhaps, understood — his smile was kind if a trifle reticent.

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November McClure's

As for Mrs. van Dyne, in clinging cloudy gray, with the pearls that were the badge of Duty about her beautiful neck, she was more than ever, that night, like a lady out of a book. Her lips were redder than ever and her eyelids heavier — her bronze, waved hair, if possible, more perfectly done. (It appeared that Stebbins was indeed a thing beyond rubies.) When she looked at Captain Wrexham-Smith, which was rather often, she wore a strange effect of radiance . . . and when Captain Wrexham-Smith returned her look which was no less often — he seemed to do it somehow against some inner struggle that turned him a little gray and drew his eyebrows painfully together.

After dinner, they sat on the dark *lanai* and the scent of the heliotrope and the petunias came up to them, together with the unresting voice of the pool. Mrs. van Dyne drew Rosita down upon the arm of the deep chair she sat in, but Captain Wrexham-Smith found another chair at once and insisted very quietly upon Rosita's occupying that.

"Jealous — he can't bear to have any one else touch her!" whispered Rosita in Teddy's ear, when Teddy came to slip a pillow behind her back.

"Wish it was us!" whispered Teddy.

"Don't be a nut!" murmured Rosita.

They felt rather thrilled and romantic themselves after that caressing exchange.

"Gee! It's great to-night!" said Teddy as soon as he got back to his seat on the railing overlooking the pool.

As on the night of Captain Wrexham-Smith's first call, the talk ran in channels of wonderment. Mrs. van Dyne did most of the talking but she had a way of referring things to other people's experience that was delightfully flattering.

"You've been in Cairo, of course, Algie — did you ever see such sunsets anywhere else?" — or perhaps if the theme was personal — "you know what men are — Rosita! — I couldn't convince him I meant it . . . " she netted even Teddy — "you, dear boy, years older than you should be, because of that cruel war — you know what I'm trying to say."

It was a wonderful night. About ten o'clock Rosita signaled to Teddy and went back into the pantry to forage for something to drink.

"It seems a crime," she said solemnly, "not to give 'em a moment to themselves, poor things!"

"Sure — let's give 'em a couple of hours," Teddy agreed with suspicious willingness — "and you and me stay back here . . . by ourselves."

"If you could have heard her" — continued Rosita, squeezing lemons and oranges into a large bowl, — "telling me about that husband of hers — he is a pill — just as I said — all he expects of her is to wear his pearls and sit at the head of his table."

"It's a rotten shame!" said Teddy warmly.

"She's going to say good-bye to Captain Wrexham-Smith after this," Rosita went on with tragic emphasis — "it's more than flesh and blood can stand — and I promised her, Teddy, she should have this one party to remember all the rest of her life. Heaven knows it isn't much! If I can do a little thing like that, for a sister-woman — get me some ice, Teddy, and show a little speed! . . . "

Teddy showed a little speed with great willingness, so that the concoction was soon completed and was forthwith carried by Rosita to the two on the *lanai*.

Her return in the capacity of hostess interrupted a moment of obvious tenseness. . . . Rosita herself saw that and regretted that she had not lingered more considerately in the pantry.

Captain Wrexham-Smith was saying, in a low, almost savage voice, as she neared the threshold. . . . "I tell you, Lily, it won't do . . . it makes me feel the rottenest kind of a bounder! You've got to do as I ask you. . . . "

To which Mrs. van Dyne replied in an offended drawl,

"Since when, old dear?"

Neither of them saw Rosita, at first, with Teddy in the shadows behind her, and the Captain continued with a sort of subdued violence: "It isn't cricket — they're only a pair of kids — and an awfully decent sort, at that. . . . "

"Who's it going to hurt?" inquired Mrs. van Dyne sullenly.

Then she did see Rosita, waiting a bit uncertainly for a pleasanter moment in which to enter, and like a lovely cloak the silky sweetness of her earlier manner fell about the lady once more. "Later, *mon ami* . . . we'll talk it over later!" she cried softly, with a just perceptible note of warning in her voice.

She put two delicately-cared-for fingers on his sleeve, and Captain Wrexham-Smith subsided into a tight-lipped silence.

Rosita nudged Teddy and whispered — "You see? Saying good-bye. . . . "

She managed to pour an extra amount of iced comfort into the Captain's glass and smiled encouragingly into his eyes when he looked up at her.

"D'y know," he said suddenly — "You look extr'ordin'rly like my youngest sister, Miss Desmond. Hope you don't mind my mentioning it?"

"Is she in England?" asked Rosita, greatly flattered.

Captain Wrexham-Smith said she was. He added with an inexplicable moodiness that her name was Mary and that he had not seen her in some time.

About eleven o'clock the party broke up and drifted off to bed. Mrs. van Dyne confessed to a tiny headache and announced her intention of taking aspirin and retiring at once. The house was still, by midnight — cool and dark — with only the sound of the stream awake.

It was perhaps a little before one when Rosita, rousing out of a gorgeous dream of herself walking between milk-white peacocks on the terrace of Captain Wrexham-Smith's English home, thought she heard voices down-stairs. She lay quite still and listened. Presently she was very nearly sure. She got out of bed without a sound, slipped into her kimono, and ran across the hall to Teddy's room. He answered her insistent tapping after a little, with his dark hair rumpled, his face flushed with sleep.

"Get your bathrobe," whispered Rosita, impersonally executive, "and come with me. I heard something down-stairs. It may or may not be burglars."

Secretly, of course, she rather hoped it was. So did Teddy, as soon as he realized the situation. He fetched his bathrobe and put it on. They went forward noiselessly, feeling that life was really very full and charming.

Mrs. van Dyne's door was slightly open.

"Sh! Don't wake her up!" breathed Rosita . . . "she went to bed with a frightful headache. . . . "

They got down-stairs with amazing silentness; crossed the dining-room, empty of intruders and full of a moony twilight; crossed the drawing-room, light-footed as cats, and delicately avoiding the contact of tables and chairs. "I think the sound came from the little room beyond this," murmured Rosita, close to Teddy's ear. He whispered back: "Uncle Dana keeps a lot of stuff there . . . " they crept forward, almost without a sound, came to the doorway of the little room and paused there. . . . Teddy put Rosita back with one hand, with the other, groped for the switch, found and turned it. . . .

The little room, lined with books, stood suddenly clear in a yellow glare of light. There was a table, there were chairs, there was the portrait of Dana Millard's mother over the mantel-piece — and beneath the portrait, one hand caught up to her scarlet lips, the other clinging tightly to the shirt-sleeve of Captain Wrexham-Smith, was Mrs. van Dyne. She was in a clinging, lacy garment which obviously covered another garment only a shade more clinging and lacy, and her wonderful ruddy hair hung about her like a mist of flame. Her eyes were wide and startled.

Captain Wrexham-Smith wore no coat and his thin immobile face showed darkly crimson above the whiteness of his shirt.

For an endless moment no one spoke. The little room was filled with an ugly breathless sort of silence. Then Rosita said, with an almost childish simplicity, looking uncertainly from one to the other of her guests — "We thought we heard burglars. . . . "

"So did we!" cried Mrs. van Dyne instantly. "My dear — so did we!"

It was amazing how quickly the atmosphere cleared after that. There were cries of suppressed excitement and explanation . . . question on Mrs. van Dyne's part — what had Rosita heard? Had she found anything? . . . eager enlightenment on Rosita's. She had waked with a feeling of some one down-stairs — she had thought she heard voices — had called Teddy and come to look. . . .

"I found Algy prowling on the stairs," said Mrs. van Dyne. "He heard it first — we couldn't bear to wake — perhaps frighten you . . . it might have been nothing at all. . . . "

"And what I heard was probably you," agreed Rosita.

"Oh, my dear!" said Mrs. van Dyne — "isn't it too absurd!"

Teddy was afraid it must have made her head worse. But she said sweetly that it hadn't.

Captain Wrexham-Smith, looking extraordinarily gray and rigid, said nothing at all, a fact which, in the tension of the moment, escaped observation.

Presently, they all went back to bed.

"Like a perfectly spiffing comedy!" Rosita commented, parting with a final whisper, at the head of the stairs. She returned to her roseate dreams.

Next morning at a little after seven. Captain Wrexham-Smith knocked on Teddy's door, was admitted and closed it behind him. He was fully dressed and looked incongruously tired, as if he had not slept.

Teddy, selecting a tie before the mirror, greeted him cheerfully.

"Wonderful day!" said Teddy. "What d'y say if we take a car and go back up the valley? Think Mrs. van Dyne would care for tramping?"

"Thanks, very much," said the Captain. He seemed more than usually constrained. . . "But I think I shall have to be leaving directly — and Mrs. van Dyne, as well —— "

At which Teddy protested hospitably: "Leaving? This morning? — why, what's the matter? Rosita will be . . . "

"Sorry!" Captain Wrexham-Smith persisted doggedly. "I think I shall really have to go, though. . . . "

Teddy thought to perceive a slight. He stiffened. "Anything wrong?"

"A great deal wrong, which I'd rather not go into, if you don't mind."

"But I do mind!" said Teddy. "Look here — we thought you'd be here for the week-end. Have we — have we offended you — or anything?"

"Good Lord, no," said the Captain hurriedly.

"Well, you must have some reason."

Eventually, the other had to let him have it, which he did, with a painful deepening of sluggish color and a faint husk in a stubborn voice:

"It isn't at all a pleasant thing for me to discuss. But she isn't exactly the — ah — the most appropriate person — for a young girl to — ah — pal with. . . . "

"Who isn't?"

"I think you understand me," said the Captain stiffly, "without names."

"You mean Mrs. van Dyne?" cried Teddy. The other only bowed.

"What's the matter with her?"

"A matter of convention, chiefly. I'm in no position to throw stones."

"I thought you were off your head about her?"

"Unfortunately, I am. That doesn't make my present stand any easier."

"Perhaps Mrs. van Dyne's husband," began Teddy, with dignity. . . .

"He really isn't her husband, at all, y'know," interrupted Captain Wrexham-Smith wearily. "She never had a husband, that I know of. You do seem to take people rather on trust here, don't you? Any one from Shanghai or Hongkong would have recognized her, most likely. I'm sorry you insist on my going into this, but she's rather well-known, y'know, — in her own world. . ."

He seemed to find a melancholy pride in Mrs. van Dyne's undesirable celebrity.

"I thought she came from Montreal ——"

"She did — but not from a part of Montreal that little Miss Desmond will ever see," returned the Englishman grimly.

"Then what did she want to stay here for?" demanded Teddy in a sudden burst of rage.

"Because — it's the one thing she's never had — and never will have —" said Captain Wrexham-Smith slowly. "Just ordinary respectability — just the right people — she wanted to see how it felt. . . ." His half-smile was painfully twisted.

"Are you sure she wasn't in Uncle Dana's room last night, with an object — there's a safe in there — with some valuable stuff in it. . . . "

"She has all the money she needs," said the Captain stiffly. "I did not say she was a thief." Then his manner altered . . . became curiously gentle . . . "Are you so blind, my boy — that I have to give you further details — Or will you take my word for it and help us to get away from here, at once? I assure you — I am only trying to do the decent thing."

" — Then all this Gallipoli stuff — " insisted Teddy reluctantly — "I suppose that was all a stall, too — eh?"

Captain Wrexham-Smith looked out of the window and off to the quiet hills, bronze in the deepening sunlight. His thin lips twitched in a colorless face.

"Oh, no — " he said tiredly — "that's straight enough. But the War didn't make us all over, y'know — although we thought at the time it was going to."

So that morning saw the finishing-off of the week-end party, explained by Captain Wrexham-Smith as unavoidable — and, in the end, the leave-takings between Rosita and Mrs. van Dyne were not so poignant as might have been expected, owing to the timely arrival of a wireless which read:

"Returning by Sunday's boat much love
Dana and Katharine."

Verily, luck is a lady!

Rosita looked at Teddy — when they were once more alone together — above the fateful yellow slip, and somewhere deep in her kitten-eyes, a spark danced.

"After all — it may be just as well. You know, Teddy — they might not have cared for house-guests!" said Rosita.

The Only One— *Continued from page 31*

wish, out of the opalescent hills! Sir Galahad, whose strength was as the strength of ten because his heart was pure. . . .

A tinny rattling and a shriek of rusty gears offended the sweet air of Paradise. A humble and ancient roadster, approaching from the fabled town of Saticoy, showed the anxious face of Chris Hilmott staring through the wind-shield.

"Took a long time — tie-up at the bridge," he explained as he leapt to the road and dragged after him an overalled mechanic. "Sorry, dearie. Worried about you — anything in the world might have happened to you — hello! Who started the car?"

Effie opened her mouth to explain, but no voice came. She looked appealingly toward the wonderful stranger who was seated in his armored steed like some demigod about to take flight forever from the scenes of earth.

"Just a slip in the wiring," said he. "She'll run like a breeze now. Look out for mud on the Los Angeles side of the grade."

He was slipping his gears into first speed when he paused on a second thought.

"You ought to have her looked over," he cautioned. "Rather an uneven mixture, I think."

And when he was gone Effie was not sure whether he was referring to the carbureter or to her.

It was nearly a year later and in New York. That had been a bad year for the Hilmotts, a year of armed neutrality. It never came to a question of divorce. Chris was growing sullen with Effie, people said, and wondered why a woman so pleasant to look upon should keep her eyes so sedately to herself. Some persons — female persons — declared that she was fading rapidly and developing the shrewish temper of her foremothers.

Late in the winter Chris called in the family physician who spoke wisely of psychological reactions and decided that Effie was staying too much at home, as New York women sometimes do.

"Go find her a party," smiled the medicine man. "Let her dance and dance until she's tired of it, and then send her round to me."

Chris found her a party that very night. It was a somewhat sedately Bohemian affair in a studio building beyond Columbus Circle. The dance was called, I believe, "King Arthur's Revel," and the guests were to appear in costumes suitable to the period of the romantic King. Effie rummaged her trunk and discovered a gown in which she had once impersonated Juliet in a *tableau vivant.* Chris resorted to a costumer and came forth arrayed as a somewhat mediocre Launcelot.

The affair at the studio building was gay and picturesque; Chris was glad he had brought Effie because she danced and flirted with something of her old vivacity. Late in the evening they were watching the dancers in the center of a merry company when Chris nudged her arm.

"Where have we seen that Johnnie?" he asked.

The Johnnie in question was just coming down the broad stairs, a lovely lady swaying like a golden lily at his side. He was all in silver armor — Sir Galahad! He held his shining helmet under his arm, his finely shaped head leaned tenderly toward fair Guinevere whose smiles were all for him. His hazel eyes were burning with desire. It was a pretty picture.

"Lonny Weymouth's up to his old tricks," said a philosopher across the table so that all could hear. "You'd think he'd call a halt some time."

"Always a fast worker," said another. "That's his system — love on sight, carry 'em off their feet, finish 'em at leisure."

"And he never seems anything but perfectly in earnest about it," declared a lady who prided herself on her knowledge of smart gossip.

"He'd better be!" laughed the first philosopher. "If I were paying three sets of alimony I'd be earnest, too. But he'll never get caught again, I guess."

"Say not!" chuckled the second philosopher. "That would be too expensive, even for Lonny."

Suddenly the music blared into pandemonium. Effie arose with a smile and laid her hand on Chris's arm.

"Come on," she said.

"Home already?" asked her husband blankly.

"Home? Are you crazy? Come on — let's dance, dance hard all night. Why don't you ever ask me, Chris?"

"Guess I'm out of practise," he grunted and clasped her firmly around the waist.

And they were off.

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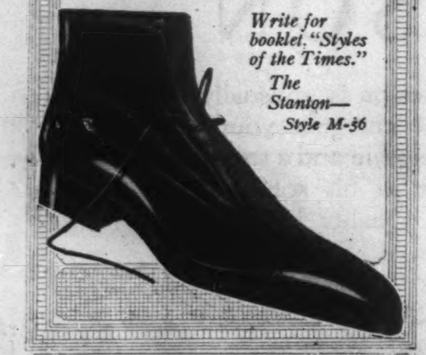

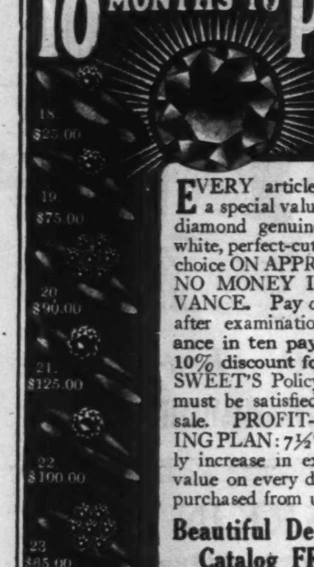

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The Man, The Tiger and the Snake

[*Continued from page 9*]

she had refused him. A year later her engagement to Lynn was announced; another year later, and they were married.

Just in what had he been lacking? It was not money. The prospects and connections of Lynn and himself were equal, and monetary considerations would never have influenced her. Lynn was handsome, devilish handsome, in fact; with that air of his of breeding and of having stepped full-grown from a line of forefathers who had also been darkly, suavely handsome devotees of good form. He had always had a fascination for women; uncharingly enough Comlough had admitted this of his class and roommate in days when it meant more to a youth's pride than it could possibly mean to a man who had learned pretty generally to recast old values. But still, a little wistfully, he felt cheated that Marcia, too, had been drawn by Lynn's fascination, even while he wondered whether this were true. The fact remained, hurting no less than on the day he had first learned it definitely—Marcia Nolan preferred Evans Lynn to Cooper Comlough.

He wasted no thoughts wondering what business difficulties were worrying Lynn at the moment.

The Terry shelf-clock in Hargreaves' library gave a single deep chime for half-past eleven as Comlough said good night to the banker. He paused on the sidewalk to light a cigarette. The night was lovely May incarnate; matched to the spring burgeoning within himself. Hargreaves and Maurice would back him! In this day and age, more than ever, the great loans are given upon personality rather than upon collateral. Personality still remains the highest gilt-edge security procurable. This is right, being human and fundamental.

He threw back his head and breathed deeply. He had persuaded Colonel Maurice, customarily as cold as his snow-white moustache and his ice blue eyes, to relinquish for once his pet tactic: "Buy 'em out, sir!" despite the fact that the Colonel insisted that Comlough was "a young man with ideas but an aversion for simple direct means of carrying them out, like all young men!"

"Handle it yourself, Comlough. Keep our names out of it," said Colonel Maurice; "but if you don't get control of the whole Estacado by your methods before June," he insisted, as he had said he would on a previous occasion; "we shall take it over, to do it our way or not at all."

Of Comlough's industrial reorganization program Hargreaves said:

"It's been attempted in a measure in established plants, Comlough. Never heard of anybody going into the wilds with notions like that to chop Utopia out of the woods after first chopping it out of the market. But go to it. Maybe you've hit on a remedy for to-morrow's troubles. Try it hard."

Comlough had been indifferently conscious of footsteps behind him. He half turned as they sounded sharply beside him. His arm was gripped.

"Cooper!" The familiar, modulated voice startled him.

"Why—hello—Evans! Where'd you drop from?"

"Waiting for you."

In the radiance of an arc light the aristocratic face of Lynn showed dark rings under his eyes. Comlough thought his lips twitched.

"Waiting for me?"

"Marcia said she met you, and that you would be at Hargreaves'."

"Oh—" Comlough was mystified. Self-possession was the essence of Lynn; but the urbanity of the man had been displaced by some strange tensity which he could control, but imperfectly

"Come down to the University Club—or can we go to your place?" Lynn talked rapidly. "I must talk to you."

"My place—of course. But, man, what's the matter?"

Lynn's eyes wavered.

"Lots of trouble," he said hoarsely, with a queer gulp.

What Marcia had said about Lynn's nervousness—business troubles and refusal to leave New York with her—came back to him. They reached Fifth Avenue. Comlough signaled a taxi.

"TELL me about it," he said as the machine got on its way.

"I—wait till we get to your place," Lynn answered. After a pause he added, almost in a whisper: "Only repeat this to yourself, Cooper—You have got to help me, old man; you have got to help me!"

Exchange of commonplaces was out of place. Unable to talk of the thing dominant in the other's mind, Comlough said nothing. Nor did Lynn, rigid on the seat beside him, say anything further. They went immediately to Comlough's study. He waved Ochia, his Jap boy, out of the room, and pushed a deep chair for Lynn to the refectory table jutting into the bay window. He drew the curtains and set out a bottle of Scotch and a glass. Lynn aroused a pulse of old admiration in Comlough by rejecting the drink with a curt wave of his hand, when it was obvious that he needed one badly.

"Now then, Evans."

Lynn stared at a Dutch plaque paper-weight. Finally he lifted his eyes to Comlough's. His face was blanched.

"Cooper—I've ruined myself—disgraced—Marcia and my children," he said unemotionally.

Comlough rose, automatically, because for a second he did not comprehend. Then, strangely, resentment scorched his instinctive sympathy for the man before him. Why had he dragged in Marcia's name? Just as curious, but saner, was the reflection which immediately ousted his resentment.

Disgrace Marcia Nolan?—Her own name framed itself in his mind as he visualized her.—No, that was something no man could do. Disgrace himself, perhaps; disgrace some others, too, perhaps—but *her!* No man, husband or other, had that power over her. He settled back in his chair and scrutinized the pale, handsome man opposite him, while Lynn labored to put the calamity he faced into words.

"I sunk a million dollars—smashed on the street," said Lynn, trying to control his twitching dry lips. "Smashed!"

He stopped as though waiting either for an exclamation of amazement or sympathy from Comlough. The latter failed to understand at once. A million dollars was, of course, a million dollars; but the mental estimate he made of Lynn's resources plus Marcia's money was between two and three million dollars. And then, in a flash, the significance of a man in Lynn's bank position venturing in what must have been financial wildcatting gave him a mental jolt.

"Speculating! But man, I don't understand——"

"The day before the Armistice I was worth a potential six or seven million dollars," said Lynn grimly. "A week after the Armstice I would have cashed in. The end of the War was the end of peace for me."

It was at this point that Lynn reached for the whiskey. He rose to pour it and sat down again, as though his joints had gone stiff. He moistened his lips with the tip of his tongue after the drink.

"But still, a million ought not—" began Comlough, thinking again of Lynn's resources.

"One million—that—was not mine!" he said hoarsely.

Marcia's money! Comlough leaned forward.

"It belonged—to——"

"To the bank."

Comlough's breath caught.

"To the bank!—Evans—to the bank?"

"Yes. Mine and Marcia's went—long ago—this was—a chance of a thousand years to get it back—and more—and I got jammed."

Comlough emitted an inaudible breath of relief. At least the law had not yet gripped Marcia's husband.

"It meant—getting back Marcia's chance for happiness," Lynn weakly said, avoiding his eye.

Comlough thrust out his hand as though to press back Lynn's words.

"Evans, let me tell you something," he said sharply, anger overcoming his repugnance at the mention of Marcia. "You're wrong there. A woman like Marcia doesn't chance her happiness on money." Then he added grimly: "You can't found happiness on any such procedure as that."

Lynn bit his lips. Comlough eyed him steadily.

"On what did you stick it?" he asked quietly.

Lynn's eyes met his in a long hypnotic stare.

"On—on Utopian Oil!" he said slowly.

Comlough sat forward with a start and an ejaculation.

"On what?"

"Yes—on what!" Lynn emitted a tragic laugh. "On Utopian Oil which you wrecked to hell with your newspaper reports! On Utopian Oil, Cooper Comlough! On Utopian Oil!"

There was a long silence in the cozy, soft-lighted room, as the two men subsided into their chairs again, eying each other as though they were strangers. Lynn's eyes broke under the increasing steadiness of Comlough's; his gaze wandered to a pale rose and opal sun scene of Sorella's on the wall, and continued until it struck the whiskey bottle on the table. Mechanically he leaned sideways and poured himself a

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second drink. He had gulped it down before Comlough spoke. Strangely enough he was not thinking of Marcia at all now; only of the broken friend across the table, who had already something of the aspect of being hunted. Utopian Oil! That was weirdly fateful.

"Evans," he said, almost gently; "this is mighty strange, mighty."

Something savage flared in the other man's eyes.

"You've got to help me out, Cooper! Why — Marcia ——"

Comlough checked him with a curt gesture. Repugnance, bitter as gall and deeper than before, filled him at this new attempt to drag in Marcia. It was treachery, to put it mildly and sardonically, to the code of decent form on the part of a man whose religion and that of his fathers had been good form.

"You've got to help me, Cooper!" repeated Lynn, alarmed at Comlough's gesture. "I'll pay it back with interest."

COMLOUGH'S eyes fastened on the Dutch plaque. Friends, old friends; classmates, roommates; old pals — invisibly united in their mutual love for Marcia, and at this moment impassably divided by just that, too. But he was no man to retire into a niche of righteousness when his help was asked. The criminality of Lynn's act made the demand on his assistance more imperative if anything. But the irony of the situation in which he was asked to help a man whom he had been indirectly responsible for ruining had many complications. How, in the first place, to tell Lynn the real reason of his attacks on Utopian Oil without revealing the secrets of his impending operations in Texas and the confidence of the men associated with him? He also had a feeling of squeamishness in accepting this offer of Fate to gain control of Utopian Oil, through the misfortune of his friend. Yet obviously he could not disregard the chance, merely because it seemed to identify willingness to help Lynn with self-interest. The other shifted under the delay. Comlough met his worried gaze again.

"But why — why on Utopian Oil?" he asked, to gain time for his thoughts to work themselves out.

Lynn hesitated.

"McAleeman, Huffaker and Bainbridge were in the original crowd," he said, looking at the whiskey bottle. "Bainbridge sees, or thinks he does, the trend of prohibition. He was interested in building the Moro Castle Hotel in Havana, and took McAleeman and Huffaker in with him."

Comlough mentally placed them in turn. McAleeman, a slippery Scot, with a washed-out cheek, a fishy eye and a rusty moustache; Bainbridge, one of the spat and cane sporting, chorus-man-tailored market grafters, with a dingy office in Water Street, Huffaker, a man with a magnetic eye but a terra-cotta complexion and a ratty smile. A bad trio for the vice-president of the Clinton Loan and Trust Company to meet up with. When the mighty tumble, reflected Comlough, verily they roll into strange companions.

"They needed cash, oceans of it," Lynn spoke with matter-of-factness now. "McAleeman — well, he knew I had been speculating and also learned that I was down to bed-rock. He had me in an awkward position, although no specific intimation of it was ever mentioned by him. He just knew. And he knew I knew he knew. . . . I loaned them nine hundred thousand dollars in three lots on their holdings of Utopian."

Comlough whistled softly.

"In effect I had bought them — if they went up. McAleeman gave me Bonsell's game in detail. It looked — just what it was before you stepped in — a sure thing. I knew it was shady; but I was desperate. I had obligations to meet which were going to show me up as though a searchlight were put on me — if I didn't. I was crazy beyond thought of honesty, Cooper. Now —" he paused and inhaled deeply. "There's a state examination to-morrow and on Friday the director's meeting. That's the situation in a nutshell."

As he listened, the other's agony eating into him, Comlough's mind involuntarily harkened back.

"Marcia's money — she knew you were using it?"

The question took Lynn by surprise.

"No."

Again an impossible silence came between them. Comlough wanted to get out — to get into the air, because the oppression of the room was intolerable. He would help Lynn, of course; incidentally, it would practically give him control of Utopian, but at a price much higher than he had intended to pay for it. He was a little glad of this. He did not want to have his assistance to Lynn — and Marcia — confused too crassly with business motives. He was not thinking of business, moreover, because only two facts throbbed in his mind: Lynn ousted from the bank — disgraced! and Marcia beggared — Marcia beggared! She must get her money back. He got a mental grip on himself, asking another question to gain time.

"What are you going to do — stripped of everything you and Marcia have, and in debt?"

Lynn's pale face grew paler, and his eyes wandered with a stark look in them about the room, finding nothing strong enough to hold them until they met Comlough's.

"That — that I can face, Cooper — and somehow — slave out of it into daylight again. But disgrace — prison — that's something I can't face."

Comlough hesitated for a second, then he picked up pencil and pad. Lynn's recent betrayal of the confidence which the Clinton Loan and Trust Company reposed in him had not weakened his faith in Lynn's sense of personal obligation to himself. If anything Lynn must have learned his bitter lesson.

"Utopian was originally capitalized at a million, half-preferred non-voting. Three hundred and fifty thousand of the common was issued and control divided up among Bonsell, Cann, Bainbridge, McAleeman, Huffaker and an engineer named Kilcairn. Bonsell took fifty thousand, Cann thirty-five, Bainbridge, McAleeman and Huffaker each twenty-five, and Kilcairn twenty. When it was reincorporated in New York they made the old common convertible at one to three of the new and divided up control in the same proportion. After they got their Estacado tract and announced the new ten million capitalization they made the second convertible at one to five of the third. So Bonsell holds seven hundred and fifty thousand, Cann five hundred and twenty-five, Bainbridge, McAleeman and Huffaker three hundred and seventy-five apiece, and Kilcairn three hundred thousand. Correct?"

"That is right," said Lynn, wondering what this detailed review of the inner finances of Utopian meant to Comlough.

"You hold Bainbridge, McAleeman and Huffaker's blocks—one million, a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars' worth. Against you is Bonsell, and Cann will stick with him, with a block of a million, two hundred and seventy-five thousand. Isn't that so?"

"Kilcairn?" said Lynn involuntarily.

"Exactly. Kilcairn with his lot of three hundred thousand holds the whip. But —" Comlough looked meaningly at Lynn. "I know something that even Bonsell doesn't. I know where Kilcairn is. I can get his share with no more trouble than a telegram. And his with yours ——"

"With mine——?"

"Yes — I'm going to give you what you paid for it."

"You — *you* want that stuff!" exclaimed Lynn.

"You will have the money to return to the bank to-morrow morning and I'll have your stock. With Kilcairn's it will give me what I have to have — the majority holding. This will be turned over for a nominal bit of United Americas Petroleum, which will manage the thing as it sees fit."

A faint flush poured into Lynn's pale cheeks.

"Then you — you did me — us — up brown for your game?" he demanded excitedly, gripping the table. The flush went out of his cheeks. He controlled himself. "What a coincidence!" he said.

COMLOUGH disregarded his manner, regarding it in passing as natural enough under the circumstances, and went into details. He told Lynn of his proposed project in the Estacado, and explained why the Utopian and Canassus slices of it were important to him; even told his old friend that upon securing the complete control of the Estacado depended the loans he must have from Hargreaves and Colonel Maurice. He outlined his contemplated campaign against the Texan Improvement and Oil Company, and enlisted Lynn's aid for two purposes — first, to get control of that organization and secondly as the first step in Lynn's own financial rehabilitation. Part of the Llano Estacado was excellent if remote range country. Lynn, through a neutral broker, could announce to Mangan of Texan Improvement that big stock-breeding interests had purchased the depreciated Utopian not for oil but for range purposes, and suggest that

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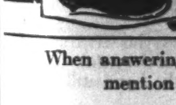
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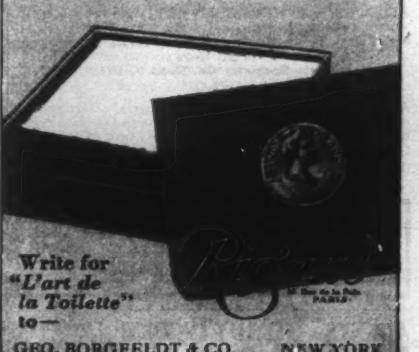

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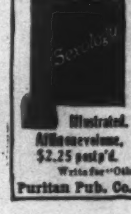

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McC. 10-20

the same interests were in the market for further acreage in the same territory. Texan Improvement stock being then in the same proximity to zero that Utopian was now, it would not take Mangan more than a couple of thoughts to leap to the fly.

So Comlough discussed confidential matters pertaining to the oil operations of United Americas Petroleum Consolidated with Lynn, in an easy, chatty way; glad, in fact, to talk over his plans intimately with his old friend; deeply glad of the opportunity of doing a good turn for him, for Lynn's own sake and old friendship, as well as for Marcia's. He talked conversationally, casually of things vital to his project, to set Lynn utterly at rest with himself again and to reestablish him with all his old self-respect in their old comradeship and candor. He told of developments in the Lake Maracaibo Basin, pending Venezuelian concessions in Perija and the districts of Paez and Miranda; of projects along the Magdalena. He told of the single remaining difficulty — nothing really to speak of — after he had gained control of Utopian and the Canassus tract, in starting operations on the Estacado; the transference or rescinding of a franchise held by a railroad man named Porter, the president of a short, decrepit road, the Long Horn and Loan Star, which held rights of way it had never built on, but which were essential to Comlough's transportation plans There would be no trouble about Porter He was in Vancouver now, getting himself interested in timber, and it would be simple enough to bring him round when he returned to Texas to wind up his affairs. No hurry about tackling him.

And so he talked on, bringing Lynn back to his old sense of ease and good fellowship. He was like that, was Comlough. A man who gave all — his confidence, faith, good will, friendship along with his money and sympathy — or gave nothing. Not a man of half-measures in any particular.

"That's all there is to it then, Evans!" he concluded finally. "Come to the office about eight-thirty to-morrow and I'll straighten out your little mix-up." He went round to Lynn and put his hands on his shoulders. "You'll come out all right, old man We must get Marcia her money back, and you'll land feet firm, head up, too. There are some other things I'm going to shove your way beside that Texan Improvement business Of course, I don't need to say what I told you was confidential — almost not mine to tell. It's a reasonably safe but delicate time for us."

Lynn put his hands on Comlough's, which still gripped his shoulders.

"Cooper — you can trust me as you do your own soul!" He gulped with an emotion strange to him; a surge of youthful friendship for Comlough commingled with gratitude came over Lynn. "Cooper, old man, you're better and bigger than I am — I realize it now if I never did before; but you will never know all the gratitude that is in me to-night. All I can tell you of it is this — if you're ever in trouble as I guess and hope you never will be — you will find there is nothing of mine in this world which is not yours. Call on me, Cooper, if ever you have to, and there is in God's world nothing I wouldn't do for you."

There is an old Laos folk tale of a hunter who rescued from death a man, a tiger and a snake, each in turn naturally professing gratitude and in turn proffering aid should the hunter ever need it.

It was in this manner — as in the old Laos folk tale — that Cooper Comlough saved the man, and the man professed gratitude and pledged himself to come to Comlough's aid should he ever need him.

Half-way over Williamsburg Bridge Tom slammed the brakes on and turned sharply to avoid a soggy, burlapped bale that fell from a truck directly in front of Comlough's automobile, which was speeding toward Manhattan taking full advantage of the Saturday afternoon westbound freedom of way. The front right wheel struck the bale a glancing blow which shook the machine and jolted Comlough out of a satisfactory reverie over a golf score, representing his first holiday frolic since his return from Texas. An interchange of sententious personalities between Tom and two truckmen as they flashed past, and the incident was forgotten, while he mulled over, as men will, the pleasantries of the green, when the machine stopped short. Tom turned to him.

"Sorry, Mr. Comlough. Somethin's gone wrong up there in the hood — that jolt back there maybe did it."

"Can you fix it?"

"Sure. Have it in a minute."

Comlough looked at his watch. It was four o'clock.

"No hurry, Tom. Get me up to the club round six-thirty, that's all."

He surveyed the neighborhood in which they had stopped. It was the gray, shabby belt of the Bowery a few blocks below Cooper Union; somnolent, unpopulous now in the warm Saturday afternoon. Tom did not have the machine fixed in the promised minute and as the succeeding minutes multiplied, Comlough eyed, with increasing thirstiness and decreasing distaste, a saloon whose decay seemed to be timed for completion on the arrival of the drouth era, still two months away. With no particular sense of condescension, however — he had freshly come from a region where men took saloons as they took other men—as they were, not as they ought to be — he walked round to the side-door and entered a dark, ill-smelling rear room. It took a minute before his eyes became accustomed to the rancid dusk after the white spring glare which had brightened the Bowery.

HE sat down at a table beside the narrow sheet of thick window pane, painted a dirty, opaque yellow. He was shielded from the door by a partition. At a corner table on the opposite side of the room sat another man. Comlough was attracted to him by the single shot-like glance leveled at him from eyes as dark and unchanging as the holes of rifle barrels. Even in the dusk of the room his eyes had a depth of darkness all their own. He was dressed in oily overalls which, for some reason, contrasted incongruously with his lean-jawed, hard face, that had something untamed and untamable in it, and with his air of poised litheness — a certain sense of caged springiness, as he sipped a glass of beer. With his far-flung acquaintanceship and instinct for people, Comlough was struck by something unusual in this solitary drinker met in the drab rear room of a Bowery saloon.

He pressed a bell-button and ordered his drink from a glassy-eyed barkeep with a case-hardened leer. The man across the room drew out the last sip in his glass as Comlough drained his, and was about to rise when his dark eyes shot one of their direct glances at the door and he sank abruptly back into his chair again.

Without noticing Comlough two men came into the room. They had the scowling predatory visages of the more primitive types either of criminals or the hunters of criminals, blinking there for a moment against the darkness, until they spied the man across the room. They approached him, their hands significantly forethrust in their coat pockets. The man, with a certain expectant tensity, opened his hands and extended them over the table.

They advanced like a pair of cheetahs stalking a tiger, the other watching them steadily, his eyes alive with a kind of black flame while a knot rose on the side of his jaw The stouter of the two men rapped on the table with his knuckles.

"We got you now, McDevitt, you ——!"

The unprintable word ripped through the gloomy room like a forked flash of lightning. The man seemed to settle into greater compactness, and then relaxed. Only his hands, rigidly thrust out before him, shut and opened again.

"Where'd you learn this act, Donovan? I'm clean o' your crowd — I done my turn."

"Get up, you crook!"

The other hesitated a second. He was already rising, however, as the fist of the second man drove at his jaw. With perfect alertness he moved his head to one side — almost slowly, so exactly did he time the blow — and kicked the chair away from behind him. He stood quietly confronting them. The other struck at him again. His right arm flashed up and struck the blow off.

"Go slow there, Kenna —" he began, and closed his lips tightly, avoiding a third blow. The stouter man had drawn a revolver.

"Stick 'em on him, Bill!"

"Hold out your hands there, Mystic Fingers, you g—— d—— murderer!"

The man drew back, his hand gripping the chair behind him and he swung it in front of him.

"You'll finish me here, if that's your game," he said deliberately; "but you'll never frame me for another dose of the pen."

They laughed. Much as cheetahs must laugh when they come upon a trapped tiger. The stouter man called him that in his next words.

"Oh, you'll get yours this trip awright, Tiger! You finished Condon, didn't cha?"

"That's it, is it?" His hand still evaded

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the steel rims constantly being pushed with menacing insistence nearer to his wrists. He was slowly backing toward the wall, keeping the chair off the ground between him and the others. "That's a helluvalie, an' you know it, Donovan!"

"Who did then?"

"I don't know. I didn't."

Warily they closed in on him.

"Who did then?"

"I didn't!"

"Who did then —" they were almost on him.

"I didn't —! Stop!" He lifted the chair. "I did seven years, and you'll let me alone now or you or I'll do murder right here. Condon got his graft and wanted to hog the world — you got yours, didn't you — ugh!"

The big man's foot landed against his leg with a sickening thud.

"Shut up on that! Ferget it! I didn't get nothin' — see — !"

The man in the corner swayed from the the kick, but the chair still did not come down.

"YOU didn't get a thing — I get you," he said quietly, almost purringly; with ominous self-control. "All right! You're on the level now — fair enough. That's what I am now — on the level — see! I paid for the right to be, didn't I? That's why you're gone t'leave me alone. I know what you want. Either you'll make me pull a framed job cr you'll frame me down the line. It's nix on that, — see! because I've done all the mystic finger work I'm gone t' do — get that solid! So leave me alone, or you're org'nizin' a murder right here, Donovan!"

For all the threatening control of his voice it had in it the pathos of an infinite hopelessness. The little man made a feint at his arms. The chair wavered for an instant aloft. The big man raised his revolver ——

"Let that man alone!"

The three men looked toward the table at the window. Comlough advanced toward them. He had lived with frontier crowds and floating riff-raff of laborers, and he had ripe experience, political and otherwise, of New York criminology.

"What are you riding that man for?" he demanded. "Take your hands off him!"

There is nothing comparable in confusing the tyranny of minor authority to the assumption of greater. The big man faced Comlough, his fat jowl jutted out, but a wavering of his bully's brutality manifested itself in his thick voice as he growled:

"Who'n hell are *you?*"

"Cooper Comlough, that's who!" answered Comlough, as though the name contained ultimate power. "A personal friend of Commissioner Endicott and Deputy Commissioner O'Hara, that's who! An intimate friend of Deems Stover, that's who — and now you know! Here's my card. My machine and chauffeur are right outside here — get that!" A slight waggling of the revolver in the officer's hand prompted this reference to reinforcements. "But I know you, Donovan! I've seen you round headquarters and there's more than one weird spot in your record!" he shot this at the fat man with pure inspiration, for he had never seen the man in his life before; but the bluff carried. "I'm going to take charge of this man, and I'm going to get his status straight. Step away there, and let him through!"

It was amazingly easy after all. Comlough, six feet of mysterious authority, his lean, tapering prelate's face set in an adamantine mask of determination, intimidated the two officers thoroughly.

"Just a joke," mumbled Donovan.

"You ought to go on the stage with your sense of humor," suggested Comlough. He preceded the others to the door with the man. "Now beat it!" he said tersely.

The two officers shifted uncertainly for a moment, and as they turned off like a pair of discomfited curs, he led the man to his automobile. The man held out his hand.

"I don't know what you butted-in for, but I'll say you got away with it," he said quietly. "I appreciate it, Mister."

Comlough shook hands with him, but made no answer. He noticed that the man had an extraordinary hand: long artist fingers with broad, sensitive artist tips.

"Got her fixed, Tom?"

"No, sir — something wrong still. It's got me guessin', Mr. Comlough, but I'll get it in a minute though."

"Make it fast." He had no particular desire to linger in the neighborhood.

"Maybe I c'n give you a hand," volunteered the other. "I've stripped and put t'gether enough of 'em in my time, so's their original parts couldn't 've told their original owners who they were."

He began fumbling among the ignition mysteries as though by divination, and within five minutes the engine was running. Chagrined, the chauffeur gathered up waste and tools and got behind the wheel.

"Don't get sore," said the man. "Machin'ry's more'n second nature to me — it's first."

"Get in. I want to talk to you," said Comlough.

The other paused, and stepped into the machine.

"If you have time, Tom, take a turn through Central Park. Now, let's have some facts. Who are you?"

"Joe Glenn's the name I'm usin' now. They used to know me as 'Mac' McDevitt and 'Mystic Fingers' and 'The Tiger' down at headquarters, where they run to fancy names."

He gave them, however, as names any one should remember. They made no impression on Comlough, however, who said:

"I noticed your fingers. They're remarkable. Like an artist's, I should say."

"Rec'lect the robbery over at the Coggershall Steel Company, in 1910? I opened their globe safe with just them ten — artist's — fingers!" he said, with a bitter emphasis on the "artist's."

COMLOUGH started. He recollected with graphic vividness. Herschell Doliver, president of the Coggershall Company, was one of his best friends. The safe, guaranteed unbreakable and built into an impregnable wall, had been opened without violence.

Comlough turned to look at him better.

"This is quite a coincidence. I know Doliver well. He used to wonder that a chap with your talents would want to buck against all the risks we cautious folk put up to keep you out of our private affairs. Sort of funny."

McDevitt, or Glenn, was silent for a moment.

"Funny!" he repeated bitterly. "Funny like hell! Crazy, you mean!"

"Well, what really happened that got you into jail?"

"There were four of us on the job. We finished clean. A pal o' mine named Wherry was soft on a girl named Trix Fitch. She was

---

Heart of Darkness

by

Bliss Carman

When at the sunset's close
Earth slowly turns to rest,
I watch the fading rose
Die in the crimson west.

The pale cool stars emerge,
And the blue robe of night
Is sown from verge to verge
With daffodils of light.

Then all the shadowy hills
And woodlands seem aware
Of One who moves and thrills
The heart of darkness there.

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He Made the World Blush for Shame!

The amazing and pathetic story of Brann, the Iconoclast. Why he was feared and worshipped, hated and loved. How he fascinated his friends and crazed his enemies, why they placed flowers on his grave, then riddled his tombstone with bullets.

By SIDNEY HERZ

WILLIAM COWPER BRANN was born in Coles County, Ill., Jan. 4, 1855, the son of Rev. Noble Brann. His mother having died when he was two and a half years old, he was placed in the care of William Hawkins, a Coles County farmer.

At the age of thirteen he quietly walked away one dark night, leaving behind him the only place he had ever known as home, and he entered upon his first revolt against life without friends or means and almost destitute of education. Early in his struggle he realized the importance of knowledge, and every moment that could be spared from his daily toil was spent in the acquirement of an education. Beginning his literary career as a reporter, he became well-known throughout the Mississippi Valley. He possessed an inexhaustible vocabulary, from which he could always find the words best fitted to convey his meaning at the moment they were most needed, and every sentence was resplendent with an order of wit, humor and satire peculiar to himself.

In July, 1891, the first issues of his paper, "The Iconoclast," appeared.

The venture was unsuccessful and he resumed his editorial work. Nothing daunted, in 1895 he revived "The Iconoclast" and it was successful from the start.

Brann, The Iconoclast

It was from this paper that Brann got his name of "The Iconoclast." They became inseparable, and Brann himself comes down to history as "Brann, the Iconoclast."

Brann has been classed as a humorist. But his humor was of the order of Racine and Molière. He was not content to merely amuse or entertain people. He aspired to arouse public sentiment in the interest of certain long-needed reforms. He hated sham and defied every form of fraud, hypocrisy and deceit. He made of his humor a whip with which to scourge from the temple of social purity every intruder there. He stood alone in defiance of popular humbugs and frauds.

He beheld the monstrous idols of Sham and Hypocrisy, enthroned in the temple, where a gullible people bent their knees in worship. He saw Fraud elevated to a high place while none dared raise a voice in protest. He gazed upon the great god Greed, whose slightest bidding sent a million slaves scurrying on his nefarious errands. He viewed the gilded effigy of Virtue erected by the guilty in token of their innocence. . . . And the heart of Brann grew bitter, and into his eyes crept the red fires of wrath . . . then, as the blinding flash of lightning, as the rending crash of thunder, Brann struck.

Brann, the Iconoclast

The Wizard of Words

The structures of society shook, the towers of hypocrisy tottered, the castles of convention crumbled. . . . Above the fiery ruins, above the blackened wreckage, the resplendent figure of Truth stood revealed in blinding nakedness.

Nothing could stop the fury of his attack. They tried to stop him—the press, society, political and financial powers reached out to pull him down. But nothing on earth could daunt him.

He WAS stopped finally. The bullet of an enemy found its mark and to the supreme power of death Brann yielded the life that no mortal man could control.

Under his magic mere words burned like acid, seared like flames and cut like a whip. He attacked every fraud and fake in Christendom. With utter frankness he wrote down things as he saw them.

Whatever your religion—whatever your ideals or ideas—whatever your position in life—you must know Brann, the Iconoclast. His writings are as different from others as daylight is different from darkness. If you are a Lawyer or a Minister, Business Man or Writer, Public Speaker or Banker—if you are a lover of good literature—if you want to improve your talking and writing ability—if you want something that will make you think deeply and sincerely — you must read Brann.

Just a Hint of Brann

"There are probably a million women in the land who conceive children in hate of husbands they abhor, bring them forth in bitterness of spirit to be reared in an atmosphere of discord—yet the purists and pietists 'view with alarm' the vast increases in the number of divorces; are weeping because women will not suffer in silence a bondage that is bestial—that of loveless marriage."

"I can forgive much in that fellow mortal who would rather make men swear than women weep; who would rather have the hate of the whole he-world than the contempt of his wife."

"The man hanged for homicide usually repents and is jerked to Jesus, while his victim, cut off in the heydey of his sins, is supposed to go to hell a-whopping."

"I'd rather see the whole congregation short on Bibles than one child crying for bread."

"Too many people presume that they are full of the grace of God when they are only bilious."

"I'd rather my babes were born in a canebrake and reared on wild berries, with the blood of independence burning in their veins, than spawned in a palace and brought up bootlicks and policy-players."

"Too many young ladies rush into literature instead of the laundry—become poets of passion instead of authors of pie."

"I am sometimes tempted to believe that the only friendship that will stand fire is that of a yellow dog for a pauper negro."

"Many people are killed by pneumonia—contracted while keeping their mouths open on subjects they know nothing about."

"A woman who has two husbands in a twelvemonth is a stranger to that sentiment which makes a war-horse linger at the dead soldier's side and the faithful dog starve himself upon his master's grave."

"I want to see more homes and fewer hovels, more men and fewer dudes. I want to see more women with the moral courage to brave the odium of being old maids rather than the pitiful weakness to become loveless wives. I want to see more mothers who would rather be queen of their homes than the favorites of fashionable circles; women who would rather have the love of their husbands than the insolent admiration of the whole he-world—women who do not know too much at 15 and too little at 50."—*Brann, the Iconoclast.*

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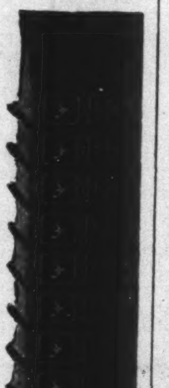

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stringing him along, playing tag on the q.t. with one of headquarters' playmates — an official crook named Condon. The way I dope it out is that Wherry got a swell head and began hinting round to impress his dame. She passed the word to Condon and he and Donovan plowed into us one night. It was soft for them, and they was willing to be reasonable at about eighty per cent. We got twenty-four hours' breathing-spell to pony up. In that time Condon got shot. I knew who did it. I didn't. Wherry didn't and Donovan knows I didn't. He swung the Coggershall job on us without mixing us up with Condon, because we could've reeled off testimony on our own, and at the same time he knew we couldn't squeal on him because that would've brought a pal o' ours to the chair. Nine years with two off. I've hit all the thrills I want in this life. I learned my lesson, and the lesson was that you can't get away with it. My ten fingers are as good as they ever was. There's lots waitin' for me to come back. Lots tryin' to pull me back. But I wouldn't go back into the game again, not if they killed me."

His lean long jaw knotted stubbornly.

"They've only got to get me tied up to one other job — and good night! I'll go up the line then for good and all. Say, my life don't mean a damn thing to me. I could risk it — like that!" He snapped his fingers. "But not for prison. Sooner or later I'm gone to come smack up against it though," he went on somberly. "They're out to get me. You can bet this car against a old newspaper they had a lay waitin' for me to-night, as they will some other night. Get me a block from headquarters and grow reasonable. Willing to let me off if I'll do one small trick on a pipe job. And there's the dope on me all over again, for good an' all."

"They're making New York pleasant for you," Comlough commented. "What are you going to do about it? I understand that the usual procedure is to follow a man trying to be honest and have him kicked out of every job he lands, isn't it?"

"They got a longer arm when a guy's on the level than when he's got reason to be duckin'."

They had turned into the Park. In the May dusk the foliage took on the violet delicacy of Japanese etching. Comlough stole a glance at the man next to him who was looking out on the ineffable loveliness of the spring evening with an expression of bottomless hunger. Comlough drew out his pocketbook.

"You've been working? Fixed for enough to get over to Jersey?"

Glenn looked at him wonderingly.

"Sure."

Comlough filled the back of one of his cards with writing and passed it to him.

"Go over on Monday; about eleven would be a good time to get him. Tell him how I met you. I'll call him up to-morrow, too."

The man read the card.

> "Dear Herschell: This is Joe Glenn, the 'McDevitt' who did seven years for making a monkey out of your pet safe in 1910. He's sort of a mechanical wizard, I imagine, and trying to get a square deal in honesty now, but virtue is beset with difficulties in Manhattan. The old gang is hounding him. Give him a berth and I shall guarantee him to the limit.
>
> Cooper Comlough."

"I'm going to see some one close to headquarters on Monday," said Comlough; "and I promise you neither Donovan nor any one like him will bother you again."

They had swung out of the Park and were approaching Comlough's club. Glenn looked straight at him with his black eyes.

"Every once in a while a guy runs into something white — and I guess that's the only way the world keeps goin' between gaps," he said, with surprising philosophic accuracy. He looked down at the card again. The machine drew up before the clubhouse, and he reached for Comlough's hand. "Mr. Comlough — thanks!" he said simply. "I'll be there with bells on next Monday. If Mr. Doliver's willing, neither you or him'll regret it, I'm telling you."

"All right, old man," said Comlough heartily. "I know men pretty well and I haven't got a doubt about you."

They stood facing each other on the pavement for a moment.

"I guess you'll never have no use for anything a guy like me can do for you," said Glenn; "but if you ever do, Mr. Comlough — I'll do anything to pay you back. You can always reach me through my sister — Sadie Miles — over at forty-two — seventy-one Flatbush Avenue."

He turned and walked rapidly away. Comlough went into the club a little thoughtfully, a little inwardly smiling at Glenn's offer and unconsciously repeating:

"Sadie Miles — 42 — 71 Flatbush Avenue."

It was in this manner that Cooper Comlough — as the hunter in the old Laos folk tale — rescued the Tiger who professed gratitude and pledged himself to come to his aid should Comlough ever need him.

[*To be continued*]

The Blue Danube

[*Continued from page 15*]

continues to receive is partly responsible for the wave of lethargy and idleness that confounds the restoration of morale.

God forbid that the intent of these observations be misconstrued into a brief against further contributions to child relief. I would rather see a billion dollars wasted than have one baby suffer for food, but I do earnestly advise a more careful survey of the actual necessities of the community and the adoption of a program in which the cooperative capacity of Vienna herself is more proportionately enlisted.

There are those who excuse the reopening of opera, music halls, races, and cabarets on the ground that Vienna is endeavoring to forget yesterday. But the vital thing is to make Vienna remember to-day and prepare for to-morrow. It ill becomes a community calling to all the lands of earth for succor, to spend its own wealth, or any considerable part of it, on non-essentials, entertainment, dissipation and gambling. While factories wait upon coal, the late lighting of the streets is indefensible. While winter warns of bare feet and coatless backs, the purchase of frail fineries means that local money is not doing its duty and imposes an unwarranted burden upon the humane purses of other nationals who, Heaven knows, need not cross seas and frontiers to find stark penury.

There are many reasons why Vienna must be assisted back to her feet fiscal reasons, political incompetence, dearth of basic materials, but one obstacle at least can be removed by her own resolve and that is the spirit of indifference and slacking which is comprehensible in light of the trials which have worn upon the patience of Austria since 1914. Yet, while we understand, slacking is none the less slacking and it must not be pampered by a civilization so over-ridden with debts and deficits that the world cannot afford to overlook the creative possibilities of a single being.

No sane thinker expects Austria to meet the original peace terms — the wherewithal isn't at her command — but her best friends must admit that it is time she began to get her house in order and undertook to plan for self-regeneration.

Short working hours and frequent holidays are well enough for those whose resources permit them, but Austria is not in that category. The only way by which her limited assets may be brought to yield adequate returns is by utilizing them to maximum advantage, which means the Austrians must get down to hard pan and work at her problems — must work as many hours a day as strength and earnestness can drive. There are no royal roads out of trouble — they all run the other way. A few years of dawn-to-dusk effort will achieve wonders, but only miracles can restore order out of present chaos with her present working schedules.

We are all paying the piper in some degree, and if Vienna's share is oppressive let Austria be reminded that the exhausting dance began there.

Stop consumption loans — provide them only with money for reconstruction, render all necessary assistance to the children while she is finding herself, but let horse-sense, not sentimentality, measure our sympathy.

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Mrs. Fox was bragging one day about the large number of her cubs.

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"Only ONE," replied the Lioness—"but it's a LION."

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